Uncle Henry's Own Story

By

HENRY WALLACE

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Uncle Henry's Own Story of His Life

PERSONAL REMINICENCES

VOL. I

By

HENRY WALLACE

EDITOR WALLACES' FARMER 1895-1916

1836 – 1917

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The last photo of Henry Wallace, taken less than a month before his death. It shows "Uncle Henry" holding his first great-grandchild, Henry Browne Wallace, then about four and one-half months of age. In the center is his son, Henry C. Wallace, and at the left is his grandson, Henry A. Wallace. Four generations of oldest sons.

Contents

Introduction 11
My Childhood Home 13
What We Ate in the Forties 17
My People 22
The Old-Fashioned School 27
Recreations 34
Sabbath Keeping 36
The New Barn 41
The New House 46
Transportation 51
A Scene on the Turnpike 56
How My Father Farmed 59
Doctors and Medicine 64
Manners and Customs 69
A Glimpse of the Big World 74
The Whisky Rebellion 79
My First Year from Home 82
My Second Year from Home 87
The Small College 91
My Third Year from Home 97
At Jefferson College 102
Jefferson College—The Professors 108
College Societies and Fraternities 114
The Great Revival of 1858 118

Introduction

THESE letters, written by Henry Wallace, and addressed to his great-grandchildren, were the result of a chance suggestion made some years ago. Mr. Wallace had lived a very full and eventful life during a most wonderful period of the world's history. Between his boyhood and old age, a transformation had been wrought in the methods of living and in civilization itself. Means of transportation by land, sea and air had been wholly changed. The world had emerged from a period of hand labor to machine labor, with a revolution in the lives of laboring people. It was a period of invention, discovery and wonderful progress in transportation and science; a period of world-wide evolution in agriculture. All of this he had seen, and in some of it he had played a very important part.

It was suggested to him that the ordinary biography, or even autobiography, fails to tell the things that people most like to learn about. That his great-grandchildren, for example, would be intensely interested in the sort of life he lived as a boy and a young man. They would like to know about the things in which he had an active part, and in which he was vitally interested. They would like to know of the manners and customs of the people with whom he grew up and lived. Why not, as he had leisure, write a series of intimate letters to the young folks, who probably would be coming on years afterwards—the sort of letters that would reveal his own personality as no biographer could do it?

The suggestion was received with instant favor, and very shortly afterwards the first of these letters was written. From that beginning, during the next three or four years, as the spirit moved him, he wrote additional letters, the last one but a few months before his death.

We have felt that the thousands of people who admired and loved Henry Wallace have a very real claim to share these letters with the great-grandchildren to whom they were addressed; and we began their publication in Wallaces' Farmer in the autumn of 1916. The present volume contains all of the letters published up to the autumn of 1917.

WALLACE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Uncle Henry's Own Story

MY Dear Great-Grandchildren: At this writing, none of you have put in an appearance as yet, and probably will not for some years to come. Nevertheless, I am morally certain that you will appear in due time. [Uncle Henry's first great-grandchild, a boy, appeared September 18, 1915, some five years after this letter was written.] You will make your appearance in a world so different from that in which I made my appearance, some seventy-five years ago, that when you read my description of my world, you will no doubt wonder how I managed to get thru. You are coming into a world that has railroads and street cars and telephones and telegraphs and automobiles and flying machines and Sunday papers. You have electric lights and gas, bathrooms and sewage, and furnace heat of various kinds, pianos and piano-players, and rugs, to say nothing of electric carpet cleaners. You have baby carriages that fold up, dolls that can talk, washing machines and sewing machines run by electricity. Your ironing is done by an electric iron, and, for all I know, you may be having all your cooking done by electricity.

When I was born, we had none of these things; at least there were none in our neighborhood. They had railroads of a very primitive sort "down east," and also steamboats as primitive. I never saw a railroad till I was twelve years of age; never rode on a railroad train till I was eighteen. You will think that your great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother lived in a very primitive way. So they did; but they lived happily and reared a large family of children, none of whom except myself, however, lived to be thirty.

I am writing these letters for your information, that you may know these matters in detail; not for your information solely, but because I wish you to realize that you would not have had the comforts you have, and the opportunities, educational and otherwise, that you now enjoy, unless the people who lived in my day had faced the difficulties and endured successfully the trials and hardships of that day; and it is important for you to know the steps by which the world has made progress, giving you the advantages and opportunities which you now enjoy.

The progress of civilization has been slow but fairly steady. Each generation is apt to look back upon the past one as slow, old-fogyish and out of date, forgetting that they are indebted to these seemingly slow-going people for the privileges they themselves enjoy. It will not do for one generation to put on airs and imagine that they are the only people, and that wisdom will die with them. We owe a great deal to our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers. You are enjoying luxuries which kings and queens, with all their wealth and power, could not possibly have secured two hundred years ago.

I want you to see how civilization has developed slowly but surely, step by step, thru toil, privation, struggles, victory sometimes, and again partial defeat, but, on the whole, making a gradual advance. I wish you to realize also that with all their disadvantages, people were just about as happy in those early days as you are now or ever will be; that neither education nor wealth nor improvements nor comforts nor conveniences can change to any great extent the fundamental problems of existence; that nothing blesses except right living, which may be summed up in faith in the Supreme Being, and following our Savior's rule with regard to our treatment of our fellowmen. In short, the sum of all human duty, as stated by Moses thousands of years ago: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy might," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," applies alike under the highest civilization and under the most primitive conditions. (You may think I am sermonizing. So I am; I rather like it.) I must now tell you something about the life of my childhood.

Your great-grandfather,

HENRY WALLACE.

My Childhood Home

IF you will take a map of Pennsylvania, and find Pittsburgh, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and then follow up the latter to its junction with the Youghiogheny river (an Indian name, pronounced as if it were spelled Yo-ho-gan'-ny); then follow that, you will find West Newton, anciently called Robb's Town, because the site was owned by a man named Robb. When the whisky rebellion broke out—of which I may tell you more hereafter—the soldiers burned all his fences, and he laid out a town which was afterwards called West Newton. Well, five miles up the river from that (and a very crooked river it is), you will find a station called Fitzhenry, which in my boyhood, before the railroad came, was called Port Royal; and a mile from there, out in the country toward West Newton, was my father's home and farm—three miles from the latter place if you rode or drove; two if you walked.

It was at first an exceedingly heavily timbered country—white oak, sugar trees, black walnut; but my great-grandfather or his brother—I don't know which—came out there about the time of the Revolutionary War, and with an ax chipped the bark off a number of trees surrounding the land he wanted to occupy, and thus became the owner of the farm or farms. A very crooked outline it was. As I recollect it, there were thirteen corners to the part my father afterwards owned—for the old fellow wanted just about all the kinds of land there were in that county. There was some sugar tree land on the north side of the farm; some limestone land, which grew great white oaks, in the middle; and then some rich bottom land as well. They had a funny way of describing lands in those days. The deed would run something like this: Beginning at the white oak, running so many rods north and so many west to a black-jack, then changing the direction and going on to a sugar tree, and so on around until the place of beginning, adjoining the lands of so-and-so.

Each farm had a name. For example, my father's farm was

Ross Home, Built in 1805, Girlhood Home of Uncle Henry's Mother.

called Spring Mount, because there was a spring where he built his house. My grandfather's farm was named Finleyville, because he married a daughter of "old man Finley," who entered the land, comprising both farms. In taking up land in this way, some strips were missed. We had a neighbor who entered a piece of land thus missed, belonging to the state of Pennsylvania, not to the national government. It was a long piece along the Youghiogheny river, which we called the River Hill, perhaps eighty rods long, and containing fifteen acres. The man who entered it was one Jacob Budd, who gave it the name of "Jacob Budd's Bag String—All Hill and No Hollow."

The houses and barns were mostly built of logs, altho in my childhood they had begun to build the former of brick and stone. The house in which I was born was of logs. I remember it well, and I date a number of the events of my childhood from that old house. It was torn down in 1847, the year in which my grandfather and grandmother died, shortly after their home, on the next farm, was struck by lightning. I was then eleven years old. I have associated the earlier events with the old house. So that everything I mention as occurring in that house, occurred before I was eleven years old; and after-events were associated with the new house, which was built in that year.

This old house was built of logs hewed on two sides, and, as we said chinked and daubed. The chinks, that is, pieces of wood, were put in where the logs did not fit, on the two unhewn sides, and then

it was daubed with yellow clay, wet and tramped so as to make a very stiff mortar. This house was 32x34 feet, with a hallway thru it from east to west. It was two stories high, with the stairway at the west end of the hall, thus narrowing the hall, which ended in a small porch on the west side and a larger porch on the east. On the north were two bedrooms—one for visitors, the other for father and mother.

The part of the house that interested me was the kitchen and living-room, and what interested me most was the chimney. It began at one corner, widened out about one-third of the way at one end, then retraced the width a third, and then tapered off to the other corner, being about five feet deep in the middle. In this were two great fireplaces, one in the kitchen and one in the living-room, each of which would take in a log about four feet long. This chimney was built of stones picked up over the place, what you would call boulders; and the mortar was apparently the same yellow clay mentioned before.

In the kitchen chimney was a crane, on which pots were hung, for my mother did her cooking over this fire. There were no furnaces, no hot-water systems, no steam, no stoves. I remember my excitement when I heard that my father had gone to the store to buy a cook stove. I did not know what a cook stove looked like; but I expected to see him coming up the lane carrying it, and was surprised to find that he had to bring it in the wagon.

We children slept upstairs, for one of the downstairs bedrooms must be the "spare" room for the preacher or friends who might come. There was no heat in that room of ours, and on a cold morning we thought it a great luxury to gather up our clothes and scoot down and dress by that great big, roaring hickory fire in the living-room; and you may be sure we had good appetites when we went out into the kitchen for breakfast. As I remember it, there were no carpets when I was little; afterwards there was a rag carpet in the bedroom.

There was a clock, the kind you know as "grandfather's clock." A very leisurely old clock it was. It ticked very slowly, quite differently from the Seth Thomas clock which my father purchased—I presume when I was about eight years of age—for which he paid fourteen dollars, and which can now be bought for three or four. The surprising thing was that the same peddler sold exactly the same kind of a clock to one of our neighbors for twenty-one dollars, and to another for twenty-eight. These two afterwards regarded him as a great cheat, while my father congratulated himself on getting a great bargain.

We tore the chimney out of this old house in 1847, and used the stone for the foundation of the new house; and I remember that the table for the hands who were building the new house was set where the old chimney had been, and it seated about twelve or fifteen people. So you may know it was something of a chimney, and you will not be surprised at my being greatly interested in it. My father had me help to wheel the plaster out of this chimney into a rather low place on one side of the large yard, and I was surprised to find that in the course of a year this pile of mortar was covered over as thick—as we used to say—as the hair on a dog's back, with ground ivy, the same plants that ladies use in their hanging baskets, but a most vile weed on the farm. It will be a vile weed on rich land in the west, if farmers are not careful. The only way I have ever been able to account for this—as the weed did not grow on the drier land on which the house was built—was that this weed seed had remained in the mortar for the sixty years in which that chimney stood, and then grew when the moisture, the heat and the air were all supplied. The mortar was evidently made from the clay subsoil of the bottom part of the farm, where this weed was always a great pest.

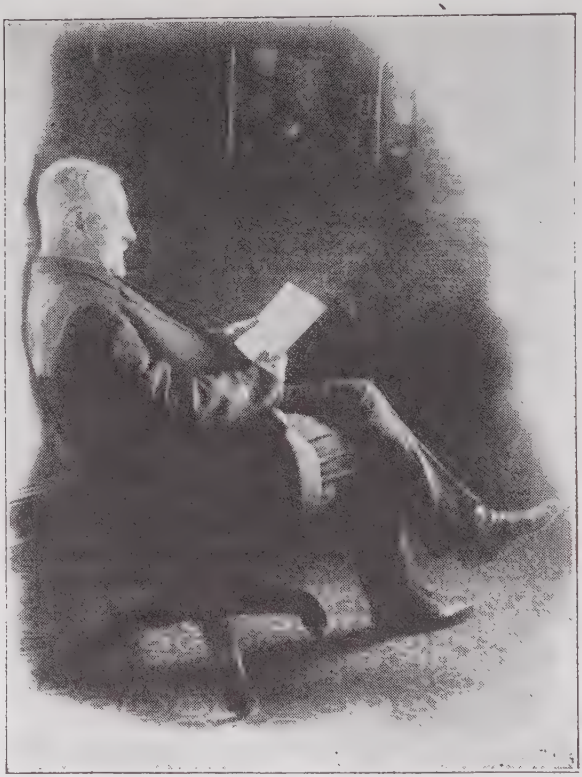
The furnishings in this house were very simple. The plain chairs were home-made and unpainted, some of them with splint bottoms, that is, bottoms woven by taking splints of hickory and weaving them in the desired shape and size. These were exceedingly comfortable, and I find myself wishing I had one of them now. The cradle in which the nine of us were all rocked was a very primitive affair of oak—home-made. When the later children were born, and I had to rock the cradle, I used to think the rockers were worn; but it was probably the unevenness of the floor. I am very sorry that the cradle was sold at my father's sale, many years afterwards, and if I can find out, on one of my trips east, who has it, I shall certainly buy it, so that you children may see what kind of a cradle your great-grandfather was rocked to sleep in.

We had no fly-screens in those days, no netting or screen doors, and my mother used to cut strips of paper and fasten them around above the windows and the fireplace. I don't know what it was for, unless to make a roosting-place for the flies, or perhaps for ornament. There was no canned fruit in those days, but we had dried fruit in plenty. It was run on threads and hung up around the fireplace, and in time ornamented with fly-specks. It is small wonder that consumption was common in that section, for the fly did not wipe his feet then any more than he does now. The corn and apples were dried out-of-doors.

What We Ate in the Forties

YOU may wonder how we lived in the forties. Fine; quite as well as you do, altho we did not have so many fancy things in that old house. We had elegant cream from the spring-house. I must tell you about that spring and spring-house. In that part of the country, houses were built near springs. The cattle, as they roamed thru the woods, knew where the springs were, and made paths to them; and, naturally, when the roads were laid out, they followed the cow-paths. A spring came out of a ledge of rock about twenty feet lower than our house. Hence, all the water for drinking purposes or use in the house had to be carried in buckets uphill from that spring. There was a log spring-house there, and the water passed from the spring into this spring-house, then thru broad stone troughs in which the shallow milk crocks were set and covered with board covers, into the horse trough on the south side. The cream was skimmed off, and put in another crock, and set back in the water. (My! how thick that cream was—almost like pancakes.) So, when we came to the table, we had milk such as you do not get from the creamery, and cream that was cream—cream that made the coffee taste just right. The coffee was bought by the sack, green, and then roasted in a skillet, as I happen to know, because I used to have to stir it. So there was no adulterated coffee, nor blue milk, nor milk masquerading as cream at our house.

Then we had ham and breakfast bacon, tho we did not call it that; spare-ribs and sausage, home-made; none of your half beef and half pork, but genuine pork sausage, seasoned according to mother's taste, with garden herbs picked green and carefully dried, for she always saw to that. In the winter we had beef, and always first-class bread—not the bread that the baker furnishes, nor the bread that you bake in the range oven, but bread baked in the out-oven. This oven had a brick foundation; and the top was made of mortar, not from lime and sand, but of clay, with cut straw, and tramped until you could mold it like potter's clay. This oven was



Henry Wallace, in His Study, 1914, Dictating From Personal Memoranda the Letters to His Great-grand Children.

heated up with what we called oven-wood, or dry old rails split up, until the whole oven was hot. Mother knew by putting in her hand when it was right. Then the coals were all raked out, and the bread put in after it was properly raised. When the bread was done to a turn, it was taken out, and the pies and cakes and tarts put in. We had good feeding at all times.

In the winter we had buckwheat cakes and maple syrup and fried mush. The mush was made of corn that was picked just after it had glazed; then kiln dried in the oven after the pies were taken

out; then ground at a neighboring mill. The pot was put on in the fireplace in the afternoon, and the corn meal, after being properly sifted, was put in little by little, stirring all the time. Often I had to do the stirring, and was not allowed to quit until it had a certain consistency, shown by the way the bubbles came—just right—slowly and with difficulty, each bubble finally emitting a jet of steam. We usually had this mush for supper. Mother said it made us sleep well. Then the next morning we had fried mush. I wish I could get such fried mush now! With maple syrup and our good butter, it was a breakfast fit for a king.

Altho we did not have canned fruit, we had many kinds of preserved fruit. When my great-grandfather or his brother entered on the farm, along about 1780, or nearly sixty years before I was born, one of the first things he did after the land was cleared and the logs burned, was to plant out an orchard. These trees were all seedlings, and hence in the whole orchard there were no two of a kind. They were mostly summer and fall apples, some sweet; and I remember one tree on which the apples were so sour that we called them "vinegar" apples. In those early years there was a famine of winter apples with us, and for two reasons: First, there were not many of them, and, second, we had no cellar. Hence, the apples had to be kept in pits, and it was not safe to open the pit until about March. Fortunately, we had one tree which we called the winter apple tree, the fruit of which was not fit to eat until about that time, and it kept splendidly up until corn planting time.

We usually loaded up a wagon with apples along in the fall, took them to a neighbor's, who had a cider mill, and had them made into cider on the shares. Then there was usually a gathering of the neighbors for what was called an apple-butter boiling. The girls pared the apples, and the boys came in the evening to make the apple butter. It was not such apple butter as you folks buy, but the genuine old-fashioned sort, made with cider and the best apples. It kept all winter, and we could have all we wanted. It took a lot of stirring to keep that apple butter from scorching.

Then we had peaches—some early and some late; but unless a frost killed them, there were plenty of them. There were pears also, some of the trees dating back to the first opening of the country, some sixty years. Some of these pear trees are no doubt living yet. Some I know lived until they were over a hundred years old. We had a pear on our place that was called the choke-pear, because it was not very good to eat, and when we tried to swallow a bite, there was a sort of choking sensation. Still, if we gathered up

these pears and hid them away in the hay-mow for about a month, they were pretty fair eating.

We had plums, too, and quinces; not such green-looking truck as you buy in the stores in the west, but great, big, yellow fellows, as hard as a rock. If you folks have never eaten preserves made of this sort of quinces, you have missed something out of your lives for which an automobile ride will not make up. Then we had blackberries. We did not buy them by the quart, as you do, in boxes that do not hold a quart, and that are hauled hundreds of miles. In fact, we did not buy them at all, but just took a bucket and went to the blackberry thicket and gathered all we wanted—a whole bucketful. We youngsters were wise in the way of picking blackberries. We did not take the sort that grow on the tall canes, but another sort, which I have never found since—black, juicy fellows, that grew on a medium-sized bush, and seemed to prefer shade. They just melted in the mouth. O, my!

Our farm was not suited to watermelons; but we grew muskmelons and sweet potatoes. My mouth waters yet when I think of those sweet potatoes, just before they were ripe, boiled, and then covered over with chicken gravy. After we moved into the new house, the neighbors used to come in after supper, and about ten o'clock they would have a good meal, the children having been sent to bed. We older children used to lie awake till the folks had gone into the parlor, and then slip down and eat what was left—sometimes not much, to our great grief and disappointment.

Not knowing anything about canning fruit, my mother used to make jellies and jams and preserves and butters. When company came, there would be a half a dozen different kinds set out on the table, of which everyone must taste, and always with good, thick cream. If you imagine for a moment that we did not live just as well in those days as you do now, you are greatly mistaken.

Everything was cheap. I remember how, before my grandmother died, she hired me one summer to carry her eggs to the store, promising me "something nice" in the fall. I remember they were only six cents a dozen; and one of my early disappointments grew out of that contract with my grandmother. When I took down the last basket of eggs, and went after my reward, my heart was set on a four-bladed pen-knife, of which the price was thirty-five cents. My grandmother thought it was altogether too much, and what she gave me was a one-bladed Barlow, which cost either eight or ten cents—I don't remember which—but I know I thought it rather mean of her. I never liked my grandmother so well afterwards; but after she died, I magnanimously forgave her.

I forgot to speak of our cherries. We had plenty of them—fourteen trees, as I remember—big trees, as big around as the body of an eighteen-year-old boy; trees that you could climb into, climb up near the top and reach out to get the last ripe cherries; big, black cherries, which we thought better than all the rest, because there would be no more till the next year; cherries that the woodpeckers and robins had left. As we could not use the fruit of fourteen cherry trees, my father had half of them cut down, and still we had cherries for ourselves and cherries for the neighbors who would undertake to pick them on the shares. Sometimes mother thought they did not give her a square deal.

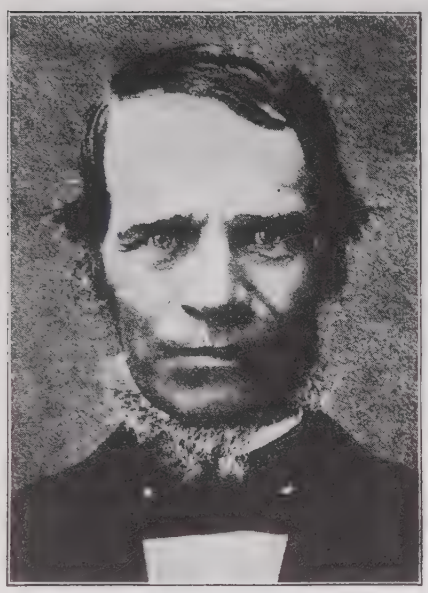
Then there was a berry which I have not tasted since boyhood—the dewberry—which grew wild in that section, especially on the thinner soils. They were luscious fellows, few on a bush, and happy was the boy who found them. We had another wild fruit—the mulberry; not the little Russian mulberry that we have in the west, but quite a different sort. It grew into a tree of considerable size; the timber was a favorite wood for making the old-fashioned up-and-down churn, exercise on which was the bane of the small boy's existence. Like all the other fruits, they were seedlings, and varied greatly. Some were small and rather hard; others were long and fine in flavor, in fact, delicious. Of course, every boy had his favorite among the mulberry trees, which grew here and there on almost every farm.

My People

MY father, John Wallace, was a Scotch-Irishman, or an Ulster-Scott, as the Scotchmen who moved over into the north of Ireland are sometimes called. He was born in the County Antrim, in Ireland, in 1805, and came to this country in 1832, about four years before I was born. The family had migrated from the ancestral home in County Ayrshire, Scotland, about 1680.

I wish I could describe my father so that you could see him as I remember him—now dead for forty years. He was just my height (scant six feet), and of the same build. His plug hat, when fitted to his head by a hatter, exactly fitted my head. When I was grown, I could wear his boots. I judge that we weighed about the same at the same age. He never reached my present weight of nearly two hundred. His matured weight was about 175. He was dark complexioned. In his youth, his hair was almost jet black, and very thick, but it turned gray early, and was quite thin when I was a young man. He shaved his upper lip and his cheeks, and let the rest of his beard grow. His nose was very prominent. His countenance was rather stern, except when listening to or telling a good story. His eyes were gray. When pleased, they beamed in a way that made one happy all over; but when displeased, they bored into one as tho they would bring to light every secret thought. He ruled his family with those eyes. He never really whipped any of us, but had a trick of tapping our ears with the tips of his fingers.

He was very quiet; thought a great deal, but said little, often giving his conclusions without giving his reasons. His eyes, rather than his tongue, told us how much he loved us. He had a fairly well developed sense of humor. He enjoyed a good, clean story and a good laugh, which shook his frame at the beginning, ending in a wreath of smiles gradually growing fainter, as tho he regretted to part with the pleasurable sensation.



John Wallace, Father of Henry Wallace.

Martha Ross Wallace, Mother of Henry Wallace

He was deeply religious, but said little about it. He was very orthodox in his belief, but wonderfully tolerant in practice. I never heard him pray except with the family. I never heard of him making a speech, and I think he never wrote anything for publication; but he was a man of commanding influence in the community. He was so generally recognized as being upright and honest and fair-minded, that he became a sort of oracle in the neighborhood, and the neighbors came to him for advice, and sometimes for the settlement of disputes and difficulties. He never volunteered advice unasked. He had a horror of debt. My father sometimes speculated, but when he did he always bought whatever he was dealing in, and paid for it, so it was really more investing than speculating.

Taking into account the circumstances and conditions, I think I never knew a better farmer. He bought a farm of which the cleared part was badly run down, and which needed drainage. He redeemed it by the use of lime and clover and feeding live stock. I think he was the first man west of the Allegheny mountains to use tile. I will tell more about his farming in later letters.

He was never very rugged in health, due, so my mother told me, to a sunstroke in his early years, and to an injury which he in-

curred in wrestling when a boy in Ireland. His later years were full of sorrow. In the last nine years of his life there never was a day when some member of the family was not suffering from a disease from which all knew he could not recover. As one after another was carried to the grave, my father's health and spirit failed him, and he died in his sixty-seventh year, apparently from a general breakdown.

My mother was a Ross (Martha), and was born on an adjoining farm. She must have been very beautiful when young. She ruled my father completely, but the good man never suspected it. She knew how to humor him when he needed humoring, and how to intercede for the children when they had offended. I never heard in all my life a word of dispute or difference between my father and mother; and this, as you will find out after a while, can be truthfully said of very few couples. She habitually looked on the bright side of things, which I think is one reason why she was such an excellent mate for my father, whose habit of concentration of mind led him to take not exactly a somber view of things, but often a more serious view than the circumstances warranted.

My mother was a very devout woman. She always attended church, and saw to it that we attended, and that we learned our Catechism and many of the Psalms. I remember trying to fool her by repeating a short one which I had learned once before, but she detected me in it. She caught me in a good many scrapes of one kind and another, mostly trifling things, but I always had a good excuse to offer, in the main true. She said one day that I had such a knack of getting out of things, that she thought I had better be a lawyer. She had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a certain amount of Irish blarney. Her life was cheerful and happy, considering the sorrow of burying all her children but two. Her ability to see the funny side, and her optimism, enabled her to endure things which crushed the life out of my father.

My Grandfather Ross was also a Scotch-Irishman, and from the same section of Ireland as my father. I do not remember much about him, as he died when I was but eleven years old. I remember more about my Grandmother Ross. She was twenty years younger than her husband. What interested me most in her were the stories she used to tell about Indians when I was a little chap, about blockades and forts, and the whisky rebellion. She used to tell about her father, a Finley, who came over the mountains, and how everything had to be carried over in pack-saddles, as there were no roads then—only trails; and how people lived in those days, when western Pennsylvania was a great forest, with deer and wolves and

bears and Indians roaming around. I used to hear about the great Indian fighters, and especially about Major Brady and "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

There were no railroads in those very early days, and people had a hard time to get money. In fact, about the only way they knew of to get it was to distill their grain into whisky, float it down the Youghiogheny to the Monongahela, then into the Ohio, then into the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. From there they would go around by boat to New York or Philadelphia. I have a piece of cane somewhere, given me by one of my uncles, who said it was given to his father on one of these trips.

So, while things may seem to you to have been very crude in my childhood, they were very much advanced as compared with the conditions which prevailed in my grandfather's day. The people of this generation owe much to the generation which preceded them, but the people of my childhood owed quite as much to the generation that came before us.

First came the trail over which the advance guard of civilization came on pack horses. Then came the turnpike built with national aid, about which I will tell you more in another letter. Then, when I was about twelve, came a railroad, a very primitive affair compared with railroads now—but still a railroad. In fact, in my childhood days, much of the pioneer work had been done. Those great forests had for the most part been cleared. Some of the fields had been farmed so long that they were said to be worn out. For the story of the worn-out farm is not a modern one; it is very ancient. The farmers who first cleared up the land and built the first homes, did a good deal of fishing and hunting. Their children followed their example, and it was only in the next generation that they really began to farm properly.

It used to be one of the delights of my life to visit my Grandfather Ross. They lived first in a log house, much like the one in which I was born; but when I made the first visit that I can recollect, they lived in a big stone house, and had a big stone barn, both of which must have been wonders when they were built. I noticed when I was back there last that the date on the house was 1805, as shown by the inscription on the stone—not, as you would expect, near the foundation, but up near the roof. When I visited them in my boyhood, my grandfather was a very old man, between eighty and ninety, and very quiet. My grandmother, twenty years younger, was more lively, in fact, very lively for her age. (She lived only two months after his death.)

If I had anything new to show to my grandmother, I was sure

to go over across the fields that same evening. It was only a hundred rods across. They lived with a son who was a wonderful story-teller. When I was older, he gave me a book of fables—I think the name of the author was Polyphetus, or some such name—stories of the ancient gods, in which I was greatly interested.

But what interested me most was a dog that would get up on my uncle's knees every evening, and he would pretend to shave him with his pen-knife. The dog would move his chin around, looking as tho it was the pleasure of his life. When my older sister and I would come in, he would bark at us fiercely in the hall, and when we went away, he would amuse himself by chasing us out.

My Uncle Billy had a larger dog, of which my remembrance is not so pleasant. When he was a puppy, I used to like to plague him by poking a stick in his kennel. When I was about ten, my sister had the measles, and I was sent over to my grandfather's to get some wall-ink, which was a kind of herb that grew in moist places, a mint of some sort. The dog was watching for me, and as I went up onto the porch, ran up without barking, bit me, and then ran off, as tho he knew he had done a mean trick. I did not realize that I was hurt until the blood ran down my leg. I was taken home, and held on a chair by my father, while old Granny Finley, a neighbor, sewed up the wound with a needle and thread. I vowed vengeance on her, but afterwards forgave her, as I did my grandmother for putting me off with a one-bladed knife. She meant it for my good. This left a scar on that knee, just above the kneecap, about an inch and a half long, which I am still carrying with me. Dogs, like men, have long memories, and—also like men—they seem to be conscious of it when they do a mean thing. I vowed I would kill that dog, but I didn't, and we came to be good friends after he had gotten even with me.

The Old-Fashioned School

I REMEMBER the old schoolhouse well, tho I do not remember when I began to attend. My mother told me that I began before I was four years old, being carried on horseback, and that I then knew my letters, that I had learned them without any aid, and had learned them upside down. I suspect she was disposed to brag a little on her oldest son when she said that; for I have been about a printing office for thirty-five years, and I am not now able to read type. As you know, the letters in type are upside down; and if I had learned my alphabet upside down, surely I ought to be able to read type that way today. So I am inclined to think that she tried to make me out a good deal smarter than I really was. That seems to be rather a common failing of mothers.

The schoolhouse stood on the corner of our farm, adjoining a strip of timber. It was built of logs, after the manner of our house and the spring-house—unhewn logs, chinked and daubed with common clay, tramped until it was thoroly puddled. As I remember it, the schoolhouse was about 18x24 (possibly 20x30), and of one room.

In the center was a round stove, made of iron, with a flat top bigger than the stove, an ash-pan below, and near the bottom a hole for the poker, and, of course, a door to put in the coal. On three sides of the stove were what were called the "little benches," sawed boards, with rough legs stuck into holes bored into the boards. In my later school years, pine backs were put on these benches, so the little folks could lean back. These little benches all faced the stove. Then, on three sides, attached to the wall, was a narrow board, perhaps four to six inches wide, and on this the ink bottles rested. Attached to that board was a board from twenty inches to two feet wide, slanting a little toward the seat in front of it, and supported from below. The seats were a curiosity. They were made of oak slabs, with the sawed side up and the bark side down, with holes bored in the under side for the rough wooden legs.

The New Building Which Later Took the Place of the Old Log School House.

On these, we larger pupils sat, with our faces to the wall, when we "wrote our copies" or "did our sums," and with our backs to it when reading aloud.

The teacher had a platform at the east end of the room, and his desk was on this platform, where he could see every pupil. Behind him there was usually a fine collection of switches, of which the beech was the favorite. The switches lay on some wooden pins driven into the wall, all ready for use; and they were used on any reasonable pretext. The wraps were put up on shelves attached to the inside of the room above the big writing desk. The girls sat on one side of the room, and the boys on the other and at the end, for there usually were not enough girls to fill more than one side.

There was one door to this schoolhouse—at the east end and to the left of the teacher's desk; and by the side of it was a hole in the wall, in which there was a piece of iron called a "pass." No one could leave the room unless the pass was in this hole. When a pupil wished to leave, he took the pass with him, and no one else could go until the pass was returned to its place. There was a water bucket and dipper, and it was a treat for two of us to get special permission to go to the spring, some forty rods away, and get a pail of water. It was surprising how long it took us sometimes to get this water.

The books were of the most primitive sort. The very small children had no books at all, but a broad paddle, such as we used in playing town-ball—a piece of six-inch pine board, whittled down at one end to a handle. The parents cut out the letters from newspapers and pasted them onto this paddle—first the capital letters and then the smaller letters beneath them. You can see that a child could not very easily spoil such a book as that; and if he kept awake, these letters were usually before him.

A
In Adam's Fall,
We sinned all.

B
Thy life to mend,
This Book attend.

C
The Cat doth play,
And after slay.

D
A Dog will bite,
A thief at night.

E
An Eagle's flight
Is out of sight.

F
The idle Fool,
Is whipped at school

A Page of the Old School Primer Used by Uncle Henry.

For the class next above, there was Webster's Spelling Book. Then came the New England Primer, with some illustrations in the form of very crude wood-cuts. Much of this primer was made up of Bible quotations, and in the back of it was the Shorter Catechism. In a neighborhood in which Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterian children were in the majority, we were drilled in this Shorter Catechism on Saturday afternoons. Then followed the First, Second and Third Readers, ending with the English Reader, which was rather strong meat, containing many quotations from such books as Locke on The Understanding. It comprised one of the best selections of literature that I have ever read.

My mother went to this same school, and read out of the same English Reader that I used, and it was her brother's before her. I don't know how many others of the family studied from it. It was substantially bound in leather, and its good state of preservation was due largely to the fact that we were all obliged to use "thumb papers"—that is, we took a piece of paper and put it under the thumb when holding the book, so that we might not soil it or wear out the edges of the leaves.

The arithmetic in use was the Western Calculator. I have studied this book somewhat carefully in later years, and it is a puzzle to me how any person ever learned arithmetic out of it. Mental Arithmetic came in during my last days at school; also

Ray's Arithmetic. We had no blackboard until about the time I left this school. We "did our sums" on our slates and showed them to the teacher.

The grammar was Kirkham's, with definitions of the parts of speech, rules, etc. I doubt whether it did us much good. We don't learn English thru grammar, but thru reading good English; and it is a question with me whether there is any real advantage in teaching grammar to young folks until the later years of their school life.

The pride of the school, however, was the spelling class, the last thing in the afternoon. We were great on spelling. It was a great honor to spell down the school on Friday afternoons; and great was the glory to the champion speller who could win in contests with adjoining districts, or become the champion speller of the township.

As to writing, the teacher gave us pot-hooks, then "set us the copy" in our copy-books, which were made of sheets of foolscap or some other large-sized ruled paper, fastened together. This was before the day of steel pens, and the pens we used were made of goose quills. One of the duties of the teacher was to make these pens and teach us how to make them; and his ability in this line was one of the evidences of a good teacher. I remember well my first lesson in writing, or rather in making pot-hooks. I thought I was doing finely, but the teacher, looking over my shoulder, was not of that opinion; but gave me a box on the ear and a scolding, which discouraged me to such a great extent that I have never been able to write a hand that anybody else could read with any certainty that they read it right—a sad case of the untimely suppression of budding aspirations!

We had a funny way of studying geography, or at least of learning the names of the states and their capitals. We sang them, commencing:

"Maine, Maine—Augusta, Augusta;
New Hampshire, New Hampshire—Concord, Concord;
Connecticut, Connecticut—Hartford and New Haven"

and so on thru. One thing is certain, we enjoyed this geography lesson. It was, in fact, great fun for the whole school together, and we never forgot either the states or their capitals, tho just where they were located would have to be discovered on the map.

There was no other singing in the school in those days, and no devotional exercises except an occasional reading of the Bible and

the Catechism in the schools where the Scotch Presbyterian element predominated. This was finally discontinued in our school, because most of the pupils were Pennsylvania Dutch, and many of the youngsters could not speak English at all when they first came, altho they learned it with amazing readiness. There was an intermission of an hour at noon, when we played town-ball, baseball, and three-cornered cat, besides such games as drop the handkerchief and ring-around-a-rosy, in which the girls joined, and some of the smaller boys.

I have a distinct recollection of three of my teachers. My first teacher was an uncle of mine, of whom I have no recollection whatever. The next I have good reason to remember. His name was Billy Clemons, a man of medium size, with but one eye, who had the unfortunate habit of getting drunk occasionally—perhaps once a month. There was a tradition among the boys that he had another eye concealed somewhere in the back of his head. When drunk, his pet amusement was to torment and badger and nag the best boys in the school, and the head of the spelling class was sure to end up at the foot. It was my ambition to stand at the head of the spelling class, and I trembled when I saw him coming down the lane with his drunken swagger, for I knew I was destined to go to the foot that day. But what hurt me most was that he would leer at me with his one eye and say: "Henry, you are a pretty smart boy, but you know it!" Inasmuch as most of the parents took an occasional nip at the "O, be joyful," they tolerated old Billy, notwithstanding this failing of his, because of his real ability as a teacher; and he taught our school for a number of years.

The next teacher was named Harrison Markle, or "Miracle," as he was usually called; and he surely was a wonder, if not a miracle. He had the funniest way of punishing both boys and girls that I ever heard of. One of his favorite methods with a boy was to make him run around the stove on all fours, and as he passed him each time, he applied the paddle. Another was to have four boys ride the offender on a rail. His way of punishing the girls was likewise ingenious. He had auger holes of different sizes bored in the logs, and when a girl committed a misdemeanor, he made her put her nose in an auger hole, the holes being adjusted to the height of the girls. He did not teach us very long, but he left a marked impression on our minds.

The fourth teacher I had was a man of good education, a student for the ministry, which he entered not long afterwards. I had quit the school after the reign of Markle, but went back under

Hargrave. He was one of those teachers who not only teach, but who inspire the pupil with the desire to learn.

There were no women teachers in those days. They came afterwards. The children in the school were all the way from four to twenty-one year old. Boys over fourteen largely dropped out at the advent of the woman teacher. For it is one of the principles of human nature that boys of this age don't have any particular liking for girls, and don't care to be taught by a woman, however radical may be the change in their attitude to the fair sex later, which my observation has shown to be quite a violent one.

Elementary as this teaching was, and absurd as it may seem to you, there was this about it: There were no fads in our education, no cramming. There was no kindergarten, no blackboard even. Our schooling was largely "the three R's"—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic—with Spelling, and Spelling always with a capital "S." I am sure that those who attended that school could spell a great deal better than most of the children of today. I think it would be a fine thing if this spelling drill should be revived in our modern schools. The schools were in session nine months in the year, the largest attendance being during the winter season, when it reached fifty to sixty in our school.

I must not forget to mention one thing that was customary at these schools. We demanded a Christmas treat. The larger boys usually appointed a committee, who made the demand on the teacher in writing—so many bushels of apples, so much cider, so many pounds of candy. The teacher well understood that if this was not forthcoming, there would be a "barrin' out," which meant that on the last day of school before Christmas, the boys would take possession of the schoolhouse, lock the door, and refuse admission to the teacher. One teacher, Billy Clemons, having taken a little too much "tea" just before the demand was made, refused to treat. Finding the door locked, he got up in the attic in some way, and came down thru the trap-door; but he went out quicker than he came in. He learned wisdom for the next time. When teaching a neighboring school, and finding the door locked, he simply went away, saying: "There will be no more school this year," which, of course, there would not have been anyway, as it was the Christmas holidays.

I remember once coming home and announcing with great pride that I had "ciphered" all the way thru the arithmetic. Father was very glad to know it, and said he had a job for me, to find out whether I really knew anything about it or not. The next day he directed me to take down and measure a pile of boards which had

been accumulating for the new house, and tell him how many feet there were, board measure. The next night, I presented him with a rather astonishing lot of figures, at which he said, "Tut, tut!" I told him that that sort of a sum was not in the book. "What is the use of sending you to school to do sums in a book, if you can't do sums out of the book?" Then he told me I had better tackle the pile of boards the next day, and remember that some of them were six inches wide and some of them a foot wide, and see if I could not get a result somewhere near the truth. This, in fact, was a better lesson for me than any I had had in school for many a day.

The schoolhouse was not used solely for school purposes. It was open to the singing school teacher, who took up a subscription and then gave so many lessons. There was no musical instrument—simply a tuning fork; and it is needless to say that this singing school teacher was a very great man in the eyes of the small boys and girls.

Recreations

IN my boyhood days, amusements and recreations were somewhat limited—perhaps not more so, however, than in many rural communities today. There were some, however, that I am quite sure the boys and girls do not have now. For example, we had husking bees. The farmer who intended to give entertainment to the young folks of his neighborhood, by having a husking bee, snapped his corn, put it in a long pile, perhaps three feet high, three or four feet wide at the bottom, and coming to a point at the top. Then he invited in the boys. They chose two captains, who chose sides. They then divided the pile evenly, and the question was which side would get thru first. With the husking bee, there was usually something doing at the house, perhaps an apple paring or a quilting. After the work was done, there were "eatin's", and after that usually some dancing of the old-fashioned sort, and, of course, a fiddler. My father and mother regarded dancing as something which belonged to the unregenerate, and I never learned to dance. Possibly I was all the better for never learning.

The boys had more forms of amusement than the girls. One of the favorite sports in the fall of the year was 'coon hunting. If there was a pack of hounds, or even one or two hounds in the neighborhood, there was some real sport in hunting 'coons on a moonlight night, listening until the lead hound struck the trail, then waiting until the barking showed that they had treed the 'coon. Then came the interesting problem of how to get it down. It must be done either by climbing the tree—which was sometimes done—or by cutting it down. This we did if it was not too near the house, for some of the good old farmers regarded the cutting down of a 'coon tree or a bee tree as something verging on sacrilege. If the farmer was particularly irritable on this point, of course this was a good reason why we should irritate him. Such is the perversity of human nature. When the corn was in the roasting ear, it gave zest to the sport to "hook" some roasting ears from the field, build

a log fire, and roast them while the hounds were trailing another 'coon.

There was a good deal of recreation in the old-fashioned singing school. The teacher usually had three or four schools, which he conducted on different evenings of the week. This gave a chance for the boys and girls to get together. I do not know how much singing we learned; but I do know that about the only tunes I can sing to this day are those that I learned in the old singing school. One of the interesting things about singing school was taking the girls home; for of course they must not be permitted to go thru the woods alone. The boys usually got out first, and waited outside the door. Then when the girls came out, this was heard: "May I see you home?" or "Will you accept of my company?" Sometimes she gladly said yes, sometimes no, in which case he was said to have "got the mitten," and great was the glee of the other boys who overheard it, and much he had to endure afterwards.

There was one diversion in our neighborhood that we greatly enjoyed, and that was called "swabbing the river." The Youghiogheny is a rather narrow stream, with riffles where some harder and more enduring rocks come to the surface, every half mile or so, and between these riffles stretches of water several feet deep, and sometimes with deep and dangerous holes. We could "swab" the river only when it was low, in August. Farmers would say to their boys: Now, if you will get the manure hauled out, you may have a day's fishing. The boys cut grapevines and brush and made a rope about as thick as the body of a small horse, and stretched it across the river. In the meantime, another detachment had thrown up dams in a riffle leading into a pot. After the fish were scared into that pot by the swab, which frequently had rye straw fastened to its under side, they must themselves catch the fish by hand or with a net. Sometimes we caught many fish, at other times none or a very small number; but, fish or no fish, we had a fine day's sport, and had fine appetites for supper.

Where there was a sugar camp, or a sugar bush, as it is called, we had a good time during the month of February, when it came to "sugaring off," in which the boys and girls could take part. In spite of these things, as I look back over those days, I realize that the amount of recreation and amusement was pitifully small.

Sabbath Keeping

IN my younger days, the Sabbath was kept very strictly by families of all denominations, especially Presbyterians, and was observed generally with much greater strictness than now. In the family of the Presbyterian or United Presbyterian (then known as Associate Reformed Seceder), the children were expected to get out their Sunday clothes on Saturday evening, brush them, hang them over the back of a chair, black their shoes and the shoes of their parents—and those of the preacher if he happened to be there—and fill up the wood-box or coal-box. The girls were expected to grind the coffee and to do everything that could be done beforehand in preparing food for the Sabbath.

There was family worship in the morning, in many families every morning—a full family worship. A Psalm was sung, but there was no musical instrument accompanying it. In fact, there were no musical instruments in the house except perhaps a fiddle, the use of which on the Sabbath would have been deemed sacrilege of an aggravated character. A chapter in the Bible was read; and then came the long prayer, composed of much the same sentences day after day, but sometimes in a different order.

Then we went to church. We belonged to a country church six miles from the farm. There was never any question as to whether or not we should go. We went, no matter how cold it was, altho it was not expected of us that we start out in a drenching rain; better be late than get soaked. It would have to rain hard and long, however, to keep us from going to church.

The churches were constructed differently from the country church of today. There were four doors and three aisles—a door at each side, opening into a broad aisle in front of the pulpit, and two narrower aisles leading to the doors in the end opposite the pulpit. This was for communion purposes, of which more later. The pulpit was half-way up to the ceiling. Into this, ascent was made by a number of steps on each side. The structure of the pul-

The Old Stone Church at West Newton, Pennsylvania, Which Henry Wallace Attended as a Boy.

Henry Wallace in 1914 Visiting the Graves of His Parents and Brothers and Sisters at West Newton.

pit was about as high as an ordinary man's shoulders. A reading desk with everything open in front would have been regarded as a mark of lack of orthodoxy.

The services began with an invocation; then the reading of a Psalm, followed by an explanation fifteen or twenty minutes long. A Psalm was sung after that. There was no organ and no choir, only a precentor, or, as he was usually called, the "clark." He stood in front of the pulpit and gave out two lines at a time. Some of these precentors fell into the amusing habit of hitching the last note of the two lines sung to the next two lines, so that there was no perceptible break between the singing and the reading, which was intoning rather than reading. The tunes were limited to common and long meter, and no repeating was allowed. I have seen gray-haired elders go out in a rage because the "clark" who sang or "raised" the tune repeated the last line.

Then followed what was called the long prayer, anywhere from thirty to forty-five minutes long, in which the Power to whom prayer is offered received a great deal of instruction in Calvinistic theology. Then followed another Psalm and the exposition, or the Scripture or lecture, which was usually from an hour to an hour and a quarter in length. It covered part of a chapter. Then followed half an hour's intermission, and then came the sermon, which was from three-quarters of an hour to an hour long. We were by this time anxious to get home, it being somewhere between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, as we had had nothing to eat since breakfast except some little cakes, and were ready for a square meal.

Communion was observed twice a year, and called the spring

and fall communion. The Friday preceding was Fast Day, in which we were supposed to eat plain, simple food, and not too much of it. However, my mother never allowed her children to go very hungry. Fast Day was observed very much as the Sabbath, and much more strictly than the Sabbath is observed nowadays. There was usually one sermon on Saturday, at which "tokens" were distributed. You do not know what a token is? I can not tell you how it originated, but a token is a small piece of lead, or perhaps some other metal, about half an inch long, a quarter of an inch wide, and about half that thick, on which was stamped the name of the church. All "expecting" communicants, as they were called, came forward at the close of the sermon on Fast Day and received the token, which entitled the holder to a seat at the Lord's Table the next Sabbath. I presume this dates back some hundreds of years to the times of the persecutions in Scotland, when the Covenanters needed something by which to identify the members of different communities who wished to attend the communion services held in some out-of-the-way place, where there would be no danger of being molested by their persecutors.

Communion Sabbath was observed with extra strictness. It began in the usual order, but the sermon was called the "action" sermon, upon which the preacher was supposed to have done his best work. Then followed what was known as the debarment, which was an exposition of the Ten Commandments, warning all who were wilfully violating these in any particular not to come to the Lord's Table until they had repented of their transgressions and had sought forgiveness. The tables were simply long, narrow benches, covered with clean, white cloths, with a seat on each side, the minister standing at the head. The communicants came forward, singing the proper Psalm—for example:

"I love the Lord;
For He did hear my voice
And supplications all,"

"With sacrifice of thanks I'll go
And on Jehovah's name will call;
I'll pay my vows unto the Lord
Before His people all."

The minister then made an address before distributing the elements, which were passed down along the seats by the elders. In a large congregation there would be three or four tables, and the service would be very long. It was for this reason that communion

was held in the spring and fall, thus avoiding both the short days and the busy season. I know of few more solemn scenes than the approach to the communion tables in my boyhood days. There was something about leaving your seat, coming in at the foot of the table, and passing out at the other end after the service was over, which is entirely lacking where the communicants sit in the pews. There was a manifest relief on the way home from this tension.

One regular part of the Sabbath evening was reciting the Catechism. The boy of fourteen was supposed to be able to answer every question in the Shorter Catechism from beginning to end, which is the best and briefest compendium of Calvinistic theology with which I am acquainted. Very few boys tackled the larger Catechism. There were one hundred and seven questions in the shorter; how many in the larger I do not know, for I never got beyond the third or fourth commandment in that. As if this was not enough, the older boys were expected to know part of the confession of faith, and all the Psalms, one Psalm being committed each Sabbath. I remember how delighted I was when the Psalm for the day was a short one, and two of the Psalms which are almost alike were my delight. We did not always understand the catechism; and if we complained that we could not understand it, we were assured that it would come to us afterwards, which it did. I give it as my judgment to you young folks, that committing and reciting intelligently the Shorter Catechism is equal to a full year at school.

We had one religious paper, called The Preacher, which was theological and controversial, particularly in what were known as "distinctive principles." Besides that, our Sabbath reading was limited to a few books, for example, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Boston's Fourfold Estate, Allein's Alarm to the Unconverted, Daubigne's History of the Reformation, somebody's Meditations Among the Tombs, which I never enjoyed. We usually went to bed early on Sabbath evening, and got up early Monday morning. The reading of secular books on the Sabbath was forbidden, and secular conversation discouraged. Still, I noticed that both in going home from church and on Sabbath evening, how easy it was to slip to the secular. For example, this on the way home from church:

"George, that's a fine field of wheat of Alex. Milligan's."

"It is."

"It will probably be fit to cut by the end of the week."

"Well, if the weather is fine, it may be; but probably it would be better to wait a few days longer."

"That ought to bring a dollar a bushel this year."

Thus the good men gradually veered off, and were soon talking of matters belonging to this world.

During the intermission, the boys did not always avoid worldly conversation, however. On my last trip to the old church, I reminded a gray-haired elder, who, when we were boys together, prided himself on riding a fine horse, a gray, of a conversation that ran something like this:

"That's a fine horse of yours, Jim. If it was not the Sabbath, what would you take for it?"

"I never trade on the Sabbath; but if was not the Sabbath, I would take a hundred and fifty."

"I never talk trade on the Sabbath, either; but if it was not the Sabbath, I would give you a hundred and forty."

"Come over and see me tomorrow."

How hard it is for any of us to live up to our ideals, or even our convictions!

While I did not enjoy reading Meditations Among the Tombs, it was not an uncommon practice for us young folks, during the intermission between services, to saunter into the church-yard and amuse ourselves reading the inscriptions. I am sorry that I can not remember any of them. The older form of tombstone was a broad slab of native stone, low, resting on and completely covering the grave; later, a form of marble placed upright. It was easier for us to read the inscriptions on the flat slabs, and, besides, they were convenient to sit down on. What was said in these "meditations among the tombs," I do not remember—and probably would not tell you if I did!

The New Barn

IT may interest you youngsters to know something about what kind of a barn your great-great-grandfather built, a few years after he married and settled down and began to get a bit ahead in the world. Fashions change. The hat or coat worn last year will be out of style this year. Fashions in barns change also; but there is a much more sensible reason for the change of fashion in barns than in clothes. Barns are built in every country, in every age, to suit the conditions, and the student of agriculture could, by studying a barn in any country, and in any age, however remote, make, from that study alone, a pretty accurate guess as to the agriculture of that country, just as the scientist, by finding a bone of some extinct animal, can piece out the rest of it and tell us what kind of an animal it was, what it lived on, and when. There was an old barn on the place when my father bought it—built of logs, and made to meet very primitive conditions. I remember seeing it once. In fact, it is one of the first things I can remember.

I have no distinct recollection of the building of the new barn; could not be expected to have, as I was only about three years old. It was built in 1839, the year my oldest brother was born. The foundation was 30x70, but the long beams projected out nine feet over the width of the barn, making what was called an overshot, a place where cattle could get in, and out of the wet, when it was not desirable to put them in the stable. It was of the bank type—that is, the east and north sides were partially underground, the bank being cut away from one to four feet. The object, I suppose, was to provide warmer quarters for the cattle in winter. The barn proper was divided the short way into four sections, a mow on the east and on the west, with loose boards for the floor, and two threshing floors in the center. The walls of the lower story or basement were of rock; and the entrance to the threshing floors was by a bank and a bridge.

This barn was built to last. It has now stood over seventy

The New Barn, Built of Oak and Maple in 1839, and Still Serviceable.

years, and, with the exception of needing re-shingling every twenty-five or thirty years, is apparently as good as ever. Roofs lasted longer then than now, for the reason that you could get better shingles, and for the further reason that they used iron nails instead of the miserable steel nails that rust out in a few years. Timber must have been cheap and plentiful when that barn was built, judging from the size of the great hewn logs used for beams and floor sills, else sills would have been placed on edge rather than on the flat side. There was enough good oak and sugar-tree timber in it to build two or three barns of like capacity.

You may wonder why my father built a large and expensive barn like this several years before he built a new house. Here is another illustration of the changes of fashion. My father deemed it necessary—and in this he did not differ from his thrifty Scotch-Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors—to build a large barn in order to save the grain crop from damage and to shelter the live stock, and thus lay the foundation of future prosperity. The new house could wait till afterwards; for in those days people were used to self-denial. Moreover, the size of the barn had something to do with the farmer's standing in the community. When a farmer in the next township built a barn a hundred feet long, some of the old fellows whose barns were only seventy feet long, thought that was

going a little too far, and rather suspected it was not all paid for, and the more so because he had for a weather-vane an enormous cow.

These great barns, when full of hay and grain going thru the sweat, were sometimes struck by lightning; and the first insurance company I ever heard of was a verbal agreement made between my father and a number of his neighbors to rebuild the barn of any one of them in case it was destroyed by lightning. None of them were ever struck, and hence the soundness of this novel insurance company was never tested; but I have not the slightest doubt but that the agreement would have been carried out. A man's word pledged to a neighbor in those days was a sacred thing, whether given as a pledge for the payment of money, for the fulfillment of an agreement or contract, or anything else.

Some of you youngsters, who are accustomed to seeing hay barns with a great door let down near the top, thru which the hay is lifted by horse power or gasoline engines, may wonder how we got the hay and grain into this barn, and also what need there was of two threshing floors. You probably do not know what a threshing floor is. The place to do the threshing, of course. This was done in two ways, with a machine, or in the old scriptural way, described in Isaiah, 28:27, except that in Isaiah's day the threshing was done by oxen, as in the days of Moses. You remember, Moses said: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

The machine was a very simple affair, an enclosed cylinder and concave driven by horse power, sometimes four horses, sometimes six, sometimes eight—the power being transmitted from the horse power outside to the machine inside by a tumbling rod. The sheaves were thrown out of the mow onto a table by the machine, and there unbound by hand, in order that the speed might not be checked by a knot passing thru the machine. They were fed into the machine, which was so located that the straw and grain were shot into a corner.

The hardest work would fall upon the man who stood at the tail of the machine and raked the straw away in a direction at right-angles to the machine. There were about five or six shakers, with forks, who passed the straw from one to the other, shaking it as they passed it out, until it reached the stackers on the outside of the barn. After running about three or four hundred sheaves thru the machine, it was necessary to stop and "cave up," that is, shove the grain that had accumulated to the far corner on the opposite side of the threshing floor.

Threshing was regarded as hard and dusty work. As the work

was done co-operatively, neighbors helped each other in turn. After I was fifteen, I had a good deal to do in "paying back," as my father choked up with the dust, and I went in his place. I rather liked it, because there was plenty of company (there was more isolation in farm life then than now), but mainly because the eating on those occasions was of the best. Nothing was regarded as too good for threshers. What fine eatings there were; and I suspect it tasted better in those days, because I never lacked an appetite. And then how handsome the girls looked as they waited on the table!

But why two threshing floors? Because the size of the barn necessitated it. My grandfather had a barn of the same type, but shorter; he had but one threshing floor in it, for the reason that he could pitch from either mow onto that threshing floor. This could not be done in a barn seventy feet long. The mows were at either end, each seventeen feet wide; and, to save time in pitching, each required a threshing floor adjacent, wide enough to store a day's threshing of grain.

The other way of threshing was tramping it out with horses. This method was not used with grain except to supply the family with flour until threshing could be done. For you must understand that in my early days we did not buy flour at the store, by the sack or barrel. When we wanted flour, a three-bushel bag was filled with wheat, thrown on the horse's back, a boy put on top, sent to the mill a mile away, and told to wait until the grist of grain was ground, and bring home the flour, bran and shorts, less the miller's toll—one-tenth. He was told he might go fishing while he waited, if he liked. This was my job for some years, and I remember that the three-bushel sack lasted us about ten days. That was some years after we built the new house, however, and had plenty of company. As it required a man to put three bushels of wheat (180 pounds) on the back of a rather large horse, if the boy let the bag fall off, as I one time did, all he could do was to wait until someone came along, put the bag on the horse, and lifted him on top of it.

Corn was nearly always tramped out, the threshing floor being covered to a depth of about a foot. The horses went around and around on the floor, a small boy usually claiming the privilege of riding, an attendant shoveling the corn out of the center into the track of the horses, and shoveling back into the center the shelled corn and cobs.

To get the hay and grain into the barn, the loaded wagons were driven into one or the other of the threshing floors, and the load pitched by hand into the mows on either side. Great beams

were placed crosswise of the threshing floor, about the height of the barn, which was about the height of the loaded wagon. On these beams, platforms were made, the hay or grain was pitched onto these platforms from the wagon, again pitched into the mow, and then, by another hand, pitched back, with one or two boys to tramp —hot work on a hot day. After the mows were filled, one threshing floor was filled, and afterward the space over the other—these last mainly with grain, preferably oats.

If you are interested in farm matters, which I hope you are, you may want to know what kind of a corn crib we had. Well, you would have laughed at it. It was four feet wide, eight feet high, and long enough to hold the bulk of the crop. It was located four to six rods from the barn. As I remember it, it held about six hundred bushels. The rest was left in the shock, for we nearly always harvested our entire corn crop, and husked it as need be after hauling the fodder to the barn. Farmers in those days never would have thought of committing the extravagance of wasting the forage. The reason for the narrow crib was the very significant one that corn would not keep in that country in a wide crib.

The New House

OUR new house was the pride of the neighborhood when it was built, in 1848. At that time there were five of us children, I being the oldest. A house with six rooms at the most, and no cellar, was rather small for a family of that size, even in the days of trundle beds and other primitive conditions. Father had good reason to say, as I often heard him, as an excuse for building the new house, that they "could hardly subsist longer in the old house with comfort."

The new house was built of brick, with a stone foundation. It was for the main part the same size as the old house, 30x32 feet, but it had two full stories and a full cellar, with four rooms equal in size, in one of which was a great fireplace. In this room the washing and churning and rendering of lard and other rough work was done. Another was the wool room; for my father raised sheep, and if the price did not suit him, he kept the wool crop from year to year, and wisely kept it in a cool, damp place, where there would be no shrinkage in weight. I heard when a boy of wool growers who kept a barrel of water in the wool room, in which was inserted a woolen cord or rope, which was laid back and forth between the layers of fleece, the idea being that capillary action would gradually distribute the contents of the barrel between the fleeces, and thus prevent them from drying out. My father did not do this; he found the cellar damp enough to keep his wool from shrinking. "There are tricks in all trades but ours."

One of the back rooms of the cellar being dark, made an elegant place for storing apples during the winter; and the new orchard having begun to bear, there was never any scarcity of apples at our house. In fact, we did not think of bringing up less than a good, big dishpanful in the evening, to say nothing of apple pies and apple sauce and cider-apple butter. Occasionally there was plenty of cider, and my mother would have scorned to use anything but cider vinegar.

The New House, Built of Brick and Stone in 1848 at a Cost of $600 Cash, Besides Home Labor.

The two upper stories of the house were divided into four rooms each. All the downstairs rooms had fireplaces, but not those above; and there was no other provision made for ventilation. This was a most pitiful mistake, and, I think, had much to do with the early death of all my brothers and sisters. There was also a story-and-a-half addition, 16x18 or 18x20, I don't remember which, with a broad porch to the south, where it was the custom to eat dinner and supper during the entire summer season.

Nowadays, and I have no doubt this will be none the less true in your day, it is very little trouble to build a house, provided you have enough money. No doubt your folks employ an architect, and then let the contract, which again is sub-let—contracts for heating, contracts for plumbing, contracts for lighting, contracts for plastering, contracts for painting, etc.

It was quite different in my boyhood days. We had never heard of an architect. The plan of the house was figured out a year or two in advance, by the fireside. Father always considered economy; hence he built a house nearly square, and the rooms were nearly square, so that, when a carpet became worn at some point, it could be turned some other way, and still fit reasonably well.

The first thing after the plans were made was to get the brick.

They could not be bought, but must be made on the farm, and that was a summer's work before the building of the house could be commenced. Fortunately, there was fairly good brick clay on the farm, and water convenient, of which a great deal was required in making brick. The surface had first to be stripped off, and the brick clay dug. This was done the fall before, in order to utilize the winter frost. It was then put into a mud-mill—a very simple affair worked by one horse—until the clay was thoroly ground and mixed. The clay as it came out was ready for the molder, who with his hands filled the molds with this well-mixed mortar. Then a couple of boys, of which I was one at least part of the time, became "off-bearers"—that is, we bore or carried away the brick onto a suitably sanded floor, on which they were laid out to dry and afterwards turned. (I do not remember the details of this.) They were finally ricked up, the long ricks covered with boards, and when a sufficient number were made, were put into kilns, much of the type in use today. Our kiln held 100,000. Then came a week or two of burning brick, in which boys and men kept up the fires all the time. There was a day shift and a night shift. There was great fun during the night shift in roasting young corn, roasting ears we called them, and having the good times that boys generally do after nightfall.

The next thing was getting out the lumber. Pine, as I recollect it, was used only for inside work, for window frames, sills and such like, The rest of the lumber was secured from our own forest, or "woods" as we called it. The trees had to be cut down, sawed into logs of suitable length, these hauled on the log-sled to the sawmill, about a mile away, and the lumber hauled back. While brickmaking furnished a summer's work, getting out the timbers for rafters, joists, plates, etc., provided a good, hard winter's work.

Then a kiln of lime had to be burned for mortar for the bricks and for plaster. In this lime kiln was placed a little white limestone, which was the deposit—almost pure carbonate of lime—in the rocky bed of a stream which carried water heavily impregnated with limestone. This was for the white-coat.

There were no labor unions in that day. Carpenter work was taken by the job, and, if my memory serves me right, it cost $120 for a ten-room house with four large rooms in the cellar, practically a fourteen-room house. I do not remember the wages paid the bricklayers or the mortar men. I do remember very distinctly that I was very ambitious to tend the bricklayers by carrying the brick up the inclines; but after I reached the second story, I was compelled to give up. I never could keep my head if I went much above the earth's surface. (Nor I might say ever since, if I got

too far ahead of the convictions of the best people.) Other boys could walk the joists in the second story and in the third story, could walk along the top of the brick wall when finished, could get up on the roof and help shingle—but I never could. I remember I cried about it when I had to give up, and everybody hooted and laughed at me, which did not mend my feelings a little bit.

At that time, in building brick houses, we knew nothing about building hollow walls, nor did we understand what has since been called furring, that is, nailing on strips before putting on the lath, so as to leave a dead air space between the plastering and the brick. The result was that except in the rooms where there was fire continually in the winter season, the walls became damp. This was particularly true in the northwest corner downstairs, the spare room, which had but one window in it. I noticed that the paper on it became moldy in the course of three or four months during the winter season. This lack of proper ventilation, I believe, had much to do with the ill-health of the family. None of my brothers or sisters lived to be thirty, and all of them died with some form or other of consumption, with the exception of little Mary, who died of dysentery when about two years old.

Possibly there may have been infection from tuberculous cattle; I suspect there was. I am quite sure there was among the hogs, which means that there was among the cattle; for, when butchering time came, my mother always inspected the livers, and threw out the spotted ones. We now recognize these spots as indications of tuberculosis. But whether the disease originated in the barnyard or not, or whether it was contracted in one of the many other ways in which tuberculosis can be contracted, in some way all of the younger children were infected, none of them, however, before I left home, which was when I was eighteen. I suppose the only reason I did not share the fate of the rest of the family was because I lived the rest of my life in an entirely different environment. In those days, physicians knew nothing of the germ theory nor of the methods of infection. The disease was looked upon as practically incurable. When a physician saw that there was no hope, he ordered the patient to Cuba, just as in later years they were sent first to Minnesota, then to Colorado, then to California, and now to the dry climates of New Mexico and Arizona. Up to the time when my brothers contracted the disease, there was no healthier family in all the country than ours.

This will explain why I give so much space to describing the new house. First, I want you to understand the difficulties in building a house then as compared with now; and, second, to show

the immense value of provision for ventilation in any house in any country, where it is hoped to rear a family.

It need not be said that this house contained no modern conveniences, no plumbing, no toilet conveniences—a wash basin and pitcher of water on a stand in the spare room, that is all. The rest of us washed in the kitchen, or sometimes at a stand outdoors. My father had no lack of means, and the arrangement of this house was practically that of every other house, even the best in the country at that early period. There was scant provision for putting away clothes. There were no wardrobes built in the house, but plenty of hooks behind the doors and at different places in the rooms. We never thought of screening the porch, for no one had yet discovered that mosquitoes—of which there was one every now and then, and sometimes several—distributed malaria, or that the fly was the modern Beelzebub. But do not imagine for a moment that we had no comfort in that home; for it was one of the very best in the neighborhood.

The total cost, that is, the money actually paid out in cash, was about $600, as I remember. It would cost probably $6,000 now, and possibly even more in your generation. Like the barn, however, it lasted. "Age does not wither" it, and it is practically as good as ever. All it has needed has been re-painting every few years, and, like the barn, re-shingling now and then. It will be good a hundred years from now; for it was not built for speculation, but for a home, and to last. Is it any wonder, considering the way houses were built then, that families were more deeply attached to them than to those built in later days?

Transportation

IN no one respect has there been greater changes in the last sixty or seventy years than in transportation; and the end of improvement in that direction is not yet. In my early boyhood there were no railroads in that part of the country. The first road (the Pittsburg and Connellsville, now part of the Baltimore and Ohio) was built when I was about thirteen. I knew the whistle of every engine on that road. There were five of them. Two or three years later, the Pennsylvania road was built. The Pennsylvania canal had been built some years previous; but it was quite a distance from our home, and therefore I knew nothing about it. You may wonder how a canal could be built across the Allegheny mountains. It was not, but at a certain point the canal boats were taken up over the mountains and let down on the other side into another canal, on what was called an inclined plane.

Before these early railroads came in, the transportation was either by wagon or by water. There had always been more or less traffic down the Youghiogheny river. The heaviest part of it was coal, which was taken out of a mine in what is now known as the Connellsville region, loaded into coal boats, which were about 16 feet wide, 100 feet long, and 8 feet deep, and floated down the river in the wake of high water. The reason was that when the river was rising, being higher in the middle, the tendency was to float the boats to the shore; but when it was falling, being lower in the middle, it was comparatively easy to keep them in the channel. These boats were steered by large oars at either end. When they came down to Pittsburgh, they were grouped together and steered down the river by a kind of steamboat, of a kind I have never seen anywhere else. A number of these boats were lashed together end to end, the steamer took hold of the hindmost, and by a skill which was acquired only by experience, steered them down the tortuous channel to Cincinnati, Louisville, Vicksburg or New Orleans. Here the coal was sold, and also the lumber of which the boats were con-

structed, and the boatmen got back home the best way they could.

Lighter loads were taken in what are known as keel boats, guided by oars, floated down stream, and either floated back or towed back by steamers as far as navigation extended, and pushed up the smaller streams by men with poles. A man standing in the boat, with a long pole to his shoulder, could push (or pole, as we called it) where rowing would be utterly impossible. This, however, applied only to certain kinds of traffic.

All the dry goods had to be hauled over the mountains on Canistoga wagons. These were large, broad-tired, hoop-covered wagons, the cover rising at both ends much after the fashion of the old-style poke bonnet that the women wore to church during my earliest recollections. They were drawn by teams of from four to six horses, which were also called Canistoga horses, a breed developed in Pennsylvania, the stock of which unfortunately has been lost. I imagine the term "stogy," applied to a brand of cigars made in that region, is simply a contraction of the word Canistoga.

The government had laid out a series of what were known as national roads, running from New York thru Philadelphia, thru the principal cities, and westward as far as Indianapolis. In short, before the time of railroads, the macadam road was regarded as the only practical means of transportation across the mountains and out to the inland prairie country. These roads were well laid out, always seeking the best grades over hills and mountains, and were the main channels of communication.

The merchants bought goods twice a year. The modern "drummer" was unknown in those days. The passenger trade was carried in what were known as Concord coaches, holding four, six or eight persons, with a "boot" behind for the baggage. They were driven by four-horse teams of a lighter type of Canistoga horses, the horses being changed every eight or ten miles.

Along these same roads traveled the great herds of cattle, hogs and sheep that were needed to supply the wants of the eastern markets. During the summer season, one was scarcely out of sight of these great droves. Every few miles along these roads were what were known as taverns, which furnished accommodation for man and beast. The houses were large and roomy, the barns large, the water supply abundant, and the farms mostly laid out in pasture.

Persons who complain of the discomforts of modern travel, on the best trains, with parlor cars and Pullmans, with electric lights and other conveniences, and who complain still more bitterly of travel on branch roads, should have the experience of a couple of days and nights of travel on the old-fashioned Concord coach. I

tried it but once, when I first went from my home to the academy. The journey was 130 miles, and at the end of the trip I was as nearly done for as I have ever been in my life. Sea-sickness is no comparison to what I suffered. We were bumped and jostled and pounded over macadam roads, not of the best, going downhill on the trot, and coming into town on the gallop; for the drivers in those days blew their horns when they approached a town, and drove in much after the style in which a judge in England or Ireland approaches the courthouse to open court.

The horses used for hauling merchandise and pulling the Concord coaches were somewhat less in size than our draft horses, much more active, with far better legs and feet, and it is a national misfortune that this breed passed out soon after the immediate necessity for them ceased. They were reared in the limestone valleys in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The splendid blue grass pastures gave them size. The character of the soil gave them bone; and men gradually adapted them to the work which was required in those days.

There must have been lively times at the taverns. There was always a bar; for a tavern without a bar would have been like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. There was no end of company, tho perhaps not of the most polite sort.

In order to avoid toll, for there was a toll-gate every two or three miles, with a pole which could be let down directly across the way in case the drover hesitated about paying, the drovers sometimes left the pike west of West Newton, crossed over Budd's Ferry, and came past our schoolhouse, catching the pike again farther on, where the roads were inferior or perhaps impassable. It was a great day at our schoolhouse when we heard the bawling of cattle or the squealing of pigs or the bleating of sheep; for even old Billy Clemons' one eye could not watch all of us. It was most interesting to note the length of the horns of those western cattle; and it was then that, for the first time, I detected what we now call actinimycosis or "lumpy-jaw" of cattle. We were always on the lookout for steers with lumpy-jaw, which affected cattle even that far back.

By and by the railroads came, and the tavern keepers and men who had pastures on the roadside to let, were in despair. An enterprising Pittsburgher named Billy Lorimor conceived the idea that by slacking the Youghiogheny from McKeesport to West Newton, some fifteen or sixteen miles, and then planking the turnpike from there to Cumberland, a distance of some seventy miles, and putting on a line of steamers and stages, they could compete with the

Pennsylvania railroad. Looking back at it now, it seems like a fool's dream—as in the end it proved to be. The first thaw in the spring took out all the dams used to slack the river, pushed the old "Thomas Shriver" and one or two of the other boats which ran in connection with the stage on the plank road, up on the bank, and left them there. The project was abandoned, but the plank road was still there. As the country was a hilly one, and the farmers frequently had to rough-lock their wagons going downhill with a heavy load, the friction of the tire on the planks made the iron red-hot and set the wheel on fire. Then the question was where to find water to put out the fire.

I remember a discussion in the harvest field when the Pennsylvania road was built, while the men were eating their "piece." It was the custom in harvest time to send a boy out with a "piece" at half-past ten o'clock. This consisted of bread and butter, cold chicken or cold meat, custard pie, coffee, and, on some farms, something stronger. While the men were eating their lunch one day, being the carrier, I naturally listened to the rather interesting discussion between my father and some of the neighbors, as to the effect of this building of railroads on the business of growing horses —for that was a country of draft horses. Every neighbor but one, as I recollect it, contended that it would be the ruin of the draft horse business. My father, who was an unusually far-seeing man, took an entirely opposite view. He held that the building of railroads would build up cities; that these would require more draft horses than had ever been heard of before; and said that he now proposed to go into the breeding of draft horses more strongly than ever, and advised the neighbors to do the same. In this, as in most other things, his judgment proved to be correct.

The building of these national roads, temporary as they proved to be, were still a vast improvement on anything they had before. They were for the time being a national necessity. Prior to that time, farming could be carried on only near the streams, a distance over which it was possible to haul the grain. The grain was hauled to mills or distilleries, of which there were great numbers in the country on the streams, wherever there was a mill site or a fall which would give water power. It was then ground into flour, which could be more easily transported than the wheat. For the same reason, the rye and a good deal of the corn was converted into whisky.

The building of the railroads and the consequent disuse of the turnpike changed the class of live stock. Prior to the time of the railroads, the hog that could not walk to market was of no use.

Hence hogs were bred not exactly for speed, but for ability to walk to market. There was no baby beef; for the steer could not travel over the mountains unless he had length of limb. The hogs were large, rangy, sometimes white, but more frequently black and white, and at a year and a half old would develop into about 300 pounds in weight. The brood sows were terrors, and woe to the boy who interfered with their little pigs! The railroad has shortened the nose, shortened the legs, done away with the bristles, and put a more lovely kink in the tail, as well as changed the color from mixed black and white to white, or black, or red.

The same change has taken place in the type of cattle. The cattle of those days were of no particular breed, altho occasionally we could see in the droves that passed our schoolhouse types of what I now recognize as Short-horn blood. In fact, Short-horns were being introduced in our neighborhood. They were roans, and beefy. My mother objected to them on the ground that the heifers from these cows were poor milkers in which I have no doubt she was entirely correct.

The sheep in those days were mostly merinos—not the heavy, wrinkled type, with a skin about fifty per cent larger than necessary to cover the body, but smooth, dark, and with oily, fine wool, and smaller than our mutton breeds, of which we heard nothing then. There was also a larger type of native sheep, with rather long, white and somewhat coarse wool, and occasionally one entirely black. Women liked this black wool for stockings, because it was not necessary to dye it, and there was no danger of its fading in the wash.

A Scene on the Turnpike

I HAVE given you a brief and rather imperfect description of the transportation in my early days. I will now try to give you a pen-picture of what you might see, and what I have often seen on a trip to town, in which we passed over two or three miles of this turnpike, or "national road."

But first I must tell you a little story about my Uncle Billy: As I have told you, when pastures were short along the turnpike, and more plentiful at some distance, and when the dirt roads were good, drovers often left the turnpike, crossed at Budd's Ferry, and came past the old schoolhouse. A hog drover came along one day and rented a night's pasture from Uncle Billy, whose farm touched the roadside. The next morning, my Uncle Billy took a walk out over the pasture to see if everything was all right. I might say that it was almost impossible to lose a hog from these droves; for if one got tired and gave out, he was sure to follow the drove, for hogs have a scent almost equal to a dog's, and will follow a trail. My uncle found no hogs, but found a lone little pig, possibly dropped in the night. At any rate, it was there, and, being a very compassionate man, he took the little fellow in his arms, carried him home, and gave him to a little orphan girl whom he was raising, as he was childless himself, and told her she could have it. Of course, he built a little pen for it, and of course that pig grew, for it had the choice of the slops and waste.

We boys, when we went to my uncle's, were fond of teasing that pig and seeing him fight. He finally learned to jump out of the pen. Another board was put on, and he learned to jump that, finally becoming unmanageable, and was put out in the herd. Uncle Billy had a fashion of walking over his farm every Sabbath afternoon, especially his pastures, while meditating, no doubt, on the uncertainties of life, meanwhile keeping his eyes open to see that nothing was going wrong. In the course of his meditations, he noticed that the pig, now grown to be quite a hog, was eyeing him with suspicion as a poacher on his preserves, meanwhile champing and frothing at the mouth, as male hogs do when suspicious of strangers.

Uncle Billy was a short man, with an unusually long body and short legs, and he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and began a masterly retreat in the direction of a rail fence. There were no barbed wire fences in those days, and few of boards, the fences being nearly all made of rails, laid in the fashion of what we then called a worm fence. Meanwhile, the hog had also begun to move in the direction of that fence, and Uncle Billy moved a little faster. The hog likewise moved faster—more champing and more frothing. Finally, Uncle Billy ran as fast as his short legs and heavy body could go, and it was a question as to which would get to that fence first. Uncle Billy was just a little too late, for just as he reached the fence, the hog made a strike at him, upward, as hogs strike, and sadly marred Uncle Billy's Sunday suit, besides leaving a mark on one of his short legs that might have proved serious, had he not been a man of clean life and simple habits. I did not hear what became of that hog, but I can guess. When Uncle Billy was out of danger, we laughed a good deal about his masterly retreat.

Now, as to what you see on the turnpike. You have been to town, and are returning home. Just as you are ready to start, in comes the stage, the horses trotting down the long hill, nearly a mile long, which brings you from the uplands into the town and the valley. As it passes thru the town, the driver blows his horn and the horses come in on the full gallop. If you are right close, you may see Henry Clay, for he often traveled this road on his return from Washington to Kentucky. You may see a governor or a congressman from Ohio or Indiana. You will see merchants from the states farther west, going home after buying goods. If there are any women in the coach, they will excite your compassion. They will be too sick to eat anything, but the kind old landlady, Mother Yowry, comes out with coffee or tea.

As you go up the long hill, you will probably see a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer and his wife in a broad, roomy buggy, or possibly on a farm wagon, quiet, placid, contented; the horses smooth and sleek and fat; the wagon well filled with purchases. There is peace in their hearts and contentment on their faces. After a slight decline, the road begins to climb Miller's Hill, one of the highest points in that country, and as it rounds the crest, you look down on the narrows, which have been cut thru to furnish water for the first paper mill ever started in western Pennsylvania. This was built by General Markle, who once ran for governor on the Whig ticket, but was defeated.

From the top of Miller's Hill, I once looked down upon a

scene I shall never forget. To the north of it lies the Barren Run range—not mountains, but a ridge of hills of poor soil, thrown up after the great beds of coal—with which this section was covered—were laid down, throwing out the coal. Beyond it you may see the Chestnut Ridge mountains, and, on a clear day, rising beyond them, Laurel Hill. Between the Barren Run range and the Chestnut Ridge, in the valley, lies the great coking vein of coal, of which we have heard so much. It was early morning, and bright and clear. (I was teaching in West Newton at that time, and taking a "constitutional" before breakfast.) The fog was rising from the streams and valleys, and as I watched it rise, it shut out from my view completely the Barren Run ridge, until there was a sea of fog—level and still—over which nothing could be seen except the Chestnut Range.

As you climb the hill, you pass a drove of hogs. It is now pretty near sundown, and every particular hog is squealing. Their appetites will soon be satisfied, for Miller's tavern is just half a mile ahead. You will meet, perhaps, climbing the hill on the other side, a Canistoga wagon. It is drawn by six horses, weighing about fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds each, of no particular color, but clean of limb, and every horse has his weight thrown on the collar, climbing the hill slowly and patiently. You notice the driver. He drives with a single line, but rides the saddle horse, which is the near-side horse behind. He sits in a saddle with long flaps. He has in his hand a blacksnake whip, which will crack more sharply than any Fourth of July firecracker. You may wonder how he guides these horses with a single line. The line passes thru the hames of the middle span of horses, and with it he guides the lead horse, usually the most intelligent animal in the team. The off lead horse is guided by a jockey stick, one end of which is fastened to the hames of the lead horse, and the other to the bridle of the off lead horse. He guides the off saddle horse with his whip, and reaches with it the middle ones if necessary. He is loaded with dry goods and other merchandise, and will take back a load of flour. Behind, on the rear of his wagon, is the feed box, a long box in which he feeds his horses; under it, the tar bucket, oil can, and other necessary articles. You will pass a drove of cattle next, on their way to the next tavern; and so on, day after day, never out of sight of hogs, cattle, sheep, coaches and Canistoga horses and wagons. For this is one of the great "national roads," which were quite as essential to the life of the nation in those days as are the railroads of today.

How My Father Farmed

MY father's farm contained about 150 acres. Part of it was very steep, a north hillside, on which grew naturally sugar trees, black walnuts and black locusts. The ridge thru the middle of the southern slope was clay loam and loamy clay land, excepting a couple of points, that were tenacious limestone clay. The rest of the farm was bottom land, the bed of an ancient lake, long since drained out naturally, but which needed drainage, and which my father eventually tile drained by putting a drain every thirty-three feet.

The rotation was corn, oats, winter wheat and clover and timothy, with a field or two laid down to permanent blue grass pasture. We kept from four to six cows, raised their calves by hand, and bought in enough to make a lot of ten or twelve steers for winter feeding. Enough brood mares were kept to do the work on the farm, and some colts were grown every year. The rest of the pastures, especially those of blue grass, were given up to merino sheep.

The tools on the farm were very simple. There was the wooden plow with the metal mold-boards, a removable share with a long point, which had to be kept in order by a file or taken to the blacksmith shop, for in those heavy clay lands, it wore out rapidly. The harrow, up to the time I was about thirteen years of age, was the ordinary straight-tooth harrow. The grain was cut with a cradle, the down spots being taken up with the sickle. When we raised rye, it was always cut with the sickle, so as to keep the straw straight for tying the corn shocks, or to cut up in the feed cutter, to be mixed with shorts, wetted, as a summer feed for horses. The other tools were a wagon, a bob-sled, hand rakes, and afterwards a wooden horse rake, which sometimes tumbled (dumped) when you wanted it to, and at other times tumbled twice when you wanted it to tumble but once. There was also a heavy roller, made out of a big log—home-made, of course.

Corn was grown generally on sod broken up in the late fall or

The Old Wallace Farmstead, Showing New House and Barn With Spring House Between. Photo Taken in 1914.

winter; for there was seldom a year in which we could not plow some time during the winter. The advantage in winter plowing was that it did not matter how wet the land was, because the subsequent freezing would correct the tendency to bake or brick. We aimed to plow about eight or nine inches deep for corn, throwing the furrows on edge. Without disking, and with nothing but the straight-toothed harrow, it was not possible to make much of a seed bed. This disadvantage was overcome by what is known as furrowing out. We had a small one-horse plow, called a Barshear, or sometimes a "half-patent," for what reason I do not know, with which we furrowed out the corn one way, having the rows four feet apart. We then furrowed out crosswise, and the corn was dropped by hand at the intersection of these furrows, and covered with the hoe. Usually, the man who covered it put his foot on the top of the hill, for the purpose of pressing it down, and thus insuring an early germination.

After the corn was up, we usually harrowed with a V-shaped harrow, taking out the first front tooth, with a pole strapped at each side behind it, which a man could hold in his hand. He could thus harrow one row at a time quite satisfactorily. The next thing to do was to take the Barshear plow and throw a light furrow away from the corn row, one on each side, leaving the row of corn standing on a narrow strip, possibly six inches in width, if the corn was dropped properly. The next thing to do was to take the same plow and throw this furrow back to the corn, thus giving plenty of loose dirt for the now spreading roots. We rather liked to have the blue grass grow in the middles, as it furnished food for the cutworms, which then, as now, were dreaded by the corn grower.

There being a good deal of timber left in the country, the crows gave us a good deal of trouble, because they managed in some way to have their broods come out about the time the corn was coming up, and they found that by pulling up the corn and eating the grain at the root, they had a rather delicious morsel for their young. We made rather vain attempts to scare them away by putting up scare-crows and hanging dead crows on them. We boys, however, preferred to take considerable time and hunt the crows' nests in the timber. We sometimes managed to kill the young ones, but the old ones were as wise then as they are today.

The next thing to do was to plow out the middles, sometimes with a bull-tongue or a single-shovel plow, particularly if the land was stumpy or stony, but generally with a double shovel, run by one horse. The idea of cultivating two rows at a time, as by the modern cultivator, had never entered our heads. We kept up this cultivation until the corn was in tassel, having a sack or a basket on the horse's mouth, to keep him from eating the leaves or stalks.

When harvested in the fall, the corn was put in shocks, eight hills square, that being as large as it was supposed the climate would permit. We regarded fifty bushels as a good yield. In fact, I don't know that we ever surpassed it, altho, after the farm was sold, many years afterwards, a couple of fields that had been let lie in blue grass pasture for a good many years, yielded seventy-five bushels of shelled corn per acre. This was regarded as marvelous.

Oats followed corn, and, singularly enough, we plowed the corn stubble. Sowing on the corn stalks and harrowing it in, as is usually done in the west, would have been regarded as very poor farming. Possibly it would have been so in that section; I don't know. The oats were cut with the cradle when ripe, and allowed to lie in the swath. I was told by my father that some years before my recollection, it was the custom to let them lie until they had one heavy rain, the reason being that after one rain they threshed out more bushels; and as these oats were usually sold to the tavern keepers along the turnpike, and by the bushel, there was no particular reason for getting the oats in without getting wet. Oats were followed by wheat, but usually after the manure had been hauled out and turned under as a preparation for the wheat crop.

It was customary to plow under clover when in blossom. This was discontinued in the later years of my recollection. Clover and timothy were sown on the frozen ground, and were not harrowed in, as is the better custom in modern times.

The wheat was cut with a cradle, and bound up and shocked

immediately. A good cradler could cut three acres a day, and received about $1.25 a day. A good binder could "follow" the cradler, but he would have to be what was then known as a "good" man—that is, good at the business. For the term, "a good man," in those days had a somewhat different meaning from what it has now. If in a timber country, a good man was like the one the psalmist talks about:

> "A man was famous and was had
> In estimation,
> According as he had lifted up
> His ax thick trees upon."

There was great strife among the men as to which should be regarded as the best cradler. The two best cradlers in our neighborhood were Leth Wilgus and John McClellan. Wilgus had cut our grain for years, working by the day. He finally took the contract of cutting a twelve-acre field for four dollars, and challenged McClellan to a contest. The neighbors are talking yet about that day's cradling. McClellan started in thru the middle of the field at the usual time in the morning. Wilgus was late, having to grind his scythe. As McClellan came back on the first "thru," he met Wilgus, who politely asked him to wait till he caught up with him. McClellan replied: "I will just go on slowly," but in the meantime put in his best licks. The next time they met, Wilgus asked him again, and got the same answer. Wilgus then replied: "I will get you before the devil gets you, if he doesn't get you before night!"

An uncle of mine and I were taking up after Wilgus, and two schoolmates named Mellender were taking up after McClellan. Our blood was up. About ten o'clock, my father came out and told them to go slow and take it easy. Some time during the day, Wilgus caught up and cut around McClellan. At noon, my father repeated his injunction. I think he was more solicitous about me than anyone else. About three, he came out and issued peremptory orders—but they were absolutely disregarded. By sundown, the whole field was cut, with the exception of an acre, when my father, now furious, stopped the contest. The Mellenders were behind, but my uncle and I kept up.

The next day, Wilgus finished the acre, and we bound up what was left behind. When the shocking was finished, there were 304 shocks of a dozen sheaves each. This has ever since been regarded as the biggest job of cradling ever done in that part of the country.

The hay was cut with the scythe, which left it in a rather heavy swath, that had to be shaken out. This furnished fine employment for the girls and boys, provided the weather was not too hot. It was then raked up by hand, and when the swath became heavy, it was forked into windrows, the raker following, and generally put in cocks. If the weather was fine, it was shaken out of the windrow, forked onto the wagon, and forked off into the barn. All this seems crude in these days of modern improved machinery.

One can readily see that the live stock was necessarily limited on the farm, as it would be impossible to furnish the hands to cut the enormous crops since grown on the prairies of the west. I should have mentioned that the wages of mowers were from 75 cents to a dollar; harvest wages for men were 75 cents, for boys, 50 cents. Until the advent of the binder, wheat and oats were put up at quite as low a cost per acre in those days as in modern days. The mower and hay rake, and later the horse fork and hay loader and buck rake have further revolutionized the methods of haymaking.

Doctors and Medicine

IN my boyhood days, even the city doctors were not driven about in automobiles by chauffeurs, nor in closed carriages by drivers—reading a magazine, medical or otherwise, and always in a rush, as if on urgent calls. The country doctors always rode horseback, and carried their medicine with them, in leather bags, one on each side of the saddle, with a slit in it thru which the back part of the saddle protruded. They usually lived in the small towns or at the cross-roads on the turnpike, and endeavored to reach on the same trip as many as possible of their patients in any given quarter of their territory. We did not have to decide what kind of a doctor to call, for there was but one school of medicine then—what we now call the allopathic, or, to use their own language, the "medical profession."

In our neighborhood, we did not hear for a long time of homeopaths, and when they did appear later, they were derided as "little pill" doctors, whose medicine was harmless if an overdose was taken, and useless in the ordinary doses. We did not have eclectic doctors. There were no magnetic healers then, and osteopathy was as yet unheard of.

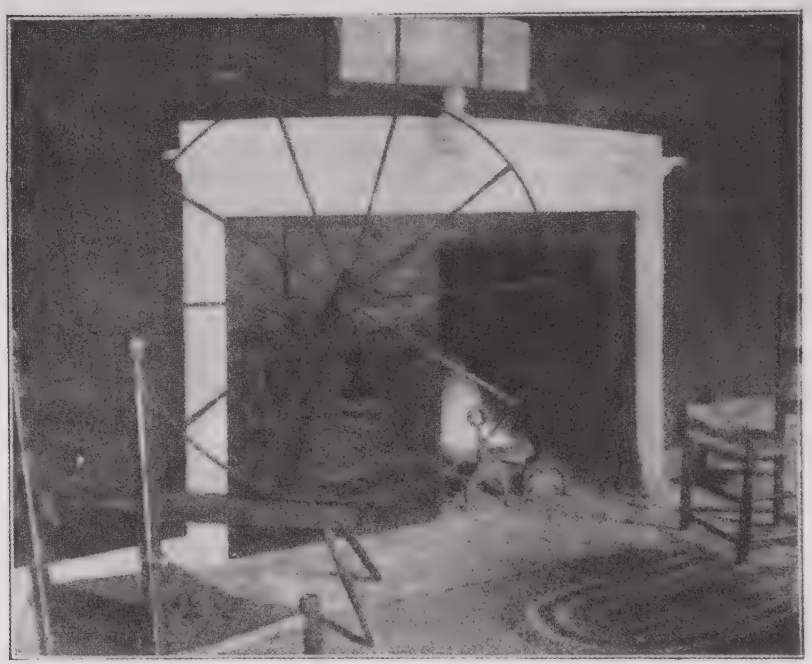
We did not have the variety of diseases then with which we are now afflicted. We had, of course, measles (two kinds, the black and the other kind), whooping-cough, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, mumps, malaria, sometimes smallpox. We did not have tuberculosis, but consumption—two kinds, the galloping, where the patient died in a few months, and the other kind, where he lingered from year to year. We had rheumatism, oftener called "rheumatiz." We did not have paranoic people, nor neurasthenics, but we did have hysterics. When some people had it, it was called by the shorter name of "sterics"; and the excuse was made that he or she (generally she) was a "stericky" person, and no sympathy was wasted on her. We never heard of the multitude of diseases now well known, ending in "osis" and "itis."

We did not have appendicitis, but we did have inflammation of the bowels—the same disease under a different name. We had boils, and always in the most uncomfortable places. A very common location was on the back of the neck, where we could not see it, but we could always feel it. The proper course was to poultice it, or, as the grannies would say, "bring it to a head." There were various poultices—bran, slippery-elm bark, flaxseed. When the boil was properly brought to a head, after several days of careful nursing, then it must be opened. The operator made a small opening in the "ripe" boil, with a needle or sharp pen-knife, then gently squeezed with his fingers, with good results. It was a comfort to the sufferer to feel the contents running down on the bare flesh, and to hear the comments: "That's good! That's worth five dollars!" Five dollars was the usual estimate put upon the value of a boil, on the theory that there was corruption of that value worked out of you. It was regarded as a process of physical sanctification.

Then we had felons, usually on the thumb. The cure for a felon was to hold it in lye, just as hot as could be borne, and as long as you could endure it. We did not have scrofula, but we did have white swelling; and when, for any reason, any part of the body began to swell up and distend without any boil or gathering, it was regarded as a case of dropsy, or, as usually pronounced, "dropasy." If the complexion turned sallow and stayed so for a long time, the person had the jaundice, or what was known in local parlance as "yellow janders."

We did not usually send for the doctor unless a person was quite sick. When an addition to the family was expected, it was customary to send for him; but our women in those days were a good deal like the women among the children of Israel in Egypt.

Medical practice has changed a good deal since my early days. The doctor then did not come nearly so often, but when he did there was serious business on hand. The doctor did not write prescriptions then, but carried his medicines with him. In addition to his drugs, he carried "pullicans," to extract teeth, and sometimes took what the neighbors called "a piece of the jaw," which we now know was only a portion of the alveolar process, and not of the jaw at all. He always carried a lance, and if he thought you had too much blood, he relieved you of some of it. He was likely to either bleed you or blister you, or, in extreme cases, "cup" you, that is, burn some paper in an ordinary tumbler, thus creating a partial vacuum —and then put it down on your flesh where there was some inward pain he could not reach, and allow the flesh to be sucked up and



The Old Spinning Wheel, Which Was Part of the Equipment of Every Pioneer Household.

filled with blood. After removing the cup, he scarified the surface, and was thus "getting the bad blood out of you." If none of these remedies were indicated, or if they failed, then he gave you a dose of calomel (blue mass) and followed it with jalap or some other physic. Occasionally leeches were indicated. After the doctor's visit, you either got better or worse, much as nowadays. In short, the rule was:

"Puke, purge, bleed and sweat 'em,
And if they die, why, let 'em."

It was seldom thought necessary to send for a doctor for a young person, except in the case of smallpox or dysentery, which last was somewhat common along in the fall of the year. If a boy had been eating too many green apples or plums, and there was trouble in the "department of the interior," that could be remedied by giving him a dose of lobelia, a herb which every good housewife took care to keep in stock. If he was bilious, the proper thing to do was to give him thoroughwort tea, made from a weed which grew in moist places. Babies, of course, were generously supplied with

catnip. It was supposed that "sheep-saffron" tea would "bring out" measles. It was easy enough to induce little children to drink that; but when a boy was ten or twelve years old, and became wise as to what this sheep-saffron was, he would rather have the measles stay in than to bring them out by drinking this tea.

If any boy had the "bark" knocked off of his hands, or had a slight cut, and it did not heal, but festered around the edges, then we knew that his blood was out of order. If it was in the spring of the year, he was dosed with sassafras tea, or "sassafrax," as we called it. If this was not convenient, epsom salts were sure to "cool the blood." A bottle of castor oil was always handy. If, after once tasting it, the boy did not take it readily the second time, it was easy to put your arm around his head, take hold of his nose with the left hand, and handle the spoon with the right. I am told that castor oil has been much improved in flavor of late years, and disguised in various ways. I am glad of it.

There was another remedy that was always kept on our mantel. If any of us youngsters was "simmet" at breakfast, and did not appear well during the day, whether the feeling was the result of unwillingness to go to the corn field, or work in the garden, or not, there was always kept on the mantel-piece a fruit jar or other vessel filled with some whitish stuff (I have always supposed it was some kind of soda mixed with flowers of sulphur, what we now know as sulphur). A spoonful of this in some molasses, or a threat of it, usually worked a cure.

I really do not know whether the death-rate was larger then than now. I am very sure the doctor bills were less, and that the medicine was not nearly so pleasant. Except in the case of hysterics and boys inclined to be lazy, there was no letting on that you were sick. A case of nervous prostration was never heard of, for the reason that we all had too much to do to think of ourselves. Thinking about yourself, your troubles, and your diseases, whether real or imagined, is generally the cause of nervous prostration. Some of the old ladies, however, took solid comfort in talking over their troubles and the diseases thru which they had safely come. I used to think some of them derived a good deal of pleasure out of their sorrows.

If a wart appeared on the hand, the thing to do was to wait till the new moon, take a piece of side-meat, look at the moon over the left shoulder, rub the wart with the side-meat, and then bury the meat under the eave, repeating the formula:

"As thou, moon, increases,
This wart decreases."

I tried this once without much faith in it; but in the course of a few days or weeks, the wart became itchy and peeled off—whether from this cause or not, I can not say.

There was a certain bone in a hog's head, which a smart boy might discover when the hog was being cut up after butchering, which, when carried in the pocket, was regarded as a sure cure or preventive of toothache. It was marvelous, also, to see how soon the toothache quit after the doctor appeared with his "pullicans." I had some experience in that line when a boy, when it was my job to turn the fanning mill, or, as we called it, the wind mill, and I was begging off on the plea of having a toothache. This time I was sent to the doctor's, but the toothache disappeared before I got to town.

We had a similar primitive way of handling diseases of live stock. If a cow got sick and the horns felt cold, then it was a case of "hollow horn," usually accompanied by "wolf in the tail." The proper thing to do was to get a plentiful supply of red pepper, bore a hole in the horn, work in red pepper thru a quill, then split the tail for about six inches, and tie it up with fat meat, plentifully sprinkled with red pepper. If a brood sow became weak in the back, and was not able to rise, she was supposed to have kidney worm, and the remedy was to feed her corn boiled in wood ashes. Occasionally, the feeding steers had "foot-ail," caused by tramping thru the muddy barnyards in winter. The proper thing was to apply turpentine to a rope and run it thru the clefts of the hoof. I hope to be forgiven for whatever share I had in applying these cruel "remedies" to live stock.

Of course, we knew nothing of germs or germ diseases, either in men or animals.

Manners and Customs

THO human nature in all generations is essentially the same, manners and customs differ from generation to generation. For example, the love that grows up between young men and maidens in every generation is essentially the same. By some mysterious law of attraction, which even they themselves do not understand, the young man is attracted to the maiden and the maiden to the man. They have the same hopes, delusions, lovers' quarrels, reconciliations—but the manner of expressing them changes somewhat.

In the days of my youth, the young man did not buy a shiny red buggy and go in debt for it when he was courting. Instead, he managed, if possible, to get a good-looking horse, saddle and bridle. If we younger boys saw any of the older boys taken with a sudden love of horseflesh and the trappings thereof, and saw one of them, in the cool of the summer evening or in the storms of winter, dressed in his best "bib and tucker," going to a certain house along about eight or nine o'clock, we knew there was something going on. If the horse was tied to the hitching post, we knew there was nothing serious as yet; but if the young man put his horse in the barn and took off the saddle, then it was evident that he had become a "steady," and something pleasant was imminent. If there was a quilting bee, and certain mysterious nods and winks among the girls, then we were quite sure of it.

When the engagement came, as it generally did in due time, there was no diamond engagement ring, frequently no ring at all, sometimes a plated gold ring with two hearts held together by a Cupid's arrow. There were no pre-nuptial dinners, no "showers." The wedding was rather a simple affair. Among the more well-to-do, a preacher was called upon to tie the knot. Among those of little financial or social standing, a visit to the 'squire in the neighboring town was all the wedding there was. There was no license law in those days, nor for long afterwards. If you and

your sweetheart were agreed, and a preacher or a 'squire was handy, a brief ceremony was all there was of it. Among the well-to-do and those of some social standing, there was usually considerable of a wedding—that is, a number of guests, relatives, neighbors and friends were invited, and there was a dinner—the best the house could afford. The bride and groom did not go on a "bridal tower," but usually spent the first evening and night at the bride's home. The next day was the "infair," or the reception at the home of the bridegroom, and it was a matter of pride on the part of his folks to have the dinner as sumptuous and elaborate as that given by the bride's folks. After that, the young folks settled down in their own home, which usually had been provided and furnished beforehand.

There were elopements then, and separations, just as there have been from the beginning of time, and will be to the end, I suppose. There were some funny advertisements in the paper, however. In case the wife could stand it no longer, and "vamoosed," the husband put an advertisement in the county paper, substantially as follows (I quote from memory): "Whereas, my wife, Elizabeth, has left my bed and board without due cause or provocation, I hereby warn all persons from harboring her, as I will pay no bills on her account."

Sickness and death came then much as now. In our neighborhood, a hired nurse was never heard of. There were always one or more women, married or single—mostly single—who were nurses by instinct; and these were called upon in case of sickness. Every neighbor felt himself bound to lend aid in this time of trouble; for he did not know when he or his might be in like need. Where a night watch was required, there were usually two, one watching till one or two o'clock, and the other from that till daylight. We knew that some diseases were "catching," but we had never heard of bacilli, microbes or germs. Unfortunately, we did not know much about sanitation, and hence there was more risk in waiting upon the sick than there is under modern conditions in the average home.

We had never heard of embalming the dead, except from the Bible, and no undertaker was called in. If a man died, the body was washed and dressed by some men in the neighborhood; if a woman or child, by some neighboring women. It was then laid out on the "cooling board" and a watch kept. There was always a "wake"; that is, a couple of neighbors sat up in the same room or in an adjoining room, with the door open between, with other doors and all windows closed, for fear of cats, which it was believed

were ever eager to disfigure the body of the dead. An undertaker furnished the coffin and hearse, unless the family was in rather poor circumstances, in which case the farmer's spring wagon took the place of a hearse. It was considered a very neighborly act to dig the grave for a neighbor; for there were no incorporated cemeteries and no sexton to do it. There was no decoration of the grave, no lining with cotton and evergreens. There was no mechanical arrangement by which the body could be slowly lowered. This was done with lines, generally taken from the farmer's harness. Two at each end lowered the coffin into a rough box; then lowered the lid. The family stood by until the neighbors filled up the grave quite full, smoothing and leveling the surface. It was regarded as rather bad form for any of the family to leave until he had seen the last shovelful of earth put upon the grave and smoothed down. Funerals were generally well attended. Some kind neighbor or neighbors stayed at the house, to prepare dinner or supper for the returning mourners, with some near friends who were invited to dine with them.

There were no costly tombstones in the graveyard—a plain slab, sometimes of native sandstone or slate, a narrow one if placed upright, and wide if placed horizontally, and sometimes a small monument of marble, with an inscription, frequently accompanied by a line of poetry, marked the resting-place of the dead. These country graveyards grew up then, as they do now, with brush and briers; but it was customary for the neighbors to meet once every two years and clean them up, making needed repairs and filling up the graves that had settled in the meantime.

Birthdays were not much regarded in my young days, except by the children. They, like children now, were anxious to get old fast, looking forward with glad anticipation to the time when the girls would be eighteen and the boys twenty-one, when they were said to be "of age." We had fewer holidays then than now. We celebrated the Fourth of July, never working on that day unless there was danger of losing the wheat harvest. It was celebrated more in the way of picnics and family gatherings than by Fourth of July orations. In fact, I can not remember that I ever heard a Fourth of July oration until after I was twenty-one. Some small respect was paid to Washington's birthday in the larger towns, but not in the country. Thanksgiving was usually celebrated by a good dinner at home, sometimes a turkey, sometimes not—but with nothing like the elaborateness of the New England Thanksgiving. There was religious service in the towns. A few years before the breaking out of the Civil War, the preachers

availed themselves of this opportunity to express their views on national subjects. The people of the opposite party regarded this as "preaching politics," and did not feel under any particular obligation to attend. In the country, we usually went hunting or attended a turkey-shoot or raffle.

Not very much attention was paid to Christmas. We Calvinists had an idea that an elaborate celebration of Christmas indicated a leaning toward popery. We usually had a good Christmas dinner, however, and if there was a turkey shoot in the neighborhood, it was all right to go and take a shot. We paid little or no attention to New Year's Day except to settle up book accounts with the storekeeper or the neighbors. The ordinary farmer who went to the store to settle up his account, and found there was nothing coming to him on account of the butter and eggs that his farm had furnished during the year, was rather out of sorts, but felt happy if there was a comfortable balance due him for the produce.

The presents given to the children at Christmas would surprise you by their meagerness and simplicity. There were no wax or bisque dolls, no dolls that could talk or cry, or that needed elaborate clothes. If a little girl wanted a doll, she generally made it herself, but she thought quite as much of it as of an expensive one. In fact, I think she thought a good deal more of it, even tho it was made of a kershaw squash or rags. In either case, it served as an expression of the latent instinct of motherhood natural to the female sex, without regard to race, wealth, education, position, or anything else.

The birth of a child in the family was regarded as a great event, especially by the older children, tho there was not very much said about it. I remember when my sister Margaret was born. It was in hay-making time. My father had a very intimate friend who neighbored with him a good deal, and I wondered the next morning that he did not say anything about the new baby. We were raking hay, I leading and the two older men following. My father said nothing about it till about half-past ten o'clock, and then said:

"George, we had an addition to the family last night—a girl."

George answered: "The usual good luck, I suppose?"

My father said, "Yes," and that was all there was of it. It was assumed that children would come to every family about every other year, or at least every third year, that everything would go well, and that the mother would be up and about in nine days, or in ten at the farthest. Of course, the neighbor women came to

look the new arrival over. The old grandmothers put on their spectacles and said: "Lawsy me! Which side of the family does she take after?" on which point there was very naturally difference of opinion. For my part, I never could see that the baby took after either side.

The money in circulation in my earliest day was largely Spanish coin, which was brought into that section from New Orleans by men who floated coal, grain, whisky, etc., in keel boats or flat boats down the Mississippi river, and received this coin in exchange, coming back thru the southern states, generally on horseback. The denominations were dollars, half-dollars, quarters, eleven-penny bits (12½ cents), and five-penny bits (6¼ cents), and also big coppers or cents. Gold was rarely seen. There was no national currency. Paper money was issued by the state banks, and every farmer who handled any money worth while had to keep a monthly bank-note detector, with plates of the genuine and the counterfeit. The notes of Pennsylvania and Kentucky were generally good, but those of the western states, even if genuine, were extremely doubtful, and it was hardly safe for the farmer to keep them over night. We did not then have the variety of money, all good, that we have now—gold certificates, silver certificates, greenbacks, national bank notes, money orders, express orders, etc. There was no temptation to hoard money except gold or silver.

A Glimpse of the Big World

UNTIL I was thirteen years old, I had never been away from home, save to church and town, three miles away, except once. I shall never forget this journey, twelve miles. I was never on a railroad train until I was eighteen, when I attended the state fair at Pittsburgh, held in what is now one of the finest residential portions of that city. The only impression that remains of the state fair is an exhibition of a reaper. I forget the name of the patentee, but we called it the man-binder, because the binding attachment was an imitation of a man, with a long arm which reached around when the sheaf was cut, gathered it up with the fingers, pressed it against an iron apron, swung one-third around, and dropped the sheaf. I might say here that my father bought the first one in that part of the country, as he usually bought the first improved machinery. I remember that it cost $300, and I remember the crowd of neighbors who came to see the wonderful piece of machinery. It was superseded in a year by the McCormick, with its simpler method of delivering the sheaf. (All this by the way; pardon an old man for digressing.)

When I was thirteen years of age, my father's youngest brother, Daniel, came unexpectedly to our home. He was a man of commanding presence, and the neighbors, when they became acquainted with him, involuntarily gave him the same profound respect which they had been accustomed to give to my father. He was about thirty years of age, had evidently read much for so young a man, was a fine conversationalist, and his coming gave me a glimpse—a slight glimpse, it is true—of the big world. He was born in the north of Ireland, on the same farm, of course, as my father, and as the famine had been raging there for two years, I learned why my father, the year before, had shipped some corn for the relief of the Irish people.

The fireside talks in the evening became intensely interesting. He told us of the famine caused by potato rot, which lost to Ire-

land, in a very few years, one-fourth of her population—thru death and emigration. I then learned of my paternal grandfather, Henry Wallace. I got the impression that he was a quiet, thoughtful sort of man. I remember my uncle telling my father that their father was deeply affected when people left the neighborhood to go to America. His thought was of his oldest son. I was much interested also in the accounts of my grandmother, who went by the name of Betty McHenry, that being her maiden name. I got the impression that she was a very strong character—industrious, aggressive, domineering, resolute—who ruled my grandfather, possibly the family; who never saw any girl good enough for any of her boys; who, in short, was the dominating force. Subsequent visits to the old home neighborhood in Ireland have convinced me that my impression was about right. She evidently was not the most agreeable woman to be with, but she put "ginger" into the family. With all this, she was exceedingly kind and helpful, especially to the poor. The neighbors in that locality still talk of Betty McHenry's soup, which was given freely to hungry people, as they passed the place coming from the fair, most of them dinnerless. I learned of my Uncle Henry, another strong character, and my Uncle William, perhaps equally strong, who was pastor of a church. These things may not be especially interesting to you, but they were intensely interesting to me at that time.

My uncle stayed with us the first winter, and many were the discussions to which I listened, to use the old saying, "with both mouth and ears." He was an aristocrat, and believed, as the name implies, in the rule of the "best." My father was a democrat, using the word in its true sense, believing in the rule of the common people. My father was an abolitionist, while my uncle believed that the colored people were best where they were, and were unfitted for freedom. Naturally, in after years, when questions growing out of the war came up for discussion, my uncle became a democrat and my father a very strong republican.

At this time, the repeal of the corn laws, next to the famine, was the great subject of discussion in Ireland. Naturally, my uncle believed in cheap bread for the starving people, and hence was a free-trader, and my father was a protectionist; for I may say that the repeal of the corn laws was simply a question of free trade or protection. My father argued that to encourage importation by free trade or low tariff was simply importing everything that went into the thing imported. He would say: "We have coal in plenty; we have iron ore. Why not enact a tariff that will encourage the development of infant industries?" He argued that competition

among manufacturers would keep down the price. My uncle argued that the nations were really one family—that each one could produce something cheaper than another; that every man had a right to buy where he could buy cheapest; that raw materials for manufacturing were abundant and labor cheap, and that industries would be developed naturally in due time.

This was my first introduction to the tariff question, which has not been settled yet. I think my father was right at that time. He could not foresee, nor could anyone else, the combinations that have come up since, and the possibility of infant industries being developed at the expense of the common people until they were able to dominate congress and therefore the government.

In those times, before the questions growing out of the war became prominent, people who were at all religiously inclined thought a good deal on religious questions. One of the subjects that was discussed in public meetings, some of them attended by hundreds and even thousands, was the issues between the Presbyterians and Methodists, or, as they were then called, the Calvinists and the Armenians. My father was a staunch Calvinist, and my uncle—whether for the sake of argument or from conviction, I do not know—took the other side, and the fireside arguments were often quite warm. I remember one time in particular, when my father sat on one side of the fireplace and my uncle on the other, both with their feet on the mantel. My uncle, to give emphasis to his argument, pushed his foot against the mantel, and, as he was a large man, this shoved the hickory chair backward. Being made of wood cut across the grain, it broke in perhaps half a dozen pieces. My uncle, however, never stirred until he had finished his argument. When he had finished, he gathered himself up and remarked: "John, I believe I have broken this chair, and will have to get it mended."

One thing impressed me very much, that neither of them interrupted the other in the course of an argument, but waited until he was entirely thru. My father would say: "Are you thru, Daniel?" or my uncle would ask: "John, are you thru?" If at any time, there was a variation from this method—and this I have since observed is common with gentlemen everywhere, one or the other would say: "I beg your pardon," or "Allow me," or "Wait a moment, if you please."

Another question that came up was that of Psalmody. My uncle, being a member of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, was accustomed to the occasional use in public worship of paraphras[illegible], that is, portions of Scripture outside of the Book of [illegible]

lated or converted into rhyme. My father did not believe in uninspired compositions in the worship of God. My uncle would quote the text about "Psalms, hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." My father would argue that these were simply different terms applied to different Psalms of different character, and that this was really the strongest possible argument in favor of the use of the Psalms of David in worship. My uncle would quote the Lord's Prayer, and argue that if my father's argument was correct, we should limit ourselves to the use of that prayer. My father would quote, "after this manner pray ye," and argue that this was intended simply to give the main heads of our petitions, and that the words were not to be used exclusively. As a clincher, my father would say something about the iniquity of "offering strange fire to the Lord," referring to an event in the wilderness of Sinai well known to Bible readers. I do not think, however, that he meant to press this home very closely.

After the first winter, my uncle engaged in business, but was a frequent visitor at our home, and when business was slack, would spend a week or more, during which these discussions, and in later years the questions that at that time occupied the public mind, would be gone over and over again, much to the edification of us young folks, and especially myself, as I was the oldest of the children.

My Uncle Daniel was a man of a good deal of tact. My father and my Uncle Billy had got into trouble, as farmers have done ever since, over a line fence. Uncle Billy's house was off the main road, and he had been accustomed to reach this road thru what we called the bottom field, on which the timber had been deadened so as to allow the field to grow up in pasture. When my father fenced, he put the fence on the line, arguing that my uncle had a way thru his own land out to the road, and that he was therefore under no obligations to give him the right-of-way. The coolness thus started continued for years, neither of the men speaking to the other. One day they met accidentally at the postoffice, my Uncle Daniel being present. He had talked with me over the cause of the dispute, and I had taken him over and introduced him to Uncle Billy. When they met at the postoffice, my Uncle Daniel, with great formality, said: "Mr. Ross, allow me to introduce to you my brother, John. I am sure you will like him." Both laughed, shook hands, and were friends ever after.

One night I overheard my father and Uncle Daniel when they were having a confidential talk by the kitchen fire. My uncle had just been over to see Uncle Billy, and I heard him say:

"John, what are you going to do with Henry?"

My father, after a long pause, said: "Deed if I know."

"His uncle is very fond of him," said Uncle Daniel.

"Oh," said my father; "Henry has a great gift of gab, and that pleases his uncle."

They were speaking, of course, of my future vocation. My Uncle Daniel and I were warm friends, as long as he lived, with occasional rather nasty disagreements, which we settled when we next met by never mentioning them, and going on as if nothing had happened. This I have since found to be about the only way to settle disputes between friends. The more you try to prove which is in the wrong, the less friendship there remains. Disputes among really good people, or people who intend to do right, usually grow out of some misunderstanding about something too trifling to justify discussion.

Uncle Daniel was the first of a number of relatives that came to our home from Ireland in the early fifties. The next was my cousin, Henry Wallace, whom we usually called "Little Henry," because of his small stature; then a second cousin, Gideon McHenry —both of whom became citizens of the United States. My father was a firm believer in the value of work, particularly of work on the farm. Hence, after the first greetings were over, these young men took their places in the ordinary farm work until an opening should be provided thru which they could push their individual fortunes. I owe very much to Gideon McHenry. I think he was one of the most sincere, faithful and conscientious men I have ever known. He and I slept together, and I was much impressed with the fact that no matter how cold the night, he always knelt at the bedside and prayed before retiring.

Our home was also a favorite place with some cousins on my mother's side. Hence there was no lack of company at our house in the early fifties.

The Whisky Rebellion

I ALLUDED in an earlier letter to the whisky rebellion, and promised to tell you something of it. It may seem strange that a community composed largely of Presbyterians should organize a whisky rebellion. This is not so surprising when we come to know the facts. This rebellion occurred long before my time, during Washington's first administration. At that time, the facilities for transportation were very limited. There were no national roads and no canals. It was not possible to freight produce over the mountains, nor in any other way except by building boats of some sort and floating it down the river, selling it at New Orleans. The Continental money had become worthless thru depreciation, and the phrase, "not worth a Continental," was common. State banking systems had not been developed, and the only way money could be obtained for produce was by floating the produce down the river and exchanging it for Spanish coin.

The most convenient thing to float down the river was whisky, because it had great value in small bulk; and, besides, if the boat struck a snag and sank, the whisky barrels could be thrown out into the river and would still float; whereas, even flour would be damaged, and wheat ruined. Hence the farmers in that section of Pennsylvania converted their surplus grain into whisky. Distilleries were common all thru the country.

The west, or what we then called "the Ohio," was then a wilderness, inhabited by Indians. The government, under Washington, put a tax on the manufacture of whisky. Settlers who were dependent on the proceeds of the sale of their whisky felt that this was a violent invasion of their rights, and took up arms. When the Civil War broke out, I had an interview with General Markle, who was a general of militia. He told me that he was one of the "whisky boys," the only one that I ever met, that I then knew; tho, in fact, I had met several, who kept their connection with it very quiet. He said it was one thing that he was most thoroly ashamed

of, and told me about how many times they had changed commanders in marching eighteen miles. There was, in fact, but one battle fought (in an adjoining county); and I do not know that there was anybody killed in that battle, but there were several wounded. General Washington sent troops into our neighborhood. My grandfather used to tell me about keeping store and selling goods to the troops, and he had in his house a piece of an exploded bomb-shell. Whether it was exploded during the whisky rebellion or during the march of Washington to the relief of Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh), I do not remember. The expedition of "Mad Anthony" Wayne against the Ohio Indians, by attracting the more resolute and adventuresome, and giving promise of the opening up of that country, did much to quell the rebellion. Farmers found that the whisky tax, like the tea tax levied on the original colonies, and against which they rebelled, did not amount to very much anyhow, and I believe it was shortly afterwards repealed.

You may be interested in knowing something about the feelings of the people of my early day on the subject of temperance. Distilleries were found on the farms occasionally, and were plentiful at convenient places along the streams. Every tavern had its bar. You could get a gallon of whisky at any time for twenty-five cents. Afterwards it was sold by the barrel as low as sixteen cents per gallon. Taking an occasional dram, or even more than an occasional one, did not shut a man out of good and respectable society. It was common to take whisky to the harvest field in connection with the "piece," or forenoon or afternoon lunch. It was common to serve it at harvest time or threshing. I remember when my father ceased to take it to the harvest field, and also when he ceased to offer it to his friends.

The consequence of this cheap whisky was to make a drunkard out of every person who was inclined that way; while those not so inclined abstained from everything except an occasional drink for "good fellowship." There was always a bottle of it in our cupboard, but we children never touched it unless it was given to us when we were sick. In short, at that time persons with proper religious training and convictions seldom used it to excess, tho they did in earlier days.

The first temperance movement was the Washingtonian movement, which occurred two or three years before I was born. Temperance lecturers came around to the schoolhouses and persuaded the people, old and young, to sign the pledge. Public sentiment gradually turned against the use of liquor, and has continued ever since. When the Civil War began, and a heavy revenue tax was

put on liquors, there was no opposition. It seemed the sensible thing to compel vice to pay a large part of the taxes. I should regard the restoration of the former conditions as one of the most deplorable things that could possibly happen to the American people.

My Uncle Andrew (my mother's youngest brother) told me that he was present at her wedding; that the officiating minister, a Scotchman who evidently was fond of a dram once in a while, when referring, during the ceremony, to the wedding at Cana of Galilee, began at once to denounce the Washingtonian movement, saying that a class of people had grown up in those later days, who condemned the use of wine, which the Lord had commended by His example, His miracle furnishing the wine for the wedding feast. This minister evidently regarded this as an example of modern degeneracy, a sign that the world was growing worse! I have since known, and still know, many of the descendants of this old preacher —and, without exception, they are strong prohibitionists.

My First Year From Home

IN my eighteenth year, after long and very serious consideration, I made a profession of religion. During that summer, I determined to devote myself to the gospel ministry. There were a great many family discussions over that important decision. My father, while not objecting, and, in fact, promising any aid that I needed, was very much disappointed because I did not continue on the farm. He was not a strong man. For a year or more, I had taken the heavy end of the work, while he did the planning. For a year or two, we had been tile draining a very considerable area of wet land on our farm. My leaving home was therefore a grievous financial and personal loss to my father. My Uncle Daniel, who was to me very like an older brother, was very anxious that I should become a lawyer. My mother wanted me to become a minister, and if I had determined to become a lawyer, it would almost have broken her heart, and my father would have given me no assistance.

My profession determined, the next thing was to select the school I should attend. I had at that time no education save that of a fairly good rural school. My mother had a cousin whose fad was education, and who had established what he called a college in Noble county, Ohio, in a country so hilly that they used to say they farmed both sides, and thirty miles from any national road, and about twenty miles from the Ohio river. This cousin was a character. He was a minister, a man of marked peculiarities, having an inimitable drawl, and to whose mind education was the all-important thing. My mother had a sister-in-law there, one of my father's old and intimate friends had moved to that locality; and so it was determined that I should go to Sharon College.

I shall never forget my first long journey from home. I went by stage 130 miles, leaving West Newton at four o'clock in the morning, arriving in Washington, Pennsylvania, at noon, and at Wheeling that night. I distinctly remember reading my chapter

in the Bible by a lamp-post in Wheeling. I took the stage and traveled all night, uphill and downhill, the stage swinging from one side to the other on the rough turnpike road, churning up my stomach and bringing on a violent attack of seasickness, which, however, was not more nauseous than the filthy conversation of a couple of drovers who were my traveling companions.

We reached Washington, Ohio, at four o'clock in the morning. I found every bed in the hotel full, as the court was in session. I had some trouble in waking up the negro porter to ascertain that fact, and, not feeling like eating breakfast, I started out to walk the thirty miles to Sharon College. How I found that road, I am sure I don't know; but after walking about six miles, and carrying all my belongings in an old-fashioned carpet bag, I struck a log farm house, with about forty big, black hogs, the biggest I had ever seen and the most I had ever seen together, in the yard adjoining. A kind old lady welcomed me, saw I was in need of mothering, made me some coffee and some elegant toast, following it up with a substantial breakfast, after which I was able to reach Sharon that evening. I have no recollection of having any dinner, but I did sometimes get a lift on a wagon.

You may be sure I was glad to get among my folks. I found that Sharon College was not much of a college, perhaps fifty or sixty pupils from the common school grades up. There was a chance to study arithmetic, algebra, English, the beginning of Latin grammar, and the translation of passages of Scripture into some sort of Latin—"dog Latin" we used to call it. I did not think it worth while to stay the year out, but went home in the spring.

Some incidents of my life in that school may amuse you. My cousin was the president, but did no teaching. He lived a mile out of town, and was a sort of agent for divers and sundry books and publications. How thoroly impractical he was you will understand when I tell you that he asked me to go with him three miles, one evening late in May, and carry home an old hive of bees. When we reached there, we found that the bees were lying outside by the handful; and it was with some difficulty that I persuaded him that for us to carry them home, uphill and downhill, would be impracticable. I complained about the hilliness of the country, and he informed me that the hills were the home of greatness, that the Bible itself was written in a hilly country, and then quoted the Psalm: "As round about Jerusalem the mountains stand alway."

I ran short of money toward spring, and my cousin persuaded me and a classmate of mine, Joe Walters, who afterwards entered

the ministry, that we could make a good deal of money if we would sell a lot of his books, pamphlets and tracts on commission at the county seat, Sarahsville. As the county court was in session that week, he said the town would be full, and many would be hungry for something to read. He offered to furnish a team and buggy, the books at cost price, and divide the profits.

We started at daylight, over about as miserable a road as could be imagined, for the frost was going out of the ground. He furnished us with large posters, with which he advised us to post the town, and said that one of us should stay in the parlor of the hotel to sell books to customers, and that the other should drum them in. We made some paste, borrowed a brush, and billed the town. Joe felt that he was the best man to drum them in, while I was to stay at the hotel, waiting for the customers. Alas! none came.

On our way to Sarahsville, we had sold about 37 cents' worth of pamphlets, not enough for our dinner and horse feed. So we went without dinner and paid 12½ cents for horse feed. I told him that I did not think he was a very good hand at drumming them in, and I would try it myself, which I did. I bumped into everybody, and once struck four farmers who were very much interested in some discussion. My cousin had convinced us that the best seller would be "The Life of Charles Ball," an escaped slave and fugitive. So I butted in, exhibiting a copy and telling them of the wonderful escape and tribulations of this fugitive. They paid no attention to me for a little bit; but finally one of them, a large, portly farmer, who would weigh two hundred or over, said:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, till I settle this Yankee."

As I expatiated upon the adventures of Charles Ball, he said: "Do you know if this Charles Ball is any relation to the Ball who is in jail for murder?"

I was obliged to confess that I did not; but that knocked the wind out of me. I went back to the hotel, and found that Joe had not sold a cent's worth. Neither had I, so we concluded to give it up as a bad job.

We were both ravenously hungry, and Joe, who was a Disciple, said that he had an old Disciple friend on the way home, and that probably he would give us supper. Before we struck him, however, I saw an old gentleman hoeing in a garden, and I attacked him with Charles Ball. He looked at me a little bit and said:

"I am an old man. I am preparing for death; and if you have

Boston's 'Future State' or Alleine's 'Alarm to the Unconverted', I would like one of them."

I said I did not have them.

"Then have you Baxter's 'Saints' Rest'?"

I said no.

"Then you have nothing that will suit me. You may pass on."

And we passed. We reached Joe's friend just before supper. We had had a light breakfast and no dinner, were both young and hungry as hounds. I remember some things distinctly that were on that table—an enormous platter of boiled meat, a large dish of old-fashioned hominy (prepared by boiling in lye water and then washing off the lye and the hulls with it), and some bread, butter and potatoes. There was also splendid coffee. It is needless to say that we did full justice to that repast. After staying with the old friend till ten o'clock, we started home, and arrived at two in the morning. Our total sales had been less than 50 cents, our expenses 12½ cents, and we considered it was not worth while to divide. The experience was worth more than the money. I have never tried to sell books since.

In June, I bade good-bye to Sharon College, walked to Marietta, where my mother had a second cousin, and took a steamboat from there home. I remember that part of the way at least I rode on a steamboat called the Diurnal, I suppose because it started out every other day from one of the terminal points. I remember that the feeding was fine and the company mixed; but judge of my disgust with the slow speed when at a certain point I saw the railroad paralleling the river.

My cousin, as I have remarked before, was a character. He had married a lovely woman, who died while I was there. She had three children, all girls. The first he named Jemimah, the second Keziah, and the third Kerenhappuch, after Job's three daughters. He married again shortly, and his second wife presented him with twins, a boy and a girl. The boy he named Nero Lincoln and the girl Nerina Hamlin. With all his peculiarities, he was a most devout Christian. When the war broke out, he entered the army as a private, rose to be chaplain, and made a great reputation in his own church by his letters from the army. They were peculiar in this respect—they told exactly what happened and in the plainest language, much after the style of Boswell Johnson.

After a while, some railroad presented him with five acres of land in Missouri, on the condition that he build a college, which he did, traveling over the country to secure needed funds, in a buggy drawn by a pair of bronchos. Many years afterwards he

drove another pair of broncbos to my mother's house. They slipped on the icy pavement while he was hitching them, and my mother gave him twenty-five dollars and told him to go and get his horses shod—which I am quite sure he did not do.

His college, supplemented by preaching in vacancies in his church, never made him a living. He insured his life in one of those fraternal insurance companies which in those days offered insurance far below cost. He finally took consumption. The assessments became heavier as the assessed advanced in years. He allowed his payments to be in default. A personal friend of his notified me of the fact, saying he would soon be compelled to declare his policy defaulted, that he could not live very long, and asked me to carry it for him, which I did. I mention this because I got a lesson in "cheap insurance." It cost me $11 a month, sometimes $22; so that I was out about $150 in a little over a year, carrying a policy of $2,000. I was glad, however, to be able to turn it over to his wife, who richly deserved it.

My Second Year From Home

I RETURNED home and went to work on the farm. The weather was warm, and it was pretty hard work, not having been accustomed to it for six months; but my mother kindly sent me out a "piece" about half-past ten, for the first day or two.

I was undecided where to go next. I thought of going to Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, thirty miles from home; but was satisfied that I was unprepared to enter even the freshman class. My father had an old friend, James McYeal (which the neighbors pronounced "Muckyale"), who had a son whom I knew fairly well, tho several years older than myself. The families had been intimate for many years, my father and Mr. McYeal having been elders in the same church, and sitting in adjoining pews. The son had just graduated from an eastern college, but persuaded me to attend a year or two at an academy, sometimes called a college, in which he had received the main part of his education. This was Geneva Hall, located at Northwood, a very small village some three miles from Belle Center, and eight miles from Bellefontaine, in Logan county, Ohio.

Not having as yet decided, I went there, going by rail to Crestline. On this journey, I had a very severe attack of seasickness, or rather train-sickness, for in my later journeys on the ocean, I have never been more than slightly seasick, and that only the first time. Thinking to get over it, I ate no dinner, and for supper ate some cakes that had caraway seeds in them, which I had bought at Crestline. Singularly enough, I have never to this day been able to enjoy eating anything with caraway seed in it. Mental suggestion, of course.

I changed cars and went to Rushsylvania, and then walked five miles thru the native woods to Northwood. When I describe it, you will think it a queer town and a queer place for a college. There were perhaps thirty or forty houses, the main buildings of the college and female seminary, and three churches, all Covenanters, and no others. None of the three Covenanter churches were

in communion with each other. The first was the Old School, the second the New School, and the third a "Steelite" church, the pastor of which was a blind man named Peebles. The difference between the old and the new school was that the members of the new would vote, which the members of the other would not. What was the particular difference between the "Steelite" and the old and new schools, I have never been able to understand.

It was distinctly a Covenanter community. The Covenanters are the descendants of the old Scotch Covenanters or "Cameronians," the strictest of the strict Presbyterians. The voice of joy and praise from the "tabernacles of the righteous" was heard "duly and daily," morning and evening—a song, a lengthy passage from the Scriptures, and a long prayer. At the table, a blessing was invariably asked, and as invariably thanks were returned at the end of the meal. The sermons were such as I have described as being the custom at my own home, only, if anything, longer. There was no prayer-meeting, but a meeting of the members called "Society," for prayer and the discussion of religious topics.

The type of character of these people is something that is rarely seen except in congregations of the same church that linger here and there to this day. It seemed to me that every man had what I called the "Covenanter head"; and when you find a man with the Covenanter head, you had better be careful about getting into an argument with him; for he usually knows what he is talking about, and is apt to be as good a judge of stock as of theology.

It was not long before I ran up against what seemed to me peculiar doctrines. When I inquired why they did not vote, I was told that it was because they would not take the oath of allegiance. When I asked why they would not take the oath of allegiance to support the government, I was told that the government was irreligious, and, as one of the boys afterwards said in a debate, "in league with hell," tho the elders would not put it that strong. In other words, the government did not recognize specifically and directly God as the Supreme Ruler and Jesus as the Supreme Source of all authority. Many were the arguments I had, especially with the students, on this question. They would point to the Morocco treaty, in which it was distinctly stated by the secretary of state that the United States was not a Christian nation. They would point to slavery (for remember that this was in the winter of 1855-1856), and to the fact that both the political parties were bound hand and foot to the slave interests.

Northwood was one of the stations on the "underground railway." There was a regular line of stations from Cincinnati to

Sandusky. Negroes were brought in covered wagons, covered over with straw or corn stalks or bedding, to the station after nightfall, and, after being bountifully fed, were carried on the next night to the next "underground station." If any of the Covenanter students were absent from their classes, we generally knew where they had gone, and asked no questions. When one of my chums, who lived on a farm, came down to breakfast one winter morning, he found nine runaway negroes getting an early breakfast. They had arrived during the night, and would be hid till the next night, and then taken on their way to freedom in Canada.

With some of the other boys, I boarded with a most excellent old gentleman named Trumbull, half a mile out in the country. He was a very curious compound of native Yankee and thorobred Scotchman, having been reared in Vermont from Scotch or Scotch-Irish Covenanter stock. He was not very much of a farmer, but a great student of theology, and presented me almost from the first some very knotty problems—for example: "Who were the one hundred and forty-four thousand who stood with the Lamb on Mount Sinai?" He intimated to me that he thought they were the Covenanters! I told him that I thought if he would read the passage thru carefully, that he would see that the majority of the Covenanters would be excluded. (You will see why if you read the passage.) He had a theory of the millenium which I could never understand, but included in it was the idea that the ponds, which abounded in that section, would be dried up; and it would be something like the Garden of Eden restored. I could not help but predict that the ponds would not be dried up, nor the corduroy roads rendered comfortable for travel, unless there was a vigorous use of the spade, both on the ditches and the roads.

My room-mate was an old friend who followed me from Pennsylvania—Dick Shaw. He, too, was aiming for the ministry; but his educational career came to an untimely end in a very singular way. A young farmer named Johnson had a peach orchard not far from the house where we roomed. There were peaches in great abundance. My friend Shaw and I rented the peach orchard for our own eating for the season, or, rather, we paid 25 cents apiece (or perhaps that amount for both; I do not remember now). The owner guaranteed the peaches to last six weeks. As a matter of fact, they lasted but five weeks, but we did not ask for a rebate. We were to have all that we could eat or throw at each other, if we had a mind to—but we must not give any to the other boys. We went to that orchard "daily and duly," ate what we wanted, threw them at each other when in that mood, brought home what

we pleased; but, unfortunately, my friend caught the ague. I had never seen a case of that kind before, and I was appalled when he "took a shake," usually in the forenoon, and shook till the bedstead rattled. He was obliged to quit school and become a farmer. He proved to be a most excellent one, however, and is living yet (1911), all on account of that unfortunate renting of a peach orchard. He did not know, nor did any of us, that malaria was carried by mosquitoes, and that there are mosquitoes wherever there are ponds in the summer-time. If he did not make a preacher, he made a first-class elder, which is almost as good. I had a delightful visit with him in June, 1911.

Mr. Trumbull had a brother who was noted for long prayers and long blessings at the table. The boys were told that when the bell rang during morning prayers, they would be excused. One day his daughter knocked at my door and said:

"You need not come to dinner till fifteen minutes after the bell rings."

I asked why.

"Well," she answered, "Uncle James is to be here. Mother usually does not ask him to return thanks, because his blessing is so long that she is afraid the things will get cold; but today she is going to ask him to ask the blessing."

I waited fifteen minutes after the bell rang, and was in plenty of time for the dinner.

I was intimate with one other family, that of Samuel P. Johnson, a farmer; a man who, in type of mind, bent of character, age and experience, was so nearly like John Brown, of Osawattamie, that if I were to see their photographs today, I would not know one from the other. He was more of a theologian than farmer, and studied profoundly the problems of government and the history of churches from the standpoint of Calvinistic theology of the strictest kind. I have the best of reason to believe that he kept a station on the "underground railway." He was one of the main supports of both the college and the female seminary.

I go into these details because the environment of a college, the kind of people who support it, and the religious influences by which it is surrounded are not the least important part of an education. I have been glad ever since that I went to Geneva Hall, not merely for the thoro character of the instruction—of which more hereafter—but because I was brought into close contact with a class of people who, whatever may be their short-comings, were profound thinkers, and did not hesitate to carry their convictions to their proper conclusions so far as was humanly possible.

The Small College

THE small college, whether in the nineteenth or the twentieth century, has this great advantage over the large one, that the pupils can get in closer touch with the professors. For obvious reasons, the small denominational college can get a bigger man for the same salary. If the small college has even one big man, the student is likely to get more benefit from this than from an even bigger man in a larger college, for the simple reason that it is easier to get in touch with the best thing in the college, a Man. In the larger school, almost the entire instruction must be given by men of little reputation, men of whom the student has probably never heard until he entered the classroom. He seldom gets very close to the man of reputation connected with the school.

I was very fortunate. When I went to Geneva Hall, I was thrown in close touch with some really big men. The biggest of them was a man long since dead, named Doctor Sloan, then about forty years of age. He was bred in the east, had evidently received a very thoro training, and had moved in the very best society. He was a thoro teacher, and took a lively personal interest in every boy connected with the school. He knew how to get work out of boys without formally requiring it of them. I remember very well the first day I met him. They were organizing the classes at the beginning of the session. The class of which my recollection is most vivid was that in Latin, text-book, Caesar. I knew a little Latin grammar, but did not know that thoroly, and one of the professors said that I could not keep up with the work of that class. Fortunately, there seemed no place else to put me, and Doctor Sloan said: "Put Wallace in; he'll get thru all right." I felt greatly encouraged by that. The first day the doctor sat and looked at us a bit; and, as I was at the end of the seat, he said:

"Wallace, what did you come here for?"

I stammered out, after a time: "To get an education."

"An education—what is an education?"

After he had, so to speak, chased me around the room with that sort of a prod, he said: "Well, what do you want with an education?" Then, after a while: "How do you expect to get it?" He wound up his examination of each one of us—for he treated us all alike in order—with: "What do you want to do with an education when you get it?" And that was the first day's recitation in Caesar!

I wondered what would come next. The next day, he simply asked one of the boys to hand him a book, and motioned for us to begin translating. If there was a wrong accent, he twisted a lock of hair which hung behind his right ear; if a wrong quantity, he frowned; if a wrong pronunciation, he gave a peculiar stamp with his right foot. We came in a little while to the third sentence in the first book of Caesar. It went around the class, and nobody could translate it. He simply handed back the book and said: "That will do until tomorrow," and when we came back the next day he began with that sentence. That was his method of teaching Caesar. I do not know how the other boys felt about it, but I made up my mind that I would have that lesson if I sat up all night to get it; and I had it. Only in extremely difficult passages did he give us any direct help. We had to get it ourselves.

Then he had us visit him in the evening, one or two at a time, and talked with us about our parents and our aims in life. I was a very awkward boy in those days, and not very particular about my clothes. His wife, a very refined lady, and evidently accustomed to the best society, one evening called my attention to this and said I would succeed a great deal better if I would be more particular about my appearance. He said:

"Well, that's all right. She is giving you good advice; but I would advise you not to neglect your studies to take on polish. If you master your studies, there will be something to polish, and that will come by and by."

Then we had Doctor Milligan, who, I afterwards learned during a long friendship lasting until his death, was only four or five years older than myself. He was a most genial man, who knew how to enlist the boys' sympathies, and was constantly pointing them to higher things. Other professors we had—good ones, very good drill-masters, who insisted on thoroness—but they failed to grip me as did these two men.

The course of study was not an extensive one, nor nearly so large nor so long as in the best high schools of the early part of the twentieth century, and was mainly adapted to fitting men for a professional life. Outside of the professions there was nothing

vocational about it. English grammar, composition, higher arithmetic, algebra, plane and spherical geometry, trigonometry, Latin, Greek and Hebrew—the latter in the senior year. These and work in the literary societies were the main features of the education we received in that school. The main object was to make preachers; and an unusually large number of the students became preachers, and are sporting "D. D.'s" and "LL. D.'s" to this day.

Education was cheap in those days; and perhaps it may be regarded from the modern viewpoint as rather cheap education in itself. I do not think I ever paid as much as four dollars a week for board and room—usually two and a half or three. The board was usually good; and I wish I could enjoy now as hearty a breakfast as I did at my first boarding-place, where they had splendid "flapjacks," pancakes swimming in genuine maple syrup made on the farm. We had these nearly every morning, or else buckwheat cakes (home-grown), hot from the griddle, and plenty of good butter, country-cured ham, and fresh eggs in season.

The rooms were bare, seldom carpeted. A wash bowl and a pitcher served for all ablutions, and we invariably threw the dirty water out of the window; for there was no sewer, and this was the easiest way of disposing of it. I shall never forget one incident while I was at Jefferson College, two years afterwards, and rooming in the second story. I used rainwater which had a plentiful supply of soot in it, being in a coal county, and when I threw the dirty water out of the window, as usual, it came squarely on top of the bald head of my landlord, who happened to be passing under that window at the time. I saw him after I had tipped the basin, and began profuse apologies. He must have been a saint of a ripe degree of grace; for he only looked up and said: "Did I ever!" I do not think, however, that he ever got rid of a suspicion that I did it on purpose—which I did not.

The streets of the little village of Northwood were simply country roads poorly worked; the sidewalks simply one oak board, about a foot wide, on which men usually walked alone, but on which I observed that a boy and a girl could walk together and balance fairly well.

I remember but one case of disciplining, involving, however, two persons. There are cranks in colleges as well as elsewhere, and we had one, a queer fellow, who wore in summer a hat of straw with as wide a brim as the broadest of the ladies' hats in the year 1910. This brim was held up by a string on each side. In the summer he went barefooted, and wore a gown of some sort which reached down to his feet. He argued with the boys that it was

wrong to take the life of any animal, even that of the most offensive insect. He argued also that we should eat nothing that was not grown in our own immediate environment. Hence, he abjured tea, coffee, spices and sugar, except maple. He refused to cut either his hair or beard. He said he was fitting himself as a missionary to Afghanistan; and we all wished he were there. He made some slighting remarks about the girls with whom two of the older boys were going, and naturally incurred their special enmity. On election night, the fourth of November, 1856, these boys waylaid him as he was passing thru a vacant room in the college, which had not been swept that summer. There was a struggle, and much hair and gore were found on the floor in the morning. In taking off his long hair, which he had refused to have cut, they also took some of his scalp with it. Of course, an offense of this kind could not be overlooked, and the boys were suspended; but they had no difficulty in entering another college of the same grade, or a higher one, in the same classes.

Longfellow had made Hiawatha famous at that time, and many were the sheets of paper spoiled by descriptions of this tragic scene in Hiawatha style. I spoiled a number myself, but can only remember the beginning of one: "On the fourth night of November," in which were references to the silvery moon, a sky overcast with clouds, and untrodden snow, and stars as they looked down upon the scene.

There were few amusements as an outlet for the pent-up energies of students; no baseball, no football, no tennis, no gymnasium. There was an occasional visit with some one of the boys at his home in the country, a visit to the nearest town, and a supper at the hotel with some girl friend, a day's hunting for wild turkeys, which were not numerous, and for squirrels, both the black and the gray—these furnished about all the diversion we had.

Generally speaking, we were hard-working, earnest students. The second year, I was in the habit of getting up at four o'clock, which I would not like to do now. I studied till six, then had breakfast and an hour's walk, if the roads were dry or frozen. There were recitations in the forenoon, an hour for dinner, some recitations in the afternoon, an hour for supper, and then study till ten. We made much of our literary societies, and fierce was the rivalry between students for society as well as class honors. I was once foolish enough to rejoice over the defeat of one of my rivals by declaiming in my turn at "Woolsey's Lament," with variations: "Adieu, a last adieu to all my greatness!" At the next night he, with similar variations, declaimed something about

Napoleon's decline, fall and banishment to Elba. It taught me a lesson, "not to rejoice when thy enemy falleth." I richly deserved the unmerciful scoring I received.

I, with some of the other boys, had been on a sleigh-ride to a little town called Roundhead. On the way home, our sleigh broke down, and we borrowed a log chain from a farmer without asking his consent, intending, of course, to return it. The farmer was furious, and came to town the next day, demanding our arrest. Of course we settled with the farmer; but my friend, in his declamation, told about being born of noble Scottish ancestry, and when he came to the passage, "his flight from Moscow confirmed his descent," substituted, "his flight from Roundhead"! I happened to be censor that evening, and managed to pay the highest compliments to my castigator, much to the amusement of the boys.

And yet, looking back over more than half a century, I feel that I owe this fellow a good deal. He and I never did get along. One day he said something particularly mean about me at the boarding-house, which rankled even when the family were at worship; and then and there it occured to me that I would take advantage of the fact that a room had been left vacant by one of the students who had been suspended, and change my boarding house, with this further advantage, that I would have a room to myself. While there I became acquainted with a young lady much older than myself, who was boarding at the same house, and thru her, two years later, I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the lady who became my wife. Thus do the most trifling things, to which we pay no attention at the time, shape our destiny. Some call it chance, some luck; I call it Providence. Just think of what a difference it might have made in the Wallace family, if I had not fallen out with this schoolmate over a trifling remark, changed my boarding-place, and perhaps had remained an old bachelor, or perchance married a less noble woman than your great-grandmother!

Last spring (1911), the American Magazine saw fit to publish a sketch of my life. A few weeks afterward, I received a letter from a professor in a college out in Utah, stating that he supposed I was the same chap who took part in a chicken dinner in the room of one of the students, the chickens for which had been "borrowed" (like the log chain) from a farmer whom the boys greatly disliked. He called my attention to the moot court which was held on the college campus on a dark night, in which he says I acted as judge, arraigned the culprits, sentenced them to deliver to the farmer resolutions of regret that anyone connected with

the college had been guilty of interfering with his feathered flock, promising that it should never occur again, if the discipline of the students could prevent it, and that they should pay him one dollar —more than twice what two tough old hens were worth then. I had really forgotten all about the moot court, but have an indistinct recollection of the feast, the chickens for which I suspect were feloniously purloined! I presume that human nature in college is now, and always will be, much as it was then and always has been.

My Third Year From Home

MY third year from home was my second year at Geneva Hall. College life flowed on much the same as the year before, with this difference, that the discussions in the literary societies and elsewhere took on a more distinctly political phase; for this was the year 1856, when the great Republican party, which has been in power most of the time since, first became a national organization. For many years, the two great political parties had been the Whig and the Democrat. The Democrats had been in power, except for eight years, since 1832. The great leaders of both parties at this date were pro-slavery partisans. There was an anti-slavery element in both parties, but it was regarded by the leaders of each as insurgent, and therefore dangerous, and liable, if allowed to make headway, to disturb the repose and interfere with business. The south was for the most part Democratic and for free trade, or, more accurately, for a tariff for revenue only, because it was almost purely agricultural, and sold its main crop, cotton, in a foreign market, in which it had practically a monopoly. It wished to purchase supplies as cheaply as possible. The north was mainly Whig, and advocated protection, because it contained practically all the manufacturing plants of the nation, and wished competition barred, or at least limited, by a protective tariff which would enable it to put up the price of its goods.

The south was in the main pro-slavery, because it was believed that cotton could not be grown without slave labor; while the north had gotten rid of its slaves, mainly because it did not pay to keep them. In the mountain regions of the south, and on the higher and drier soils of the valleys, cotton growing was impossible. Hence, these were the Whig strongholds, while Democracy flourished in such states as Pennsylvania, where, at that time, the main business was agriculture. The great business interests of the north were friendly to the south, because they financed and handled the cotton, whether for export or home manufacture.

Among the better classes of both parties conscience slept, and self-interest or supposed self-interest mainly regulated conduct. This is the tendency of human nature in any and every age. In various ways this sleeping conscience of the American people had been aroused. I need not tell you of the events that led up to the Missouri compromise, in 1820, by which all land in the Louisiana purchase north of latitude 36:30, except Missouri, was decreed to be forever free from slavery; nor of the acquisition of Texas for the purpose of extending slavery; nor of the territory given as indemnity by Mexico, out of which we have carved California, Nevada and Utah; nor of the rush of northern people to California on account of the discovery of gold, and of the Mormons to Utah; nor of the enactment of the fugitive slave law in 1850. You will find all of that, and much more like it, in your school histories—or at least ought to find it. I am not writing a history of any sort, but am trying to tell you how things political looked to a sophomore student in a strong anti-slavery locality in the years 1856 and 1857.

In the fifties, Stephen A. Douglas was the most potent force in the United States senate. He had introduced and secured the passage of the bill called the Nebraska-Kansas act, which repealed the Missouri compromise and freed those states and all other territory open to settlement to slavery, provided the bill was enacted into law. This was the famous, plausible and seductive doctrine of "squatter sovereignty." This aroused the public to the danger, and the more so because Uncle Tom's Cabin (written by Harriet Beecher Stowe in 1852, and of which 300,000 copies were said to have been sold the first year) had laid bare the conditions in the slave-holding states, and had aroused the national conscience. The fugitive slave law made every man a slave-catcher —if his services were demanded by the United States marshal—and imposed a fine of a thousand dollars and imprisonment on every man who harbored, aided or abetted any runaway slave.

The Dred Scott decision, rendered by the circuit court of the United States in 1857, confirmed the constitutionality of the fugitive slave law, and stripped the fugitive of every right to liberty in a free state. I quote from that decision, premising in the first place that Dred Scott was a negro, the slave of an army officer stationed in Missouri, who took him, in 1834, to Illinois, where slavery was prohibited by the state law, and then to what is now Minnesota, where slavery was prohibited by the Missouri compromise. In 1838, the officer returned to Missouri with Scott, where the latter learned that a previous decision of the Missouri courts

made him a free man. In 1848, his master gave him a beating, and he brought suit against him for assault and battery, and the court gave him a verdict. In 1852, the supreme court of the state reversed the decision of the lower court. His master than sold Scott to a citizen of New York; and, on the ground that he and his new owner were citizens of different states, he brought suit against him for assault in the federal circuit court of Missouri. The case finally reached the supreme court, and that court declared that Scott was not a citizen of Missouri, and hence had no standing in the federal courts; that a slave was only a piece of property, and the owner could take it wherever he desired in the United States; that no negro could be a citizen of the United States; that the Missouri compromise was unconstitutional; and that neither congress nor the territorial government could prohibit slavery in the territories. With this statement of facts, we can realize the force of the decision delivered by Chief Justice Tawney:

"They (the negroes) had for more than a century before (the adoption of the constitution) been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior that they had no right which the white man was bound to respect, and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit."

You can see how this decision would stir up anti-slavery sentiment from one end of the country to the other; for, as a result, no man, no matter what his social standing, wealth or culture might be, knew when he was putting his life in jeopardy, and he would lose all standing if he championed the cause of a slave. Wendell Phillips, a man of the bluest blood, highest culture, and noblest character, the greatest orator of his age, and certainly the greatest I have ever heard, was regarded as a pariah and an outcast in cultured Boston. There had been for years a few pronounced abolitionists. They were treated with as great contempt and scorn as we would regard an anarchist in these opening days of the twentieth century. Ministers of the gospel in the north, who dared preach, even on Thanksgiving Day or on a fast day, against the evils of slavery, were very likely to create divisions in the church and lose financial support, and were therefore in danger of losing their pastoral charge. Solemn doctors of divinity in the south, and some in the north, preached eloquently on the text: "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." Any opposition to this fugitive slave law was regarded as a viola-

tion of Paul's injunction to "obey the powers that be." The slave was told to follow the example of Onesimus and return to his master. Any assertion of "a higher law than the constitution" was regarded as next to high treason against the government of the United States. The letter of the constitution was worshiped as an idol, while the spirit of it was disregarded when dealing with slavery. You may think in reading this, that we were in those days a set of heathens; but I beg to remind you that we were no worse, taking into consideration our environment, than the people of any other decade have been since that day.

Disregarding party names, there were three leading phases of thought, and the masses swung backward and forward to one or the other of the three. First there was the abolitionist, who believed that slavery was wrong, a violation of fundamental human rights, utterly at variance with the declaration of independence and the spirit of the constitution. These demanded its immediate abolition, as in utter violation of the laws of God and the fundamental principles of just government. There was another class, who believed that slavery was right, a patriarchal institution in the main beneficial to both master and slave; and that the slave, if a human being at all—which some questioned—was happiest in a state of servitude. There was a third class who, while regarding the doctrine of squatter sovereignty as a violation of a sacred compact (the Missouri compromise) intended to be perpetual, regarded the fugitive slave law as a law, and held that while it was a law it should be obeyed. They believed that this law was utterly wrong, and could not stand the test of time, nor even of the courts. They were not willing to abolish slavery at once, but believed that eventually the nation could not be half slave and half free, but must be one thing or the other.

The great leader of this last class was Abraham Lincoln, altho in 1856 he was just beginning to appear as a great, potent moral and political force, looming above the horizon in the west.

It is no wonder then that during this third year at college, the questions discussed in the debating and literary societies and elsewhere were such as these: Is the fugitive slave law constitutional? If constitutional, should it be obeyed? Is the Dred Scott decision binding on the Christian? Is there a higher law than the constitution? Should slavery be abolished? and so on. It was often difficult in the societies to find students who would take the unpopular side in these debates. Somebody was obliged to do so; and some of us learned in these discussions the tremendous handicap under which a man works when he has to defend for the time being some-

thing in which he does not really believe. It compelled us, however, to study carefully what could be said on the other side—not bad training for a college student.

It was while the public mind was seething with questions like these that the Republican party, which governed the country from Buchanan's administration until the two terms of Grover Cleveland, first became a national organization. Its first candidate was John C. Fremont. I lacked six months of being old enough to vote, and hence took less interest than I might otherwise have taken —but, for some reason, his candidacy did not appeal to me nor to my fellow students, probably for the following reasons: He was born in the south, Charlestown, South Carolina. He had not been identified with the anti-slavery movement, in which we were so deeply interested. His career had been as an officer in the navy, afterwards an explorer. Too much was said in the campaign about his wife, Jessie Benton, a daughter of old Sam Benton, a noted anti-slavery leader, as if his anti-slavery principles might have been absorbed from association with her. I do not remember a single political speech in that campaign, tho I do remember quite clearly some of the campaign songs. Fremont polled a large vote, however—114 electoral votes to 174 for Buchanan; and had the newly-formed Republican party pacified the old Whig element by the promise of a protective tariff, their candidate might have been elected. The hour had not yet come for the revolution that was to follow. It takes more than one campaign to absorb a party that has control of congress, of the executive, of the supreme court, and of the postoffices.

At Jefferson College

I SPENT the last part of June, July and a large part of August working on the farm at home, and in the fall started for Jefferson College, about thirty miles distant. Arriving at Pittsburgh on the way there, I was met at the station by my uncle. He was pale and evidently greatly agitated, altho he was a very strong, resolute and level-headed man. I said:

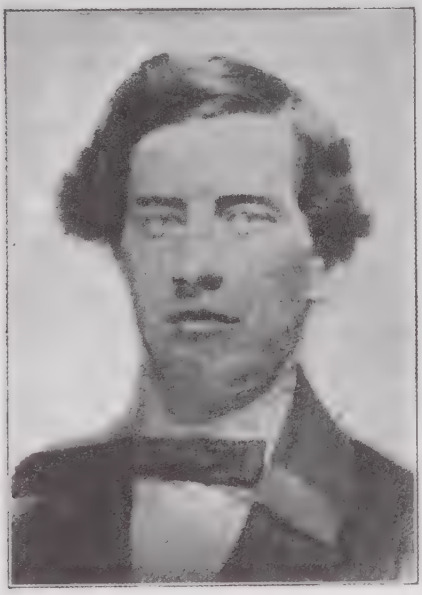
"Uncle, what is the matter?"

"The matter!" says he. "The Ohio Life and Trust Company has failed!"

I could not then understand why the failure of any life and trust company should agitate him so deeply, but was soon to learn. This was the beginning of the great panic of '57, which swept over the entire country, and from which it had scarcely recovered at the beginning of the Civil War. Like all other panics, it was caused by over-expansion, largely in speculation in land, railroad stocks and in business; and this expansion was possible with the miserable system of state banks, especially those of the west, that were under no adequate supervision. There was at that time no national bank system. Any number of men who pleased might start a bank and issue currency, which, in Iowa, Indiana and Illinois, went under the names of "wild-cat," "stump-tail," "red-dog," etc. It was scarcely safe to keep the paper currency of these western banks over night.

This same uncle of mine, when in Chicago at one time, had a lot of this money. He did not think it safe to take it home, so he invested it in tickets on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. As his business with the railroad grew, they gave him an annual pass, and years afterwards, when I was located at Rock Island, he turned the tickets over to me, asking me, with my wife, to ride them out in coming to visit him in Pittsburgh. I mention this to show the improvement that has been made in the banking system, altho much improvement is still needed in order to prevent the recurrence of similar panics.

In those days you could walk from Pittsburgh to Canonsburg, or you could go horseback or in a carriage, or take the stage, which left Monongahela City in the morning. Nowadays you can go by rail or by trolley car almost any hour in the day or night. As these roads follow the streams, you miss the splendid views over the beautiful, rolling, fairly well wooded country which the stage route on the turnpike disclosed from the high points. This county is now densely populated—a great coal-producing, oil-producing and manufacturing district. The population was then almost entirely rural, and its main products were sheep, barley and Presbyterians. The sheep were of the old-fashioned, wrinkled, merino type; small, poor in mutton quality, with a skin so wrinkled that it was almost large enough to cover two sheep of its size and weight. The wool was fine and dense, and Washington county had a reputation for fine wool over the entire country. Farmers in Westmoreland county could not get within a cent or two of the prices that were paid for Washington county wool, even if they bought the sheep there and had just moved them over the county line. Then, as now, a community that co-operates in the production of any one thing, and produces an article of superior quality, can get a price in advance even of the actual value.



Henry Wallace When a Student at Jefferson College

I do not know why they produced barley to such an extent, unless the farmers, being a long distance from the railroad, could put into a wagon more money's worth of barley than of corn. Nowadays, we hear nothing in that county of barley nor of sheep; for there are too many miners and too many dogs. Thus do transportation facilities and the development of manufacturing industries change the course of agriculture.

The county raised some Presbyterians because it was stocked with Presbyterians from the start and could not help it.

Canonsburg, in 1857, was but a village, with a population of say a thousand, whether more or less I really do not know. The turnpike running thru Pittsburgh to Washington was the one principal street. Another at right angles to it climbed "Sheep Hill," on which the college buildings were located, which now house Jefferson Academy, the remains of the college. Insignificant buildings they would seem to you, if compared with the high schools in Des Moines or any similar city. On this street was located Olome Institute, a seminary for young ladies, or "Seminoles," as we called them; for this was before the days of co-education. The boys might call one evening in the week, within certain hours, and hold discreet communion with a fair damsel under proper supervision. On the turnpike was a building that had once been the Theological Seminary of the Associate, now the United Presbyterian Church; and on the parallel street nearly opposite the seminary was a boarding-house which we called "Fort Job." There were no dormitories or boarding-houses belonging to the college or to the fraternities. The students engaged rooms with board or without, and, if without, took their meals with old Mother Hunt, costing, as I recollect it, $2.25 a week.

Jefferson College was one of the early colleges of the then west, founded in 1802, largely thru the influence of one Doctor McMillan, a graduate of Princeton, which again had its foundation or beginning in the famous "Log College" of Bucks County, Pennsylvania. The settlers of Washington county, in which the college was located, were for the most part Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who had always taken their church and their schools with them, whether they pioneered in the forest or on the prairie; and who also took up arms against the federal government because it levied a small tax on the product of the distillery. Their ancestors before them took up arms against Charles II because he levied a tax of six-pence a barrel on beer. The transformation of their descendants into a race of prohibitionists, with scarcely an exception, is one of the most striking evidences of the progress of moral reforms. Jefferson College was therefore predestined, to use Presbyterian theological language, to be a school controlled by Presbyterian influence and attended largely by students with Presbyterian ideas and leanings. I mention this because the moral influences behind a college are quite as important as the course of study, or what is known as the curriculum. It is never safe to educate a boy intellectually in advance of his moral education. To have dispensed with chapel services, as has recently been done in a western university, because only a fraction of the students

attended, is something that never would have been thought of in Jefferson. The students were all expected to attend chapel and to take their seats by classes in the allotted parts of the hall.

Unfortunately. these good old Presbyterian folks made the mistake of establishing a rival school called "Washington," only a few miles distant—about four years later (1806)—two colleges where but one was needed. Their descendants, singularly enough, have ever since often made the mistake of establishing two rival churches where there is need of but one. Fortunately, the two colleges have since been united under the name of "Washington and Jefferson," and it is one of the very best of the smaller colleges in the United States.

As this was before the application of science to manufacturing, which has crowded men into cities, and before the extension of railroads and the opening up of the great trans-Mississippi country had rendered it possible to feed them cheaply, the population of the county was almost wholly rural, and the students were mostly from the farms, and from the farming sections where Presbyterians predominated—mostly from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, what is now West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. The southern element was very considerable, probably because at that time there was no Presbyterian college of equal standing in the South. The ages of the graduates ranged from twenty to thirty, sometimes to thirty-two. The high standing of the college may be seen from the fact that the classes grew in numbers from freshman to senior, the freshman class averaging about thirty, while the senior classes reached from fifty to seventy and over.

The college course would be regarded as meager nowadays, and appliances still more so. Latin from Caesar thru Sallust, Virgil, Cicero's Orations, Horace or Ovid; Greek from Xenophon's Memorabilia, Homer, Sophocles, Aeschylus; mathematics from geometry up to calculus, logarithms, etc. (Really, I have forgotten all about them, even the names!); natural science, three big volumes by Dr. Dionysius Lardner, of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland. In one of them he proved to his own entire satisfaction that it was impossible to cross the Atlantic by steamship, because no vessel could possibly carry enough coal for the voyage. To his confusion, the first invoice of his books for use in an American college came over in a steamship, and so we dubbed him "Doctor Dionysius Gander." All this with no apparatus worth mentioning, and chemistry ditto. Then we had in the senior year, logic, metaphysics, ethics, science of government, constitution of the United States, Butler's Analogy, etc., for which no apparatus was

necessary except a sound body and a clear head. It can readily be seen that Jefferson College was not fitted especially to educate farmers or scientists or engineers or pedagogs; but to lay the foundation for the future study of any of these branches of human endeavor, as well as for law and medicine, but more especially theology. It pointed the student to mental and moral achievement rather than the conquest of natural forces or the amassing of material things.

There were in Jefferson College at the time of which I write no games or sports, no baseball nor football, with their factions and leaders, nor athletic contests with other colleges, involving large expense or time and money. I do not even remember if we had a college yell. If we did, I have forgotten it. There was no hazing, no "scraps" between sophomores and freshmen. In short, we were gentlemen, coming mainly from farm homes where money was none too plentiful, and with the sincere and earnest purpose of fitting ourselves for the serious business of life.

A somewhat striking event of these years, but which affected the students only in a financial way, however, was the great frost or freeze which occurred on the night of the Fourth of July. On the morning of the fifth, the ground was frozen about as it would be at the time of the first snow. The season had been a very early one. The corn on my father's place was knee-high; he was cultivating it the third time. Wheat was in blossom. Over the whole country from the Allegheny mountains to western Ohio, the frost killed all the corn and all the wheat. My brother and I cut all the wheat on twelve acres of land between noon and three o'clock. This was a small patch that was protected by a grove of trees.

I was boarding at Mother Hunt's. She had given us rhubarb sauce for breakfast, rhubarb pie for dinner, and rhubarb sauce for supper; and the boys all rejoiced that Sabbath morning because they knew the frost had killed all the rhubarb! When the leaves began to fall from the trees, however, and the sky assumed the appearance of Indian summer, when the people all over that section began to dread famine, and many merchants put up the price of flour from $5 a barrel to $10, we began to wonder as to the certainty of our remittances. Fortunately, railroads had reached the wheat fields of Indiana; and tho there was great loss, the country recovered. There were more buckwheat cakes eaten that winter than ever before or since, I am sure; for farmers, finding their crops a failure, bought every bushel of buckwheat they could. In

fact, some men were smart enough to go directly where seed could be purchased, and to sow a large acreage, and made more money than they would have made from their other crops. The man who knows how to take advantage of adversity and convert it into prosperity will succeed anywhere.

Jefferson College—The Professors

THE two main and essential things about any college are the students, which are the raw material, and the professors, who are to shape and mold that raw material. Someone has defined a college as a great teacher like Horace Mann, for example, on one end of a log, and a bright student on the other. The building and equipment, however important they may be, are yet but incidental to the main business of the college, the development of the intellect and the character of the student.

In my last letter, I have described in broad, general terms the students of the Jefferson of my day. I will now try to describe the professors. Unlike the conditions now prevailing in the modern large college or university, our students came in direct personal contact with the president and the professors. There were no assistant professors or tutors or student professors. Every professor taught every day. They were few in number, as compared with the modern college. I came in direct personal contact with but five during the junior and senior years. There were one or two more in the lower classes whom I knew but slightly. These professors knew every member of their classes personally; knew their habits of thought and of life, their personal peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, and took a deep personal interest in each one of them.

First let me introduce you to the president, Doctor Joseph Alden—"Old Joe" we sometimes called him in his absence—an eastern man, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Alden of the Mayflower; a little over medium height and weight; neat in dress; a man of the highest and most finished culture, with a thin upper lip and a pronounced under-jaw, which, when occasion required, would come up with a snap. There was no nonsense about Doctor Alden, no fooling when we came into his classes. You realized very soon that you were there for business. He tolerated no slipshod methods of study, nor foggy thinking. Whether in meta-

physics or political economy, or anything else in his department, you were expected to know not merely what was in the text-book, but the subject itself. If we were studying Foster's Essay on Decision of Character (a book well worth the reading of every student), or Butler's Analogy, everyone was expected to know the whole lesson and take up the subject where his predecessor in recitation left off, and that on the spur of the moment. We had to know the whole lesson, or we could not safely undertake to recite any part of it.

I owe him a great deal for one lesson. He asked me to come to his office, and began in a quick, earnest way, something as follows: Wallace, there are some men who can think and can not talk; and there are other men who can talk but can not think. I want you to learn how to do both. Here is a subject (I have forgotten what it was): come to me in two weeks with six definite statements bearing upon that subject, in logical order. You must promise me not to write a line or make a note, but have every point definitely thought out and every word definitely in your mind, precisely as you intend to speak it.

I remember that when I came to my second proposition, he said: "Wallace, that's not logical; it has nothing to do with the subject; go on to the next." It was a very severe drill; but to this day I do not feel thoroly comfortable in addressing an audience unless I know every word that I intend to say, and in the proper order, for the first five minues, and have the rest pretty well in mind. I find by experience that if you can get *en rapport* with your audience in the first five minutes, and have your stakes well set, you are pretty safe for the rest of the time.

The next in his impress on me was Professor Fraser, "Johnny" Fraser we called him when he was not around—a Scotchman. I think he was an old bachelor, altho I do not really know. He was a man of rather small stature, and of most excellent humor. He was professor of mathematics and astronomy. As a drill-master he was nowhere, but was a magnificent teacher for about fifteen or twenty of the best mathematicians in the class. The rest of us could follow him only at a distance. Unlike any other teacher of mathematics I ever saw, he did nearly all the work on the blackboard himself. I can see him now, with a coat of some light material, like as not out at the elbows or torn at the shoulders, standing before the class, discussing and expounding a proposition; and, if the least occasion offered, drifting off into poetry, philosophy or the meaning of life, until we stood spellbound. He was magnificent in repartee, and if any of the boys wanted to turn a

joke on the professor, they were not likely to try it a second time. He was a wonderful student in the line of poetry, philosophy, metaphysics, the whole range of thought. In astronomy, he had a theory that the heat of the sun was kept up by the constant dropping into it of small planetary bodies: "Throwing rocks at the sun to keep it warm," as one of the boys put it. He was not sure but that there was some bit of real science back of the superstition about the control of the moon over the weather.

He liked to have the boys come to his room, to talk with them about their aims and future life work, tell them the real meaning of the plays of Shakespeare. The Midsummer Night's Dream, as I remember it, was descriptive of the vagueness and elusiveness of life. In fact, I think he believed there was a definite, precise idea underneath each play, which must first be understood thru a thoro study of the play itself, until we got the fundamental aim and idea of the author; and then the play must be further studied for the purpose of showing how each particular passage and section illustrated the meaning of the play.

He was very fond of talking to the boys. I remember one Sabbath in the spring, when one of the boys and I were taking a walk, and standing on the bridge over Chartier's creek. The insects were beginning to crawl out from between the boards; and the professor evidently knew what most of us knew, that the young man with me was rather "soft" on a certain young lady. Pointing to the insects, he said: "So, Mr. Jones, creep out young desires." Once he read one of Spurgeon's sermons (The Great Reservoir), to indicate the methods by which natural objects could be used in marshaling and enforcing religious truth. I also remember another from a great Scotch preacher of that date, John Caird.

I shall never forget our last recitation. It was an eloquent appeal to the highest and best in us, if we would get the full meaning of life; and he was evidently showing us the best in himself, as, in fact, he always did. The bell rang for closing, but he talked a couple of minutes longer, and when the lesson closed there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of all the students, and tears in some of them. When the door opened, there stood a howling mob of fifty or sixty juniors, and, as we passed out, they said: "Boo, hoo! Big seniors crying!" It is a wonder that their gibes did not start trouble; but we paid no attention, and passed down the stairs with fitting senior dignity.

Professor Fraser did not benefit two-thirds of us very much in the line of mathematics; but in pointing out the possibilities of life, the methods of right living, and in presenting to us a noble

ideal of Christian character, he taught us something far more valuable than higher mathematics.

Our professor in Latin was Aaron Williams, a Presbyterian preacher. "Squills," we called him, tho why I never knew. He had the orthodox Presbyterian ministerial face, with "mutton-chop" whiskers, chin unduly sharp, wore glasses; and in some way could detect any nervousness on the part of any student, which he evidently regarded as an indication that that student was not prepared, and at once called on him. He was a regular Gradgrind, a drill-master *per se*, and every sentence must be translated with absolute accuracy. The construction must be brought out fully, and the accent and pronunciation must be perfect. That was his standard. Few of us came up to it; but it was a grand thing to have the ideal before us every lesson. The students respected him, valued him highly, but did not love him. He was not a lovable man like "Johnny" Fraser or even Doctor Alden.

Our professor in natural science was a Scotch-Irishman named Jones, who had a great deal of dry humor. I do not remember whether he was married or not. Unlike Professor Williams, he called the students as their names appeared on the roll. It was but a short time before he found out the names of the good students, and, evidently unconscious to himself, he called their names with a falling accent, and paused as tho he expected something from them, and little from the others whom he passed over so lightly. This was somewhat annoying. For instance, in our class he would read until he came to Cowan, and then he would go on down to Guy, from Guy to Moderwell, and so on to the end of the list. This had been his practice with all of his previous classes. In the second class before ours there was a student named Brack Downs, a man whose face, as Sidney Smith used to say, was a "breach of the peace." He spoke with an inimitable drawl and a drollness of manner that set everybody to laughing. The professor was asking the class to give him some examples of the use of emery powder. After he had passed Downs and dropped his voice at some other favorite student, Downs, with his peculiar drollery of voice and manner, said:

"Professor!"

"What is it, Mr. Downs?"

Of course the class knew what was coming, and all stamped, raising all the dust there was on the uncarpeted floor. Downs gave another twist or two in his chair, and said:

"I had thought of answering that question," at which there was more stamping, more dust and more laughter.

"Well, Mr. Downs, give us some examples."

Then, after waiting the proper time, and making his usual grimaces, Downs replied:

"Well, professor, there might be a great many examples given."

More fun at the professor's expense. He then became impatient, and said:

"Well, Mr. Downs, give us some examples."

Then, with another twist in his chair, and with his peculiar drawl, Downs answered:

"I don't think of any just now."

I never fully appreciated this incident until I had Downs make an address to my own students, two years after.

"Quam Proxime," as we called him, tho I do not know how the name originated, was a really first-class teacher, with a great deal of dry humor, and the boys were very fond of him. During my junior or senior year (I forget which), two murders were committed, and in each case the murderer was named Jones, one being a woman. Both were to be executed on the same day, one at McKeesport, on the east, and the other at Washington, on the west of us. The boys got together and drew up a petition for a holiday on the Friday on which the executions were to take place. Professor Jones read it carefully, and said:

"Why do you ask a holiday tomorrow?"

The leader answered: "To show our respect and sympathy for the Jones family."

The professor took it very good-naturedly, but we did not get a holiday.

I must not forget Professor Smith, dear old "Uncle Billy," professor of Greek. He was an old man, and whether his name was Schmidt or Smith, whether he was Pennsylvania Dutch, or Scotch, or Irish, or just plain American, I never learned. He had a very peculiar accent; but whether he got it from the Pennsylvania Dutch or from the study of German, or the English of some of Dickens' characters, none of us ever knew. He was a man of wonderful kindness of heart and sympathy for the boys; but he made the lessons so easy for us that we really did not have much respect for his teaching. A student would need to be very conscientious to study his Greek very closely when reciting to Professor Smith.

He called on us to translate in order; and, as there were fifty-seven of us, we translated only three or four times in the term, and always knew when our turn was coming. We parsed around in

order, and naturally only a few words during a lesson. I was pretty well up in Greek, having, I believe, the highest standing in the class. One of the other students, Loge Sample, who afterwards devoted his whole life and fortune to preaching the gospel in places where its sound had never been heard, in the mines and in the camps of the Rocky Mountains, and among the mountaineers in Tennessee, sat next to me. He had an exceedingly red face, fiery red hair, and whiskers and a mustache a shade redder than his hair. He knew nothing about Greek, and I generally helped him thru when he had to translate or parse; but one day I was busy with something else when the professor said:

"Mr. Sample, you may parse 'tupto'."

The verb "tupto," meaning to strike, is used in conjugating Greek in the same manner as "to love" is in English. Sample looked at the word for a moment, bit his mustache, as was his habit when perplexed, and said:

"Well, it's a noun."

Uncle Billy answered: "Vell, yes, or, rather, it's a verb!"

He was so easy with the boys that the phrase, "Vell, yes, or, rather," was in the most common kind of use.

We took a good many liberties with the dear old man, but one day we took one too many. A paper was passed around the class, agreeing that when "Cratty" Moderwell dropped his book on the floor, the whole class was to rise as if the bell had rung and it was time for dismissal. We all rose and marched toward the door; but were appalled when Uncle Billy turned on us a look of utter amazement, astonishment and grief. It was a habit with him to say: "Gentlemen, I have been teaching here thirty-five years, and never before had such disorder." But this day he said:

"Gentlemen, I have been teaching here thirty-six years, and I never saw anything like this before."

We slunk back to our seats like whipped pups, but had a more profound respect for the good old man than we had ever entertained for him before; for we realized how deeply he was hurt. He was undoubtedly a fine scholar, but a poor disciplinarian, and had been retained many years after his usefulness as a teacher had disappeared; but, none the less, we were all better for an acquaintance with the good, kind old man.

I hope when you go to college, you will have the opportunity of getting in as close touch with the really big men of your school as we did at Jefferson. For, after all, much of the education of life comes from getting in touch with men who are doing things worth while and have grown great in the doing of them.

College Societies and Fraternities

IN June last (1911), I invited three of my old classmates of fifty-two years before, one who graduated in 1858, and another a year or two afterwards, to be my guests for a week at my home. Our discussions took a very wide range: Stories of college life, theology (five of the six of us were preachers), personal religious experience, politics, education, manners and customs, and what not. Among other things, we discussed the influence that the particular professors had in molding our characters; and they all agreed with my own personal views as expressed in my last letter. Then we discussed the particular elements of the education that we received. We practically agreed that the best thing we got out of our college life was personal contact with the professors; that the next best was the training we received in the literary societies; and the third the training that we received from rubbing up against each other, on the campus, in the classes, and in the fraternities. The training that we received in these various ways meant a great deal. Compared with this, the actual information we acquired in the classes was a negligible quantity. We have long since forgotten most of it, but the effects of the training have gone with us thru life.

Jefferson College attached a great deal of importance to the literary training in the societies. There were two societies, the Franklin and the Philo. Each had an excellent library. Before the fraternities came in, these were practically secret societies. No Philo was allowed even in the Franklin library, much less in the hall, and no "Frank" in the Philo. These societies held a contest once a year. They selected, after careful sifting and training in the societies, a debater, an orator, an essayist, and a declaimer; and the persons in one society with whom those chosen in the other must contend, were not known until the program was given out. After the fraternities came in, the secrecy was in them and not in the societies; and great was the political wire-pulling

From left to right—A. T. Ankeny, W. P. Johnston, W. D. Patton, Henry Wallace, W. C. Williamson, Stephen Phelphs.

Five College Classmates Who Spent a Week With Henry Wallace at His Home is Des Moines During the Summer of 1911.

on the part of each fraternity in order to secure places in the contest of the year, and win if possible. In fact, to win a debate in a society was deemed by many a greater honor than to win first honor in the class. I was a Sigma Chi, and, like all the rest of them, worked with might and main to get Sigma Chis on the contest; whether in my own society or in the Philo made comparatively little difference. It was the fraternity that was striving for the honor.

It always seemed to me that the different fraternities made some distinction in the character of the men they sought. The Betas aimed to secure men of high class standing and of high literary and social culture. Their numbers were less than those of any other fraternity. The Phi Phis always seemed to me to aim at efficiency. They were not so particular about literary qualifications nor about culture, as they were to get men who could do whatever they wanted to do. The Deltas chose a slightly different type of men, but, in a broad way, similar to the Phi Phis. The

Sigma Chis laid emphasis on high moral character and scholarship, while the "Skull and Bones," mainly from the south, made good fellowship their *sine qui non.* Then we had what were known as the Lops, but which afterwards organized into what was called the Ouden Adalon, or No-Secret Secret Society. This, however, was after my time.

Under these circumstances, the college furnished admirable training for politics; for in each fraternity the aim was to make combinations with other fraternities, and thus secure for its candidate the votes of as many Lops as possible. In the "Lop League," as we called it, that is, men who did not join any of the fraternities, there was always a leader, and the point, of course, was to get the influence of the leader for our candidates or combinations. As a result of my experience and observation, I doubt the wisdom of the young man or young woman in joining a college fraternity. The fraternities may be the means of great good, and they may be the means of great evil. It all depends on the character of the fraternity in general and of the local chapter in particular. I do not wonder, however, that young people join them. It is not very pleasant to be regarded as a "Lop." It is a great deal more pleasant to be regarded as one of the select few. Even in the best, however, it does not tend to promote that spirit of true altruism, that desire to benefit men as men, that lies at the base of every great character. If a student has the ability, and will get down to real hard work; if his manners are pleasant; if he is well bred—all the fraternities will want him, and he is quite as strong standing outside as he would be standing inside. I do not think the fraternities are of much value in after life; nor do I think there is much real value in any secret association, for that matter. If a man or woman is of the right sort, he is not likely to need the help of any secret association.

I regard the training that we received in the literary societies as of the highest value. We there measured swords with each other, and realized our merits and demerits, our strength and our weaknesses. Some idea of the character of the topics we discussed may be learned from a few which I remember. The subject for debate in the contest of '59 was: "Can the unconditioned be cognized or defined?" The subject chosen by one of the orators was: "Faith and reason; their claims and conflicts." The subject of one of my essays was: "Does the Essay on Man prove in itself that Pope was an infidel?" The decision on an oration was contested on the ground that the winner was guilty of plagiarism, and a trial followed. It was claimed that the oration was plagiarized from an

essay written by a noted English author. The defendant proved that he had never seen the essay, and never even knew of its existence. The opening sentence, however, was practically the same in the oration and essay. He accounted for it in this way: He was selected to fill a vacancy, the man originally chosen having been ill for weeks with typhoid fever. He wrote to a friend, asking for suggestions, and the friend suggested this subject, and gave him the opening sentence as if it were his own. Of course he was acquitted.

It is the hardest thing in the world to convict a man of plagiarism, even if guilty. To illustrate: When I was a pastor in Davenport, it was whispered around that one of the preachers had plagiarized a sermon from Horace Bushnell. One day, when he and I were out hunting, while we were sitting in a fence corner waiting for a flock of prairie chickens to fly over, I told him of the charge. He was greatly surprised, and said to me:

"You have Horace Bushnell's sermons?"

I said I had.

"Then," he said, "when the ministerial association meets next Monday morning, have a committee appointed. I will furnish you with the text of my sermon, and you can furnish Horace Bushnell's sermon. I will abide by the decision."

I found, as in the case of the college contest, that the opening sentences were very similar, being a definition of the difference between joy and happiness, a definition which I have often used myself, and I confess I got it from Bushnell. You remember the lines of Kipling: "When 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre." I have forgotten the words, but the point of it all is that Homer borrowed from those who went before him, Virgil from Homer, and Shakespeare from Virgil, and we have all been borrowing from Shakespeare. In other words, there is no patent on thoughts—the patent lying only in the particular expression.

The Great Revival of 1858

IT surprised me very much when I went to Jefferson to find that there was no excitement over the slave question. In fact, I can not remember ever hearing it discussed. This was partly because there was no election then pending, partly because a large percentage of the students were from the south, and perhaps an equal number of northern students expecting to go south as soon as they graduated. Hence that subject, great as was its importance, was tabooed.

A potent influence in promoting harmony and co-operation between the students, notwithstanding the difference of opinions on public questions, was the revival of religion that swept over at least that entire section of the nation, in 1858. It was not a gotten-up revival. No plans nor preparations for it were made in advance. There was no special co-operation of the churches; there were no professional revivalists. It just came, like the wind that "bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The prayer-meetings were by degrees better attended, the churches better filled on the Sabbath. There was a new note in the sermon, and also in the preaching. The Bible when read seemed to have more power over the hearers. One night at prayer-meeting, the leader read a chapter from one of Paul's epistles. Walter Forsyth, a freshman, arose in prayer, beginning with deep emotion: "O Lord, we thank Thee for such a man as Paul," and the whole audience was thrilled. One of the most profane students at the college was heard praying in agony aloud in his room, and a student in an adjoining room said: "L. is having a hard time of it."

The only special aid in the way of preaching, so far as I can remember, was Doctor Plummer, of the Theological Seminary at Allegheny, now North Pittsburgh. He was not a popular man—was suspected of southern leanings; was rather tall and quite old,

as age went in those days—I imagine somewhere around seventy—and quite venerable in appearance, wearing a long, gray beard. His sermons, however, were most effective. One of the members of our class, who apparently was not affected by the revival at the time, but afterwards became a Christian, told me more than fifty years afterward that he had never forgotten Doctor Plummer's sermon on the passage, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

One small group held a prayer-meeting all night. One of the scoffers said: "Get that fact mentioned in the Pittsburgh papers." There were no bad after-results from this revival, so far as I ever knew. Many of the students were converted. The most profane man in the college entered the ministry, and has spent his life and property preaching in mining camps and other spiritually destitute places, always paying his own way. Others went as missionaries to the heathen, and others became ministers.

There were two churches just outside the town—an Associate or Seceder church on the hill to the west, and a Union church on the creek just east. These two denominations had been debating with each other for half a century, trying to find out why they stood apart. Thru the influence of this revival, these were welded together all over the country, and formed the United Presbyterian church. I have sometimes thought that this revival was a baptism of the Holy Spirit to prepare our country for the baptism of blood that came so soon afterward.

(End of Volume I)

Uncle Henry's Own Story of His Life

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

VOL. II

By

HENRY WALLACE

EDITOR WALLACES' FARMER 1895-1916

DES MOINES, IOWA

The Wallace Publishing Company

1918

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Preface

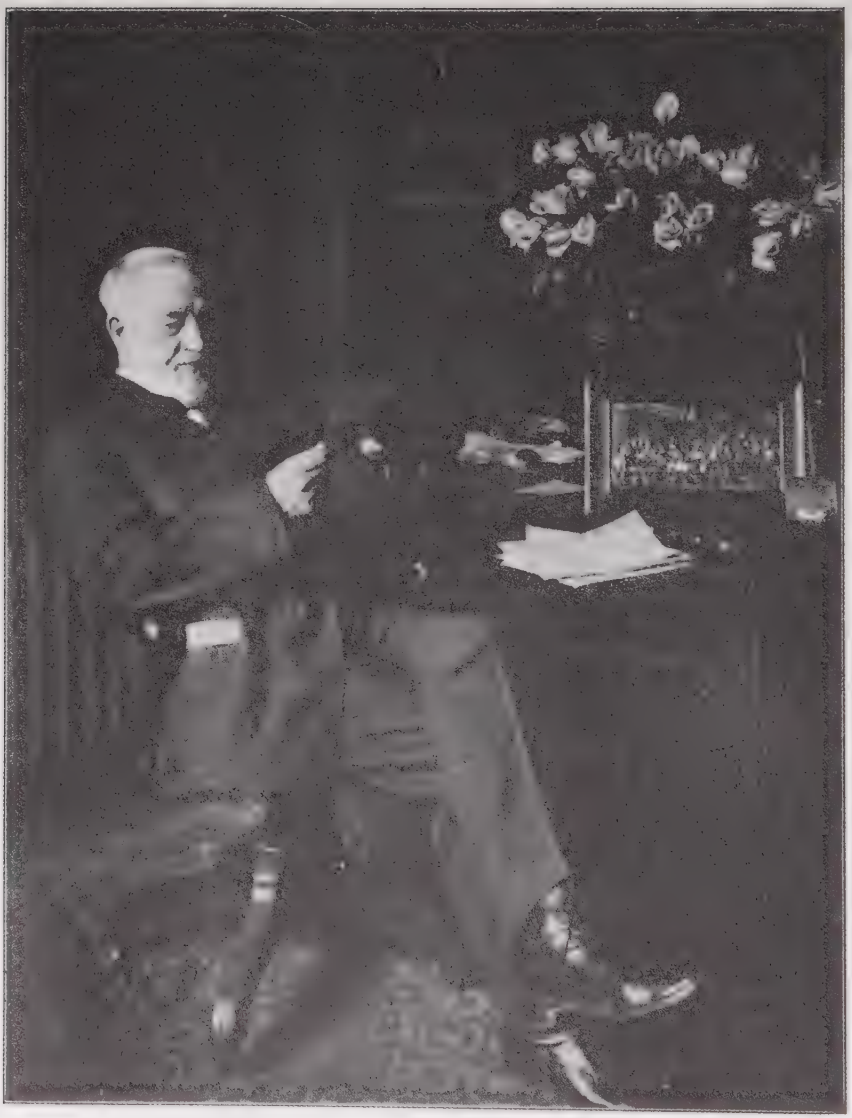
The first volume of "Uncle Henry's Own Story," published in 1917, told the story of his life from boyhood on a Pennsylvania farm until his graduation from Jefferson College, in 1859. It is a volume of delight to the people of his generation, for they find in his story the general story of their own lives, and thus are able to live over with him the eventful periods of childhood and youth.

To people of the present day, and to the young folks, it is a volume of absorbing interest, telling of the life of country and town eighty years ago, and contrasting it with the life of today.

The present volume begins with Uncle Henry's experience as a teacher in Kentucky. He describes with rare insight the conditions in the south just prior to the Civil war, and tells of the outbreak of the war and of his own personal experiences. This volume carries him thru his period of active ministry up to 1877, when he was compelled to retire because of failing health.

During the fall, winter and spring of 1918-19, "Uncle Henry's Own Story" will be continued in installments in Wallaces' Farmer. The next series will tell of the marvelous development of agriculture in Iowa and the great central-west during the last half-century.

Wallace Publishing Company.



HENRY WALLACE

Reading Letter of Congratulations on His 78th Birthday

Contents

A Year in Kentucky 5
Kentucky Experiences 11
Slavery in 1859 16
At the Theological Seminary 20
The Gathering Storm 25
A Summer Near Home 28
The Firing on Fort Sumter 32
In the Seminary at Monmouth 36
My First Preaching 42
My First Year in the Pulpit 46
George Francis Train 50
A Fast-Day Sermon 53
My Wedding Trip 56
A Serious Problem in Church Management 58
Temperance Activities 61
My Acquaintance with Dwight L. Moody 64
My Experience on the Christian Commission 67
War Experiences 71
The Fall of Richmond 74
In Pursuit of Lee 77
Home Again—Church Activities 82
Later Years in Rock Island and Davenport 88
Life at Morning Sun 91
Pastoral Visitation 97
Mission Work—Ministerial Brethren 102
Community Experiences 106
A Trip to the West 112
In Southern California 116
California Experiences 120
My Last Year in the Active Ministry 124

A Year in Kentucky

AFTER graduating at Jefferson, in 1859, I made up my mind that it was high time for me to be trying my hand at making more money than I could possibly make working on the farm. My father had advanced me money as I needed it, with the understanding that when I graduated I would give him my note for the amount, payable to his estate, without interest. I do not know how close an account he kept, or whether he gave me credit for my work on the farm during vacations, but he presented me with a note for $900, to cover the entire expenses of my education, including clothing and traveling expenses, which I was only too glad to sign.

I took no honors at college. I did not really strive for honors, preferring to make as large use as I could of the library. If I had kept up my mathematics, I would probably have come in for second. Had there been a third, it would have been divided between four of us, as the second was between two, and hence not given. I was given place on commencement. I believe there were some thirteen to fifteen of us who got that honor, but as it was intimated that the declination of several of them would be accepted, I asked to be excused, and did not even stay for commencement.

I started for Kentucky about the middle of July, and finally secured a situation on the very day my fellow-students were bidding good-bye to college. In passing thru Mansfield, Ohio, I stopped off to visit the young lady of whom I have spoken before, with whom I had become acquainted at Geneva Hall, and there for the first time met her cousin. I do not know whether it was what the novelists call a case of "love at first sight" or not, but the acquaintance then formed was continued by correspondence and occasional visits while coming thru on my trips east and west for about three years, when it ended in an engagement, and about four years afterwards in marriage. I know very well that you youngsters will want to know all about it, and would be delighted to read the correspondence, and have me tell you when and where and how I "popped the question," what she said, and what I said. I am not going to tell you; for there are some things in life which are too sacred to be revealed even to one's great-

grandchildren, and among them is the courtship both before and after marriage. All I will tell you is that about the second year afterwards, I took off a fraternity pin and asked her to wear it. As she did not object, I felt free to come again. She wore it long years after our marriage, and greatly mourned its loss in some way. I bought her another, which was buried with her, or all of her that could be buried. My marriage was a piece of great and undeserved good fortune, or, rather, shall I say, a gracious Providence, for has not Solomon said: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord"?

In crossing from Ohio into Kentucky, I was at once struck with the difference between the north and the south, a difference that I had never even suspected. The conductors, the passengers, the very management of the railroad itself, all seemed different. The train was slow, the conductor very deliberate, and the passengers seemed to be people of leisure. The engine wheezed and coughed going up-grade, and finally stopped—fortunately in a field of the finest blackberries I ever saw, and we all got out and enjoyed them until the engine was ready to start up again.

I shall not soon forget the blue grass section of Kentucky, which covers but a part of that state. The best of it covers about five counties around Lexington and Danville, where the Trenton limestone comes to the surface, limestone soil of course, gently rolling; many fine farm homes, with great pillars in front, wide porches, magnificent natural groves, with lone trees scattered thru the blue grass pastures. Lakes and artificial lakelets furnished the water supply. Here I saw the finest saddle horses I had ever seen, and the finest Short-horn cattle I had ever seen, for it was the home of the earliest improvers of the Short-horn—the home of the Clays and Breckenridges and other men famous in Short-horn history. From Lexington radiated a number of turnpikes made from the blue Trenton limestone, which mellowed down under travel, unlike the inferior carboniferous stone to which I had been accustomed in Pennsylvania. There evidently had been no rain for a long time, and the blue grass pastures were as dry, apparently as dead, as blue grass is during a three months' drouth in Iowa or Missouri. However, it began raining as the train pulled into the station on Saturday and rained without let-up all day Sunday. In a few days the fields were again clothed with their wonted garment, and the blue grass country was looking its best.

I hired a horse and spent several days looking for a country

school, but failed to find one. All the schools seemed to have engaged their teachers; but I had a fine opportunity to study the blue grass farmer of fifty years ago. I was greatly impressed with the hospitality of the people, their elegant leisure, and general kindness and good-will toward an entire stranger; for I had no acquaintances nor letters of introduction, nothing but my face and general appearance. If I stopped at one of those elegant farm homes to interview a school director, a negro from the quarters at once took my horse and cared for it. I was invited to stay for dinner or supper or for the night. I am sure I had never eaten such corn bread or beaten biscuit, nor such home-cured ham, nor drank such milk. I would find there other farmers, from the next county, perhaps, apparently on a visit of a week or more. Apparently, no white man had anything to do except to visit, talk politics and crops, the price of Short-horns or well-bred horses. While my money was "not good" with these farmers, I had no difficulty in getting rid of it to the livery, the hotels and railroads, and I began to fear I would run short. Fortunately, I came across an old fellow-student at the academy, who was teaching in Maysville, on the Ohio river, and who insisted that I accept twenty dollars as a loan, to be paid when I got a school. This I did. I met him again fifty years afterwards, and reminded him of his kindness to me, but he had entirely forgotten it.

I next went to Danville, also in the blue grass region. Finding no opening there, I went to Perryville, some eight or ten miles distant, and concluded to save money by walking and carrying my carpet-bag. I was getting pretty tired, not being in the best of physical condition, when a gentleman overtook me, driving a magnificent-looking gray horse, hitched to a fine, new buggy. Without a word from me, he stopped and said, "Get in." I got in at once.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"Pennsylvania."

"Ever go to college?"

"Yes."

"What college?"

"Jefferson."

"Shake!" said he. "I am from Pennsylvania, and a graduate of Jefferson."

"What are you doing here?" said I.

"Teaching."

"Fine outfit you have."

"It's not mine, but the farmer with whom I board lends it to

me to go to see my best girl. Have you a school in sight?" he asked.

"No."

"Then let me give you some advice. Put on just as much style as you can safely carry in this country, but don't overdo it. Remember that he that bloweth not his own horn, the same shall not be blown. But here's my stopping-place. Good luck to you, and hurrah for Jefferson!"

At the hotel in Perryville, I came very near making a bad mistake. A negro boy came into my room with water, and I asked him if he was a slave, and how he liked it. He looked at me in utter astonishment, and a correspondent of a New York paper, who was rooming with me, told me rather pointedly and emphatically that if I was not looking for trouble, I had better be more careful.

At the table I met a fine old gentleman, whose name I have forgotten—and I am sorry for it—from Greensburg, in the Green River country. He seemed to take a liking to me, and told me that he and his daughter, whom I afterwards found to be a very pleasant traveling companion, were going home the next day, and that he thought he could get me a good position in their town school, if I would go along with them. Of course I went, and stopped in his home for a day or two. Here again I was disappointed, and my friend seemed to be as much so as I was. He finally said to me:

"I am sorry; but I have been looking around for you, and I hear that they are needing a professor at Columbia College, eighteen miles distant. If you like, I will give you a horse, and send a negro boy along to bring the horse back, if you get the situation."

I found that the former teacher, the Rev. J. Lapsley McKee, had been called to one of the big Presbyterian churches in Louisville, and that they wanted, to take his place, a man who could teach Latin, Greek, mathematics, English, grammar, and whatever else needed to be taught. As I was not lacking in confidence in my own ability, I was not slow in accepting the first offer of four hundred and fifty dollars for nine months, including board, room, fire, washing, and a negro servant, with fifty dollars in advance to bind the bargain. The funniest part of it was that within a week, my friend with the gray horse and fine buggy, who met me on the way when going to see his girl, came seeking the same position. I was very sorry to stand in his way, but not sorry enough to resign and give him my place.

Columbia is a little town in what is known as the Green River

country of Kentucky, which lies south of the blue grass section proper. The soil of the entire state of Kentucky, outside of the alluvial districts, of which there are about eight thousand square miles, is formed by the breaking down of the rocks. In other words, it has not, like the Mississippi valley, at one time been covered with glaciers, which, by bringing dirt with them from the source of their origin and mixing it up, have given us a soil entirely different from the non-glaciated sections. The Trenton limestone, which comes to the surface in the blue grass district, contains a very large amount of phosphorus; hence the fertility of its soils. The Green River country is also a limestone section, but of the oolitic type, crumbling away very readily under the touch of water.

One of the peculiarities of this section is the vast number of caves, of which the Mammoth cave is the most conspicuous. The rains coming down formed crevices in this oolitic limestone, which eventually became caves, larger and smaller, so that the whole section has a system of underground drainage, in which it differs from almost any other section of which we have any knowledge. Consequently, this whole section is a poorer country than the blue grass region proper; and, as rich land rich people, so poorer land poorer people. The quality of the homes gives a very fair indication of the quality of the soil and of the character of the people. I had not the opportunity—for reasons that will appear farther on—of visiting many of the homes in this Green River section, and therefore can not give a full description of the life of the people in that day. It was evident that their homes were smaller, and that there were fewer comforts in the homes.

The town itself was merely a village. I do not know what the population was then, but I see that fifty years afterwards it numbered only 654. As might be expected, the population was of a mixed character. There was a very considerable Presbyterian element—and the college in which I was employed—which was really an academy—was either owned or controlled by that element. The president was the Rev. Mr. Reed, a Presbyterian pastor and a most excellent gentleman. The man whom I succeeded, the Rev. J. Lapsley McKee, was one of the finest preachers and one of the most companionable men I ever knew. I had frequent opportunities of meeting him in his occasional vacations during the year. During that winter, I secretly taught one of his negroes to read.

The teacher of music, Mr. Austin Burbank, was not only a fine musician, but a high-toned gentleman. I do not know that I have

ever met a man of nobler aspirations nor of purer life. He resigned shortly afterwards, and, on my recommendation, his place was taken by a young lady from Canonsburg.

There were perhaps fifty or sixty students at the academy, some taking the lower English branches, for there was not much of a common school system in Kentucky in those days, and these students were under the control of a most excellent woman teacher. It was my business to teach Latin, mathematics, science, and about everything else that these young people wanted to learn. I preferred to have rooms in the academy building, and take my meals with Mr. Reed's family. I did this for the purpose of securing more time to prosecute the study of metaphysics and other studies in which I had become greatly interested in college, and to have more freedom from interruption. My students were mostly from the town and the adjoining counties; two, I remember, from the state of Mississippi. They were a rather bright set of boys and girls.

There was great curiosity among them to know what the new teacher thought about slavery, a curiosity shared by my employers at the first. I told them that I did not believe in slavery; that, in short, I was a "Black Republican," the name by which all anti-slavery people were known in those days; that they had a very serious problem on their hands, which time only would work out, just how no man could know; that I did not propose to interfere in any way with their slaves nor to circulate abolition literature, but that I would deserve to be called a hypocrite if I came to them from the north and told them that slavery was right. It was a good thing for me just then that I came from the state of Pennsylvania, which up to that time had always voted democratic, and the citizens of which were supposed to have a more kindly feeling toward the south than those reared in the New England states.

Kentucky Experiences

LIVING in that section of the country was a delight. While you might not believe in slavery, it was quite comfortable I admit to lie in bed on a cold morning until a negro came and built a fire in the fireplace or stove, out of hickory wood. There was something very pleasant in the snapping and sparkling and the warmth which gradually pervaded the room. It was pleasant to rise and dress at your leisure, find hot water provided for shaving, and afterwards to sit down to a breakfast which still lingers in my memory, and to other meals that could not be excelled. Corn bread was on the table at every meal, tho we did not call it corn bread, but bread. On Sabbaths, and sometimes on other days, we had for bread what we called white bread. The corn bread came in cakes about the size of an ordinary dinner plate, and about half an inch thick. It was bad manners to cut it with a knife; you must break it. A favorite dish was ham, generally cold, tho sometimes hot. It was home-cured from hogs grown on the farm, for Mr. Reed had a farm of about sixty acres. These hogs were fed mainly on blue grass, clover and mast, which was abundant in the woods everywhere; for the country was only partially cleared—and they were finished off for a few weeks on corn.

There was a white family and a black family in every house that I visited. The white family ate the hams, sometimes the shoulders and bacon, but generally the hams and sausage; and the black family took care of the rest. The black family usually was larger than the white family. We had two butcherings a year, one in December and one in February; and I would not like to tell you how many hogs it took to supply both families. One of our neighbors ordinarily used thirty. I think we got along with about twenty. These hams, as I have said, were mostly cured and smoked with hickory or sugar tree wood. I do not know just how they were prepared for the table, but as nearly as I can remember they were first boiled, then covered over with New Orleans brown sugar, put in the oven and baked until on the outside they were as black as your hat. They were then stuck over with cloves—I presume after the skin had been removed—and garnished with some kind of green truck, I don't know what. When a ham was once put on

the table, it never was removed, with the exception of the bone—and it was a feast fit for a king.

Another article of food of which I was very fond was "beaten biscuit," which took the place of white bread. I had never eaten such biscuits in my life. I was curious to know how they were made, so went out to the quarters and flattered the old "aunty" by telling her that her biscuits beat any my mother ever made, and that I wanted her to give me the recipe. What I learned was:

"Lord bress you, honey, that's nothing. I just take some flour, and a little water, a mite of salt (I have forgotten what else), and mix 'em up and bake 'em."

I knew that much before, but that was all I could get out of the old colored aunty.

Somehow, it seemed to me that the milk grown in that blue grass country—for there was blue grass even in the Green River country—tasted better than any other milk with which I was acquainted. In fact, when I got home, one of the first things I did was to go down to the old spring-house and get a drink of milk. Then I saw more clearly than ever that climate and environment and feed affect the quality and flavor of milk.

With the others, I succeeded in awakening a good deal of enthusiasm among the boys and girls in the college. They were from good families, and a rather bright lot. Champ Clark tells me that he is a near relative of one of the girls, Molly Beauchamp. Champ, whose middle name is Beauchamp, simply dropped off the "Beau" and retained the "Champ." They were all believers in slavery, and when they asked me to make an address and give them my views, I did so fully and freely, and thus retained their respect.

Everything went on finely until October 16th, when John Brown, a noted anti-slavery leader, made an attack on Harper's Ferry. This created intense excitement in Kentucky. A great many regarded it as the legitimate and logical result of the teachings of the abolitionists, who were regarded in the south much as we today regard anarchists. My popularity as a man began to decline after this time. I was regarded with a good deal of suspicion, and did not think it altogether safe to be out from town except among persons known to be friends of the college and teachers. In fact, I went out but once, except on fishing excursions with my pupils on Saturdays, and an occasional attempt to explore some of the caves with which the region abounded.

I never realized what pure air was until I visited these caves. Coming out of the pure air of the cave on a hot day, I began to realize for the first time what a bad-smelling place this world is.

One of the singular things was the amount of traveling you could do inside one of these caves. Frequently it was crawling on your knees thru narrow places, then going up and down over hills and hollows—an amount of walking which, if done outside, would have resulted in fatigue and utter exhaustion. When I went into one of the larger caves, I realized what the Scriptures mean by a "thick" darkness, a darkness that can be felt. I realized also how many noises there were in the world outside, to which I had paid no attention. Once in Mammoth cave, when the attendant left us for a little time in utter darkness, I could hear the blood pulsating thru my ears. It was not merely a darkness that could be felt, but a silence that could be heard!

I made one trip to the country during Christmas week, together with a young lady friend, going several miles out into the country to the home of a brother of Mrs. Reed, on a large plantation. We had a most delightful time, for the wealthy people in the Green River country knew the art of entertaining guests.

A few days after the John Brown insurrection, I went down to the postoffice to get my mail, for I was anxious to secure mail at that time. In fact, I was homesick, so homesick that I used to take delight in looking in the store at a box of McCully's glass! McCully was a noted Pittsburgh manufacturer of glass, and this box, coming from near home, seemed to offer some relief to my homesickness! That evening, to my surprise, I found the postoffice, which was in the store, full of men drinking, swearing, buying powder and shot, loading shotguns and pistols, their horses standing saddled in the street. On inquiring what was the matter, they told me that the negroes belonging to Zink Wheat (prominent farmer in the country) had gotten up an insurrection and had killed Mrs. Wheat. I did not credit the story, but did not stay any longer than was necessary. As I went out, I was greatly amused by a drunken man of some education (for even educated people were not teetotalers in that country), who was walking back and forth, saying that the resurrection day had come, and that he hoped somebody would resurrect him!

The next morning a band of horsemen came in with two or three negroes tied together and tied to a rope, something like a hay rope, preceded and followed by armed men on horseback. It turned out as I had anticipated, that there was no insurrection. A runaway negro from Alabama had hidden in Mr. Wheat's barn, and was fed by his negroes. Mr. Wheat unexpectedly went into the barn, the negro ran, and he fired his pistol at him. When the negro was afterwards arrested, he was found to have no weapons

about him but an old carving knife that he had evidently used to cut kindling with, badly nicked, and with which he could have done little damage to anybody. He was easily captured, and in time taken back to his master.

In all the nine and a half months that I was there, I did not see any negroes sold, and but one sent south to the cotton fields after he had been sold. That day, when sitting in front of the store with Doctor McKee, I saw a shudder pass over him as he remarked:

"If you folks nominate Lincoln (whose debates with Douglas had taken place the year before, and were talked about over the nation), this country is likely to be shaken to its foundations, and and this old ship will go onto the rocks."

The greatest difficulty I had was in finding men with whom I could talk with freedom on the conditions that threatened the country. The only man in the town with whom I could talk unreservedly and freely, was a most peculiar character, the like of whom I have never met since. He was rather small in size and thin in build, with whitish hair, and was a "bundle of nerves." Strange to say, he was the prosecuting attorney, and, as the town was full of saloons, and murders were not infrequent, he had a great deal to do. He was proficient in what was then known as the Parson Brownloe style of oratory, the use of the most extravagant language, some relics of which we have had in the last twenty years, in the preaching of Sam Jones and Sam Small.

As a sample of his oratory, I may mention that in prosecuting a case in which a man named Sam Fields had been concerned, either as a witness or party, he said, pointing to him:

"Gentlemen of the jury, if a stream of ipecac as wide and deep as the Mississippi river were to flow into the infernal regions to all eternity, it would not puke up a bigger liar than Sam Fields!"

Another time, pointing to a witness, he said:

"That man has brass enough in his face to make the dungeon doors of deep damnation."

Another time, in commenting upon the numerous murders and other offenses against the law, he said that the town of Columbia was little better than the town of Burksville, in which there was not even a church spire pointing the people heavenward, and finally wound up by saying, in his most emphatic way, "This doomed, damned town!" It is needless to say that when a murder trial was on hand, it was not worth my while to attempt to hold the boys in their classes, for they all wanted to hear him, and all of them, in their speeches and orations, imitated his oratory.

Now, you may think that this was a rough character for your great-grandfather to associate with; and so it was; but I must give you another side to his character. He lived in a cabin, a mile or two out in the country—in the woods, as I remember it. He had a mother and two sisters living, and two or three sisters dead. I shall not forget a supper I had at his cabin. One of the main things was corn bread—not baked on a pine board before the fire, as was usually the case, but the meal was made up into balls about like an ordinary snowball. Big hickory logs were put in the fireplace and allowed to burn until there was a bed of coals. The coals were then raked to one side, the balls thrown in, and covered up. When his sisters raked out the corn bread and blew the ashes off of it, you could still see the marks of their fingers in the making.

That was the last night of my term. I was to start to Louisville the next day, the very day, in fact, when Lincoln was nominated for the presidency. After I bade good-bye to his mother and sisters, he walked in with me to town. We passed the cemetery, and, as I bade him good-bye, I said:

"Stuart, they will kill you if you stay in this country. Come north, and I will do all I can to get you started in your profession."

He turned to me and said: "It is one of the misfortunes of my life that when I meet a man that I really like, and to whom I can say all that is in my heart, in some way he has to be taken away from me. You will hear before long that they have put a bullet thru me some dark night; but I would rather die right here than take my mother away from the graves of her children."

So you see that this man, with all his outward roughness and extravagant language, had noble qualities—which I thoroly appreciated.

The war broke out, and he and nearly all my acquaintances and friends and supporters there supported the cause of the Union. Major Alexander, one of the strong supporters of the academy, raised a Union regiment, had Stuart as adjutant, fought in the battle of Shiloh, where he was severely wounded, but afterwards recovered. I wrote Stuart twenty years afterwards, and found that he was still living in the same spot in the same town, by the graves of his sisters.

I never was so glad to leave any place as I was to leave Columbia. I felt then that war was inevitable; that the agitation against slavery would go on; that the north would not buy the slaves, and the south would not sell them, and that the only solution of the problem was the bloody one that followed.

Slavery in 1859

IN Columbia, every family that amounted to anything owned slaves. Not to own one or more slaves was to confess that you were a nobody. My predecessor, the Rev. Mr. McKee, owned one or more. The president of the school owned at least half a dozen, big and little. His brother-in-law, Major Alexander, a lawyer, owned a number. Judge Bramlette, afterwards governor, owned several. A slave was to the Kentuckian what a landed estate is to an Englishman, a yacht to the millionaire, a private car to the man of great wealth, and an automobile to the well-to-do business man—a certain evidence of distinction and influence. I could never see that there was any profit in this ownership of slaves. Neither can I see that the Englishman gets much profit out of his land, or the millionaire out of his yacht; nor that the man of wealth gets much profit out of his private car, or the well-to-do business man out of his automobile, unless his business is such that he can use the automobile in transacting it.

I doubt if the whole life work of the Kentucky slave more than paid for his cost in the raising and the keep. If a man had a good-sized farm, there might have been profit in growing them for the southern market. They could be raised rather cheaply. They wore no shoes in summer, wore "Mother Hubbards" during the long summer till they were eight or ten years old; could do the chores after they were fed on corn bread and the inferior parts of the pig. Their winter clothing was coarse and cheap, and they had no Sunday clothes, and no schools. The good people of whom I speak, and with whom I was intimately acquainted, did not raise negroes for sale. I know of but one sold to the south while I was there, and it was said that he was a bad one. In general, they were poor hands, useless unless someone stood over them with a whip. Why should they be anything else? They were property, exactly as the cows they milked, the pigs they fed, and the chickens they stole; property, nothing more. They might be whipped, altho I never saw or heard of one while there. One day, when quite angry with George, Doctor McKee told me that he was strongly tempted to have him whipped; but he never did. I would have been tempted to have something of the sort done with him

myself, for I never saw one more worthless or provoking. They had no schooling, were held as property, and had no hope of better things in days to come. Why should they do anything they could get out of doing?

They had no morality. They were not so much immoral as unmoral, gratifying their appetites and passions just as other animals did and do. The better ones were like dogs in their affection for the master or mistress who treated them kindly. I heard of no outrages on white women by negroes; but the outrages, perhaps consented to, of white men on black women, were common and notorious, the evidence being mulattoes of all shades of whiteness. In fact, it was sometimes hard to distinguish the little pickaninnies of the quarters from the white children of the same age, relatives of the family, who might be on a visit to the negro quarters, as they frequently were.

Ben McKee (for the slave took the surname of the master) looked after my personal comfort. I regarded him as a sincere Christian; and with the judgment of charity, and taking into account the conditions, even when I found out the worst about him, he was. He was a member of the church, but could not read until, in violation of the law, I taught him secretly until he could read the first three chapters of the gospel of John.

I went down for my mail one evening, and fell in with Jim Bramlette. I was telling him how well pleased I was with Ben, and he said:

"Now, professor, you think Ben is a good Christian nigger."

I answered: "I certainly do."

He then gave me information which proved that Ben had been guilty of repeated immorality. He was, however, like many another man who has had a better chance than he. He did not know how to keep out of the way of temptation, to run from it when he knew his weakness.

I took every opportunity to get the views of my slave-holding friends on the subject of slavery. There were men in Kentucky at that date who claimed, or pretended to claim, that the negro was little if anything more than an animal, and hence a fit subject for ownership as property. There were others who justified slavery on the ground that the negro was better off as a slave, with a kind master, than as a free man. Almost every man resented the movement to abolish slavery by force; but the men and women with whom I could talk freely and cordially, without exception deplored its existence. They said it came to that generation of southern people as a heritage from the past; that their slaves came to them

as individuals as a heritage from their parents; but they did not pretend as Christians or even as educated men and women, to justify it. How to get rid of it they regarded as a most difficult problem. They were accustomed to the social position, due to the ownership of a slave or slaves. They were accustomed to the personal comfort that grew out of slavery. The slave cooked for them, waited on them, worked for them in every way, often nursed them when babes; and they often showed a sincere affection for their slaves, where its manifestation did not affect their social position. Slave owners often told me they would be glad to get rid of slavery and of their slaves, if they could; that they would free their slaves at once, if they could make a living without a master's guidance; or would set them free if they were able to locate them in the north and get them fairly started. Others regarded it as a Christian duty to do their best for their slaves for the time being, and await future events. Their sincerity in all this is evident from the fact that when the only solution possible came, they gave their influence, and some of them their slaves, to the support of the Union cause.

There is a great deal of human nature in all this. Slavery is only one form of special privilege. I have seen men who thought the foundations were destroyed when the advance of civilization compelled them to give up their form of special privilege, for example, the rebates on railroads to which they were accustomed, and the passes, which were regarded as badges of social distinction, especially by the women folks. I have heard the laments of Irish landlords when they had to exchange their land, which gave them social distinction, even for cash. Our nation is now filled with lamentations, because the removal of special privilege squeezes the water out of stocks, and inevitably disturbs business. The slaveholder is now sincerely glad that slavery is a thing of the past. The business man feels better now that he can do business on even terms with his competitor. We are all glad that free passes are abolished, and will be glad as a nation when special privilege is abolished.

Were the negroes as a whole better off in a material way thru the gift of freedom? I very much doubt it. Many of them refused to leave their masters; and many others leaned on their old masters for advice and counsel. The main benefit was that they were thrown on their own resources, and taught in a hard way the necessity and benefit of self-help. Incidentally, some developed individuality, and others became the prey of their own vices. Be-

tween slavery and real freedom there is always forty years of the trials and hardships of the wilderness.

It has taken their masters quite as long to recover from the blighting influence of slavery. Master and slave were both greatly injured by the indiscriminate granting of the ballot to a race of freedmen, thus giving them power over their former masters, a power which they could not use wisely, but thru which they could place in power politicians, mostly from the north, who looted the state governments and wronged both masters and former slaves. The problems which grew out of slavery are not yet fully solved, nor will they be in the near future.

I left Kentucky on the day that we received tidings of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, at Chicago, for president of the United States. On the way to Louisville, we experienced the worst storm I had ever seen. We were detained at Louisville one day because of the interruption of railroad traffic. On that same day or the day before, a cyclone had swept thru Iowa and wiped out a town, which has never been rebuilt. The day following, I saw a sugar tree grove, with trees a foot or more in diameter, the tops of which had been twisted off from twenty to thirty feet above the ground, as neatly as you could wring the head off a chicken. The political storm seemed to have its echo in wind storms over a large portion of the middle-west.

At the Theological Seminary

I SPENT two or three months at home after my Kentucky experience, and then entered the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Allegheny (now North Pittsburgh) in the fall. The seminary course was four years, with a session of five months in each year: why, I do not know, unless it was to give the students an opportunity for study or work in the summer, and to allow them to get sufficient age and maturity to fit them for religious instruction. There were over sixty students that year—to be exact, sixty-six, as I learn from looking over the records. The Presbyterians had a Western Theological Seminary, and the Covenanters or Reformed Presbyterians, another; so I was in touch with many of the men whom I had known in college.

There were three professors. The professor of Systematic Theology was the Rev. John T. Pressley. At first, I had rather a prejudice against him, because when a boy I had read his book on Psalmody, in which he accused hymn singers of "offering strange fire to the Lord," and held that they were therefore justly liable to the fate of Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, who, you know, were swallowed up in the wilderness because of this violation of the Mosaic law. He was not a man to whom one could "warm up." We were further prejudiced against him because he was a native of South Carolina, and therefore supposed to be not altogether sound on the subject of slavery, the question which was then of the deepest interest to the American people. He was an old man, with very heavy eyebrows and an exceedingly severe cast of countenance. The boys could respect him, could reverence him, but did not get in any sort of close touch. He seemed to hold us at a distance. He was doubtless a profound theologian, strong in defense of the theology of his church, which he evidently considered as settled beyond all doubt or peradventure. No student would dare to express a doubt. So far as he was concerned, we were in a theological cage, of which he held the key.

He was the most severe in his criticism of any man I have ever heard. We had to preach before him once a year; and preaching before a severe theological professor, whose business it was to find

fault, was no easy proposition. I remember him once giving his verdict after hearing a student, in the following words: "Vox, et praeteria nihil," which, in plain English, means, "Sound, and nothing else."

I pitied the poor senior, who, to say the most, did not give promise of being much of a preacher, and who delivered his address in a cool, unimpassioned way, as tho he feared the wrath to come. Doctor Pressley's criticism was pronounced in his slow, solemn, severe way:

"It is said of the lion that when he wishes to enrage himself, he lashes himself with his tail. I advise the brother to follow his example."

In relating this to Doctor Young, with whom I afterwards studied at Monmouth, he remarked:

"Doctor Pressley did not use his usual keen analysis; for the lion does not lash himself with his tail for the purpose of enraging himself, but because he is enraged."

Doctor Pressley was regarded as a great expositor of the Scriptures. I frequently went to hear him, but for some reason his expositions did not impress me. I did not then know why, but thought I discovered the reason afterwards. He was clear and simple in his language, concise and direct in his statements, but he did not seem to get beyond the letter of the passage. One secured no insight into the character of the writer, nor of the events in history, either ecclesiastical or profane, which led to that particular expression of Divine truth. He seemed to follow the marginal references very closely, but failed to enable us to read between the lines, as tho inspiration was simply the passing of words, sentences and ideas thru the writers as water passes thru a tube. This, in fact, was his theory of inspiration as nearly as I could gather. It was not until I heard Doctor Young, the next year, give a series of expositions on the epistle to the Ephesians, that I got any sort of true insight into expository preaching.

The professor of Church History was the Rev. David R. Kerr, one of the handsomest men I have ever seen—tall, elegant in his dress and his manner, an orator of the first water, and one of the most genial and companionable of men. He would ask boys to whom he took a fancy to visit at his home in Temperanceville, and stay for supper or over night. One of the boys and I accepted his invitation. We started at about four o'clock, going down to Manchester and crossing the Ohio river. For some reason, the boat was delayed about two hours or more, and we did not reach

the good doctor's home until about eight oclock. He was all genialty and kindness, while we, being very hungry, were not in the best mood for conversation. Along about ten o'clock, he brought in a plate of large Bellflower apples—which I can taste even yet. We ate all that we dared, went to bed somewhere about midnight, and did not awaken until about nine in the morning. He evidently had not been expecting us; said he had forgotten to go to market the evening before; and so, after asking one of us to ask the blessing, he said to me, in his blandest way:

"Mr. Wallace, will you have bread or potatoes?"

I hesitated, and his wife said:

"Mr. Wallace, why don't you say you will have both?"

We had an appetite for dinner that day! Some days afterwards, he met me in the hall and said:

"Now, Mr. Wallace, tell me truly, did you and Mr. C—— have any supper that night?"

There was no way of getting out of it, and so I answered, "No." He threw up his head and hands in a peculiar way he had, laughed, and said:

"You must have been hungry that morning for something more than bread and potatoes."

There may have been better teachers than Professor Kerr, but none more lovable, nor for whom the students cherished a more profound respect.

The third professor was Doctor A. D. Clark. He was a smallish man with a club foot. He and I got along finely, I suspect for the reason that he was a classmate of my uncle, Professor Andrew Ross, a class which furnished men who were just then coming into the fullness of their power—the Hon. John A. Bingham, of Ohio; Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, and, if I mistake not, Ed M. Stanton, of Lincoln's cabinet—three men who had a very wide influence.

Doctor Clark taught Hebrew. He also was a very severe critic. Doctor Kerr had a nephew in the freshman class, to which I belonged, who for years afterwards we called "Joe Kerr," who had all the graces of manner and person and the gift of ready eloquence which distinguished the entire Kerr family. His first sermon, written in the most flowery language, was delivered after the manner of the born orator. Doctor Clark's criticism was delivered with great precision of manner:

"It occurs to me that the young gentleman grew up in the parlor with a number of beautiful, elegant, refined and somewhat

affected young ladies. I would advise him to give more attention to the matter of his sermon, and less to the delivery."

The next sermon that Joe delivered, he stood as stiff as a post, and did not make a single gesture.

The students at the seminary were of an unusually high order. A number, especially from the senior class of that year, became men of note: James Barr went as a missionary to India. He did not first organize the mission, but it has developed greatly under his guidance in the Punpab. Andrew Watson took up mission work in Egypt, which work had scarcely been begun. Thru his influence there is now a line of missions extending from Alexandria to Khartoum and Sobat, almost in the center of Africa, with colleges, hospitals, etc. Billy Reed became pastor of the First Church of Pittsburgh, the most influential church of its denomination in the city, and held his pastorate with great acceptability thru his entire life, during which he wielded a most potent influence in almost every department of the church. Intimate association with these and others was of more value, in my later judgment, than the direct teaching of the seminary.

Tho not connected with the seminary, we had the advantage of a gymnasium and of a teacher in elocution, named, I believe, Kidd. He was not only a good elocutionist and a good teacher, but he knew how to utilize physical culture for the purpose of developing lung and voice power. We had boxing exercises, in which we theological students took delight in knocking each other around; but I was too awkward and too easily bowled over to enjoy this part of the exercise very much. My arms and chest were too light for many other gymnastic exercises, but I did enjoy the exercises for the limbs that tended to develop lung power, and particularly the exercises with regard to managing the voice so as to make it clear, distinct and far-reaching. These classes were not confined to the seminary students. Ministers, often from the country, took part. It was then a new thing, and when some of those old fellows, whose exercise had been confined to walking and perhaps riding, began to stretch their legs and arms, I used to think that I could hear their joints crack.

This was my first real knowledge of the city, and particularly of the manufacturing districts. That winter I went as a teacher in a mission Sabbath school on Troy Hill. My pupils were street

gamins of the most pronounced type. Bright and smart and quick and strong physically, they seemed to have no religious instinct, but were ready for any kind of sport, no matter how rough. Three were about all I could manage at one time, and sometimes I had to hold one by each arm and dominate the other thru my eye while attempting to pound into them some of the theology I had learned at the seminary. It seemed a hopeless task. One day, one of the theological students, a long, lank fellow, with a face as solemn as an owl, came into the doorway while I was trying to drive some vital truth home to these gamins, but had to laugh when one of them, seeing him come in, said:

"Say, teacher, is that man made of mud?"

However, I greatly enjoyed this work, as it gave me a vision of humanity from an entirely different angle, and sometimes I regretted that I did not engage as city missionary during the vacation, and thus get a deeper insight into human life, and especially the life of the laborer and also the "down-and-outer." Altogether, my year at the seminary was not thoroly satisfactory. I was disposed to ask questions, sometimes I fear impertinently. My studies in metaphysics and the application of metaphysics to religious doctrines, made me dissatisfied with the present mode of statement of the great doctrines, particularly of the relation of sovereignty to human freedom of will. The students good-naturedly called me "the smart Prep.," which I presume about summed up their estimate, and probably was not far from being correct.

The Gathering Storm

THE life of a theological student is rather retired. He is supposed to be devoting his entire attention to the work of preparing himself to point the way to another world. If he is in earnest in this work, this world's movements, and especially the current world politics, do not usually mean much to him. Nevertheless, I had a feeling in the winter of 1860 that a storm was gathering that would strew the country with wrecks both material and human. I could not convince any of my fellow students that war was impending. They ridiculed the very suggestion, and their view was shared by the majority of the newspapers and the general public.

There were three or four events, apparently trifling, that occurred during the winter, that confirmed me in my opinion. The Democratic party had two wings, the southern and the northern. They had held together for a good many years, by avoiding any mention in their platforms of the subject of slavery. In the fall of 1860, the convention was held in Charleston, South Carolina. The southern Democrats selected Breckenridge, of Kentucky, as their candidate for President. The northern democrats bolted the nomination, and selected Stephen A. Douglass, of Illinois, as their candidate.

Lincoln had been nominated by the Republicans at Chicago. The Lincoln campaign created very great enthusiasm in and about Pittsburgh, which was an old Whig stronghold. For the first time the "Wideawakes" appeared at a political meeting. They were simply companies and regiments of boys and men who marched thru the streets wearing oilcloth caps and capes, each with a lamp, something like a coal miner's lamp, on the front of his cap. There was a great rally that fall in Allegheny, attended by thousands of the "Wideawakes" (some said ten thousand, others twenty), but I noticed the effect from my own town, thirty miles away. The main orator was the celebrated Tom Corwin, who has been described by Andrew White as "the most famous stump speaker of his time, and perhaps of all time, a man of great physical, intellectual and moral vigor; powerful in argument; sympathetic in

manner; a man of infinite wit and humor." It was worth a great deal to me to hear him. His whole argument, as I remember it, was that the threats of secession from the South were mere buncombe. I wish I could describe to you Corwin's eloquence, his facial expression and his manner when, after describing the threats of the South to secede, he would scream:

"Tear down this Union, will you? Tear down the Union!!!"

Brilliant as was his oratory, scathing as was his invective, delightful as were his wit and humor, I could not help but feel that the effect of it would be to lull the people of the North into a sense of security for which there was no warrant.

I spent the Christmas vacation at home. The gloomiest of the gloomy days of that to me gloomy winter was the Sabbath after we received word that South Carolina had seceded. I went with my father and a fellow student to the old church in the country, six miles from home. It was a very gloomy day, with a cold, drizzling rain. The church was a large one, and always full as I had remembered it six years before. The roof leaked. The paper on the walls was stained and moldy from the drip. There was but a handful of people there, like a few bees in the corner of a large hive. My classmate preached, giving us a fair sort of "seminary veal." I had heard his sermon before, and therefore paid but little attention to it. It seemed to me as I sat there in the old pew, that the old church was a type of the nation, and the day typical of the times. One state had seceded. I felt that all the cotton states would follow, and that there would be a bitter and cruel war. I felt that everything was going to pieces, and thought of the Greek poem I had read, where the poet, in describing death, said:

"And we, a little dust, lie down, even our bones being dissolved."

The awakening to Pittsburgh came during the winter. The government had an arsenal and plant for the manufacture of guns and cannon in the city, called Fort Pitt. In it were stored great numbers of cannon, called "columbiads"—used, I presume, for defensive purposes. They were of enormous size, and were supposed by the public to render any fort invincible. I presume that in the light of modern times—and perhaps even of those times—they were practically worthless; but the people of Pittsburgh awoke with horror one morning to see these great guns hauled along the main street and loaded on boats in the river, to be floated down to southern ports with the first "coal-rise"—that is, the

first rise of the river that would enable them to float down coal boats—which usually occurred in January or February. This awakened the people of the West to the realization that war was impending, and the more so because the order to ship these guns south came from a member of the President's cabinet. A mighty protest was made, and I believe the guns were eventually hauled back to the fort; but people now began to realize something of the gravity of the situation.

Another event seemed to me rather amusing. I went out to Canonsburg to spend Washington's Birthday. When coming home the next afternoon, I saw a large coal boat, a hundred feet long, sixteen feet wide, and eight feet deep, start down the river, loaded exclusively with a certain brand of "stomach bitters." These bitters, I understand, were made of poor whisky and some kind of bitters, and were in very common use at that time all over the western country. The maker made a fortune from their manufacture. It struck me that the South, which I was sure would secede, was laying in a good supply of bitters before the war should break out.

The event that made the deepest impression, however, was the passing of Lincoln thru Pittsburgh, on his way to Washington. My uncle was boarding at the Monongahela House, and he invited me to dine with him, that I might have a better opportunity of seeing the man upon whom the eyes of the entire nation were turned; for by this time all the cotton states and Texas had seceded. President Buchanan claimed that he had no power to coerce a sovereign state.

Lincoln arrived late. In passing thru the hall, he went by my uncle's door, and I had a very good view of this remarkable man—tall, awkward, ungainly, homely—a man who paid little attention to dress; and he had what seemed to me the saddest face and the saddest eyes that I ever saw on a human being. As he passed on, my uncle, who was not altogether in sympathy with the North, remarked:

"There goes a man on whom rests a tremendous responsibility."

It was announced that Lincoln would leave at a certain time, and pass thru Baltimore at a certain time. As a matter of fact, he passed thru *incognito* on an early train, and was in Washington before the people of Baltimore, who were strongly southern in their sympathies, knew it. Had he not taken this early train, it is possible that the whole subsequent history of the United States would have been different.

A Summer Near Home

I WAS asked during my Christmas vacation, by some of the leading citizens of West Newton, to organize an academy in my old home town. Accordingly, early in March I got out a prospectus home town. Accordingly, early in March I got out a prospectus, stating what I proposed to teach, and the terms, and rented a hall. I succeeded in getting students even beyond my expectations. The state of Pennsylvania, the year before, had raised the standard of requirements for country school teachers, and many of them, young men ranging from twenty to thirty, feared that they could not pass the examinations. I had given a good deal of attention to elocution and reading, and to physical culture so far as it develops lung and voice power, and made this a specialty of my summer's teaching.

My pupils ranged in age from ten to thirty years. One of them was a girl of eighteen, who could spell a little, but could not read. She was over-sized for her age, and the poor girl would often burst out crying because she had to recite with mere children. She made remarkable progress, however; and judge of my surprise a few years afterward to find that she was teaching the piano, and, I believe, taught until she died in her native town, in a little house just off the little bridge of which her mother was toll-keeper. I take as much pleasure in this girl's success as I do in that of any pupil whom I ever taught.

When I got the classes arranged, I found that few of my pupils knew how to read with any emphasis or meaning or effect. I began lessons in physical culture, and finally adopted an expedient which, so far as I know, was original with me, and I have never known it to be copied. I took the class out in the fields, divided it in two sections, gave to one in each division a New Testament, and told them to read the first verse of the first chapter of John, I myself staying with the poorest division. When they could read so that they could be heard a short distance, I moved them farther apart, and practiced until they could be heard at that distance; then still farther apart. I finally sent one squad in a skiff across the river, which was about a hundred yards wide, and had them read across the river—which happened to be rather easy after all, for there was an echo at this point.

It is remarkable how lungs and voice can be improved by this method. Nearly all of them used head tones, talked at a high pitch and in a shrill voice, using only the upper part of the lungs. I hammered away at the poorest lot, making them read slowly and with low tones, throwing the voice out; and I would scarcely dare tell you how far the pupils in these classes could be heard distinctly in reading simple sentences. If any of you have difficulty in making yourself heard at a distance, just practice this for a while. It will improve you more in a week in the art of reading or speaking, than a month's lessons in your schoolroom.

One of the least promising of these pupils was a young man named Shoemaker, a farmer boy who had taught school for several years. Judge of my surprise when, a few years afterwards, I was walking up Chestnut street, in Philadelphia, at eight o'clock one morning, and happened to see a door-plat marked: "College of Oratory, by Professor J. H. Shoemaker." I wondered to myself. Can this be my Shoemaker, the man of so little promise? I immediately rang the bell. A servant met me at the door, and asked me for my card. I said I had none, but wanted to see Professor Shoemaker.

"He is at breakfast. Who shall I say wants to see him?"

"Well," I said, "take me into the parlor, and I will wait till he gets thru his breakfast."

He came in, was amazed to see me, and I said:

"Shoemaker, you may read."

He replied: "No, I will read before any other man living but you—but, do you know, I think I can read better than you can!"

I was sorry I could not go to a reading that week, to which he gave me a ticket. Poor Shoemaker is dead, but his college of oratory is still in existence.

Another pupil, one of the younger ones, became the proprietor of the largest dry goods store in the city. I have reason to be satisfied with the results of my work in that academy. I had it but six months, but it continued for a couple of years longer under the successor to whom I turned it over, then declined, and was reorganized by another fellow student, and was in existence until a few years ago.

I never passed a more pleasant six months than this. I enjoyed the friendship of a number of men who were between my age and my father's, who were his intimates as well as mine, and of a number of young people who were near my own age, and who, while they had not known me personally for the last five or six

years, had known the family all their lives. There is great pleasure in dwelling among people who have known you and your parents before you, and hence have that interest that comes from knowing the breed if not the individual.

I will now tell you one of the most foolish things I ever did. I boarded at the hotel, which had once been famous for the accommodation given to stage passengers; for it was on the national road in traveling from the extreme west to the east before the time of the railroad. A day or two after I went there, I discovered that the hostler had a boy named Ben, who was the son of one of my father's tenants, and who had been caught in some kind of petty thieving. I told the landlord that he needed to look out for him, as he was rather nimble-fingered.

On the Sabbath that Sumter was fired upon, but before we knew of it, one of my most intimate friends came around to my room, and proposed that we go to the Presbyterian Church. I had been persuaded by a rather dudish fellow student of mine to buy a Prince Albert coat and a rather fancy overcoat. The evening was warm, too warm for both coat and overcoat. So, hanging my Prince Albert on a nail (there was no closet in the room), I put on the overcoat and went to the church. My friend and I came back from church. He went to my room, as he often did, and we visited till about eleven. I locked the door and went to bed.

Just as I awakened in the morning, my subconscious mind told me that I had not seen my Prince Albert the night before, and as I looked to the accustomed nail, it was not there. I dressed partially, ran downstairs, and said to Mr. Lowry:

"Where's Ben?"

He replied: "I wish I knew. My horse is gone, and also my gun."

"Well," said I, "my coat is gone."

Acting on the spur of the moment, I said:

"I wish you would tell the girls to get me a cup of coffee and a light breakfast as soon as they can, and if you will get me a horse, I will catch Ben."

I went out, and, as it had rained the night before, there were fresh tracks that went out from the stable, across the yard, and west across the bridge. I donned a "slicker" and an old coat, and started for Monongahela City, ten miles away. When I got there, I found that Ben had eaten his breakfast, had fired the load out of his gun, and put in another, and, as they had heard of the down-

fall of Sumter, he told them that he was on his way to Virginia to fight the Rebels. I took his trail and followed it about ten miles farther, when I lost it, and found myself at the house of an old friend whose daughter I knew very well at Canonsburg. I went back the next day, traveling in all some sixty miles. I got the Monongahela City police after Ben, and in two or three days they brought him back—coat and all.

When I came back, my father was very angry; said he had never known me to do such a fool thing in all my life. It was a fool thing, to start off without a weapon of any sort, after a man who had a gun; and the more so because I had never owned a pistol, nor, so far as I can remember, ever fired one in my life. I mention this to show one of my weaknesses, which it has taken me a long time to overcome, and I am not so sure that I have overcome it even yet—that is, the weakness of acting first and thinking afterwards.

Ben was prosecuted, of course. I was a witness at his trial, the first time I had ever been in the courthouse of my own county. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year for stealing the gun, and three years for stealing the horse, but was pardoned out on condition that he would carry out his original design of fighting the rebels.

The Firing on Fort Sumter

THE firing on Fort Sumter created a tremendous sensation. Many of our Democratic neighbors, who had voted for Douglas, now aligned themselves with the Whigs, but many others held back, and how to win them over to loyalty was something of a problem. Of the methods employed, I will tell you later.

The country was wholly unprepared; very few really expected war. Lincoln issued his proclamation, calling for 75,000 men to serve for ninety days. Men believed the war would be over in that time. When I was in the South, the southern people had no hesitation in telling me that one southern man was able to take care of three or four Yankees. They said the Yankees were "mudsills," were too busy making money; that they would let the South go in peace rather than disturb business by attempting to bring them back into the Union. As a matter of fact, the South was better prepared, because southern young men could ride and shoot. They had studied politics far more profoundly than the people of the North, and regarded themselves as quite a superior race of people—which, in the respects above mentioned, they were.

There was a great rush to enlist. We raised a company in our town; and, inasmuch as the government had made no provision for clothing them, we raised a thousand dollars to equip that company. I remember that my contribution was ten dollars. It never occurred to us that the government would not accept men for regular service unless they had uniforms of the government pattern, which ours were not, but just such clothes as we could buy at the store. When these boys marched away, they thought it was a frolic. Those who returned were wiser.

The feeling at that time was intense. I can remember the long line of people waiting till the evening train came in with the Pittsburgh papers, and the anxiety with which every person listened to the news of the war. The first man who secured a paper read aloud, and everybody listened. There was still deeper interest a year or two afterwards, when, after a battle, the names of the killed, wounded and missing were read.

Just how to win the waverers to loyalty was something of a

problem. Thoughtless men called them "Copperheads," "Butternuts," "Johnny Rebs." I don't know how the term "Johnny Reb" originated, but "Butternut" was an allusion to the color of the homespun clothes of the common southern people; being colored, I suppose, with the juice of the butternut. Before the war we called them "Dough-faces," a term which originated in 1820, when the Missouri compromise was under discussion, and the men who advocated it and voted for the compromise, which John Randolph, of Roanoke, stigmatized as "a dirty bargain led off by eighteen northern dough-faces." The face being made of dough, it would take on any expression desired. The most opprobrious epithet, however, was "Copperhead." There were two kinds of snakes in that section of the country which emit a deadly poison—the rattlesnake and the copperhead. We boys did not fear the rattlesnake much, as it was very rare in Pennsylvania, being found only in the timber; furthermore, it gave warning before it struck—which the copperhead did not. The sting in the term was that it conveyed the impression that the person so designated was a secret, silent, but deadly enemy of his country. No good ever comes of calling hard names, however, and the wiser men knew that.

Public meetings were general, and the plan adopted was to persuade the leaders to show their patriotism by attending the meetings, and getting them, if possible, to make speeches. I remember one man particularly, who belonged to a very old family, and who had a great deal of local influence. His brother was an ardent Whig, while he was an equally ardent Democrat, and had a large following. He was rather vain of his gifts as a leader and public speaker; and so he was persuaded at last to make a patriotic speech. I was asked by wiser men than myself to report that speech, and report it judiciously. So I attended the meeting and took notes in long-hand. By the way, it was my habit of taking long-hand notes in the seminary and at these meetings that spoiled my writing forever after. I devised a system of shorthand of my own; briefly, to leave out the vowels altogether, and if a word ended with a letter which went below the line, to make a curve downward for the last two or three consonants, and if it ended above the line, to give a curve upward. Of course I selected the most favorable sentiments expressed by the speaker, wrote them out in full, and then called on him.

These meetings were generally held on Saturdays. I told the man that I had attended the meeting, that I was very much interested in his speech, was sure that the papers would be glad to have

it—so confident, indeed, that I had written it out in full. I then asked him to read it or let me read it to him. He was immensely delighted; had perhaps forgotten just what he did say, and these extracts that I made were regarded by the people as his public sentiments. This kind of work did a great deal of good in fixing public opinion in favor of the prosecution of the war.

Thus the summer wore on. My patrons were exceedingly anxious that I should settle down permanently as the principal of the academy. I had, however, determined to complete my theological studies, and declined. The question now arose with me whether I should go back to Allegheny or west to Monmouth, Illinois. I had seen enough of the rigid opinions of the leaders of the United Presbyterian Church in Pennsylvania to convince me that I would never be an acceptable preacher in that section of the country. To sing a repeating tune, that is, to repeat a line of the Psalms, was regarded as adding to the words of the Lord. To call in question the Divine warrant for the "tokens" at the sacrament was heresy. To suggest doing away with the tables at the sacrament was almost unspeakable blasphemy. If individual communion cups had been hinted at, words could not have expressed the iniquity of such a proposal. I therefore felt sure that if I was to stay in that denomination. I would have to find some section where there were more liberal views.

I prepared a sermon, what is known as a "specimen of progress," and delivered it before the Westmoreland Presbytery, under whose care I was a theological student. Looking back at it now, I feel that it was a very fair specimen of "theological veal." The subject was "The Divinity of Christ," and I handled it in the orthodox way. I would not handle it that way now. All the ministers approved of it, and gave me a good deal of praise; but when I asked to be certified to the Monmouth Presbytery, it was bitterly opposed, on the ground that inasmuch as the Monmouth course was a three-year course and the Allegheny course four years, I was trying to break into there too soon. It was no use to argue that the Monmouth course was three years of seven months, while the Allegheny course was four years of only five months. I think the certificate would have been refused, had it not been for a Presbyterian minister who had been invited to sit as a consulting member. He arose and expressed his surprise that a certificate of character and standing as a theological student was not granted at once. My father, who preferred that I should stay in the East, was quite vexed at their course, and said:

"My boy, there is only one thing for you to do now, and that is to go west."

Confidentially, I may say to you that there was another reason that was not without considerable weight: I wanted to see the girl who afterwards became your great-grandmother, and by going west I could stop and see her without appearing to make the trip for that purpose.

In the Seminary at Monmouth

I ENTERED the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Monmouth in the fall of 1861. As I think back over that first trip to Chicago, I marvel at the improvements that have been made in transportation. It was over the Fort Wayne road, which at that time had mud ballast. Much of the country thru which it passed was heavy timber land, and needed drainage. Each rail seemed to be independent of the others; and as the cars passed over each connection, the ties would sink when the ground was at all soft. This gave rise to the peculiar click, which George Francis Train two years afterwards immortalized. He was at the Republican convention where McClellan was a candidate for President. He said that when he was at the convention it was "McClellan, McClellan, McClellan"; when he was in the war it was "McClellan, McClellan, McClellan"; when he was on the streets it was "McClellan, McClellan, McClellan", and when he got on the Fort Wayne train and the rails got under water, it was "McClellan, McClellan, McClellan". I shall tell you later about the day I put in with this half-lunatic, half-genius.

The engine was small, and had a peculiar smokestack which widened out at the top, perhaps twice the width of the stack, or even more. Some years ago, in Canada, I saw one of these old-fashioned locomotives, which was being used to pull an old-fashioned train around one of the rapids. There were no air brakes on these trains, no electric lights, and I am not sure as to whether it was on this trip or on a previous trip to Ohio that my attention was first called to a sleeping-car. An agent of the road went thru the coaches, coaxing the passengers to go back into the sleeper, at a charge of fifty cents a bed for the night. These simple facts will show you at a glance the great improvements that have been made in railroad equipment and service.

Chicago was a small city in 1861, built on a swamp. The whole of that part of the town has since been elevated. You would go along a plank walk, then come to a house that had been jacked up, go up a few steps onto a platform, which was to be the level of the future street, then step down again—and this in what is now the great business section of the city.

There were two trains on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad each way daily, and both of them were mixed trains—that is, a number of freight cars, with one or two passenger coaches attached. It was an all-day ride from Chicago to Burlington, or else an all-night ride. It seemed to me that Illinois was one vast corn field, tho there was still much wild land, and probably a considerable acreage of oats and spring wheat; but the main crop was corn. Possibly if my trip had been made early in the season I would have seen something besides corn.

My father had an old friend in Monmouth, a fellow elder in the old Sewickley Church. His seat was on the right hand and three pews from the pulpit; my father's seat was on the left hand, also three pews away. His wife was a close friend of my mother. Each family had about the same number of children, and of about the same ages. When Mrs. Campbell had a child baptized, after the baptism was over, my mother took it to her seat; and when my mother had a child baptized, Mrs. Campbell took it to her pew. So it was rather pleasant to step off at the Monmouth station and see the Campbells for the first time in six or eight years.

Mr. Campbell was in the grain business, and I was much surprised at that time to find old corn was ten cents a bushel and new corn was eight cents. It seemed as if the state was literally full of corn. It was piled up in rail pens, without covering, around the houses and other buildings, and sometimes in the fields. It had evidently been there for a year or more, until the top part was decayed; and it was frequently covered with prairie chickens, which at that time were there in great abundance.

The next winter I spent a Sabbath in the country, and sat by a stove burning corn for fuel. During that winter live hogs sold at $2.25 and dressed pork at $2.75 per hundredweight. Many farmers killed their hogs themselves and sold the carcasses. Farmers in those days knew better than to ship their hogs to Chicago to be killed and brought back to be eaten, paying two freights and various commissions. Curing meat was not then a lost art.

The town itself was full of corn; corn everywhere. And it was also full of rats. Monmouth was a small town then—perhaps eight hundred or a thousand people. The sidewalks were planks; the "sleepers" were sawed inch boards about four feet long, laid across them; and the rats chased along ahead of you under the sidewalk as you walked along. From my window on a moonlight night I could count anywhere from twenty-five to fifty rats gathering up the corn which had fallen from farmers' wagons as they

brought it to market. If there had been an outbreak of bubonic plague at that time, Illinois certainly would have lost most of its population.

There were about twenty students at the seminary that winter and the winter following, with two professors—Doctor Alexander Young and Doctor John Scott. Doctor Scott was a very plain, unassuming, rather lonely man, with somewhat humped shoulders, which the boys said comprised his storage room for his super-abundant knowledge of church history, of which he was the teacher. He was a man you could not help loving and respecting, but he did not have the power to draw out—educate—the student, which was possessed in a wonderful degree by his associate, the professor of theology.

Doctor Young was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. He was something less than six feet tall, rather spare in frame, and sallow in complexion. He suffered greatly from catarrh, and I suspect from some liver trouble, which was not uncommon in Illinois in that early day. He came nearer being a man of universal knowledge than anyone I have known before or since. His health not being robust, he was compelled to spend a good deal of time out-of-doors in the summer. He spent his time working in his garden and orchard.

They tell a story of an eastern man who came to Monmouth about that time, put up at the hotel, and went out for a walk. In walking towards the place where the new college was being built, he passed Doctor Young's home. The doctor was working in his garden or among his trees. The stranger stopped and asked some questions about horticulture or gardening. Instead of going to the college, he spent the whole afternoon talking with the doctor. On going back to the hotel, he told a citizen that if the people of Monmouth knew what they were about they would elect that old gardener as president of the college, as he had more nearly universal knowledge than any man he had ever met, east or west.

I thought I knew the geology of Pittsburgh fairly well; but I found that Doctor Young knew far more about it than I did—the number of veins, their distance apart from each other; the different layers of limestone rock and the other rock between them; the places where the out-crops occurred; all about the coke regions. At that early day, he bewailed the immense loss to the entire nation thru the escape of the gases from the coke ovens—a loss which I heard President Van Hise, of the Wisconsin University, bewail in

similar manner at a meeting of the Indiana Conservation Association, nearly fifty years afterward. Doctor Young was an expert in horticulture; knew more history than any other man I have ever met; was versed in theology and philosophy. In fact, there appeared to be no subject which this wonderful man had not thoroly explored.

His method in the classroom was entirely different from that of Doctor Pressley, of Allegheny. He encouraged discussion on difficult points—provided the students would confine themselves to the points at issue. He dodged no difficulty. If two apparently contradictory doctrines—such as foreordination and free-will—could not be reconciled, he admitted that they were beyond the limits of the human mind. He would sometimes allow the students to discuss these and other problems during almost the entire lesson period, and then would sum up. I remember one day a student, who was not of the brightest in intellect, and whose previous education had been rather slender, asked some carping questions after the doctor had given his decision. He dealt with the student very patiently for a while, and finally said:

"Did you ever hear what Doctor Johnson said to one of his pupils?"

The student replied that he had never heard.

"Well," he said; "it was this: 'I have given you the reason, sir. I hope you don't expect me to give you the understanding also.'"

Doctor Young gave me my first conception of the value of expository preaching. I had heard expository sermons from my childhood up. They dealt mainly with words, phrases, doctrines; were simply textual. Doctor Young knew how to bring in the history, manners, customs, prejudices, superstitions, everything that would throw light and bring out the personality of the writers of Scripture. He thus made the whole passage alive, and brought the teachings to bear upon the problems of modern life; and this is largely the secret of success in expository preaching.

The doctor had a bit of temper as well as a fine sense of humor. Almost habitually very serious, he could yet see the funny side of things. Either the first or second winter I was in Monmouth, there was a very deep fall of snow. One Sabbath morning, when the snow had not yet been shoveled off the walks, and the only thing for pedestrians to do was to take the middle of the street, the doctor and his wife started for church. A farmer with a bobsled and a team of farm horses came along behind them, and, in-

stead of going out to the side, he tried to keep in the middle of the street. As he came close, the doctor threw out his hand, caught the near horse by the bridle, guided him out into the snow, and said to the farmer:

"Haven't you any sense? Would you kill the woman?"

His wife said: "Why, doctor, you oughtn't to do that."

He replied: "Humph! If he had given me any of his impudence, I would have slapped his mouth!"

Once in a public controversy on the subject of baptism, his opponent made a flagrant misquotation of some text of Scripture —I don't now remember which. The doctor had a profound hatred of anything that was unfair, and so he rebuked him in language something like this: I would not be unmindful of the dignity of the profession; but I have a good example for rebuking falsehood; for, in the language of Saint Paul, "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies."

There was another very remarkable man in Monmouth in those days—David A. Wallace. I could trace no immediate relationship with him, but evidently he was descended from one of the four families that came from Ayrshire, in Scotland, in the seventeenth century. In personal appearance, in manner, and in modes of thought, he was in marked contrast with Doctor Young. He was one of the few fat men I have known who had unbounded energy and wonderful activity. To him is due more than to any other man or dozen men, the high standing that Monmouth College has in the state of Illinois and in the nation today. He had a passion for Christian education, undertook to secure subscriptions for that college and actually built it, beginning at a time when corn was ten cents a bushel, pork on the foot $2.25 per hundredweight, and dressed $2.75; and under such conditions he persuaded the farmers to build the college. How he did it, I never could understand. Doctor Young often expressed to me his utter inability to see how Doctor Wallace was able to do things. He regretted that he had this work to do, as it made him a "brick-and-mortar" man instead of a preacher and theologian.

If I were to describe Doctor Wallace, I would say that he was active, energetic, courageous, politic, suave, always practical. He knew nearly every man in the church of his denomination—knew the leading elders; kept his eye on the younger men in the ministry, and especially on his own students.

About twelve years afterwards, when I was in Morning Sun,

Iowa, he came to see me one day without notice, and I wondered for an hour or two what special mission brought him over. After dinner, when we were seated in the parlor, he opened up:

"Henry," he said; "I have a class of young men who have now reached the stage where they begin to have doubts about their fathers' and mothers' religion. I must be perfectly honest with these men, for a young man detects the first note of insincerity or inability to handle a subject. Now you have been up in Davenport and have come up against infidelity in its various phases, which I never have. So I thought I would come over and we would talk the matter over today. I want your advice, I want to borrow any books that you have bearing on the subject."

He was too much of a "brick-and-mortar" man to be the great preacher for which nature intended him. He had too much executive ability to get down to the hard problems which were as meat and drink to Doctor Young. He finally retired from the college after he had it well established, to enter the ministry, which he regarded as, after all, his great profession.

It would be hard to find two men in one school who so perfectly complemented each other, in whom the excellencies of one supplemented the deficiences of the other, as in these two men. I owe them both a great deal; for all my life long I have found that coming in contact with really superior men is the greater part of education either in college or in life.

My First Preaching

I WAS licensed by the Presbytery at Monmouth, with others of the class, in the Cedar Creek Church, about the first of April, 1862. I had been selected, without my knowledge, to take charge of the mission at Rock Island and Davenport; but at the request of my old friend McYeal, who was then pastor of the church at Oskaloosa, I was sent for the first month to the united charges of Albia and Service, in Monroe county, Iowa. I shall never forget my trip to my new field. The Mississippi was at high flood, and was ten miles wide at Burlington, covering the entire bottom up to near the town of Petersville. I therefore went by rail to Biggsville, then by stage across to Oquawka, and from there to Burlington by steamboat. It was a great sight to a man from the East to see the great river at full flood. From Burlington we took the old Burlington and Missouri River Railroad—afterwards the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy—and along the Burlington line as far as it went—to Ottumwa. Then we took the Keokuk and Fort Des Moines to Eddyville, which was its limit. From there we took the stage over fearfully muddy roads to Albia, a distance of perhaps some twenty to twenty-five miles. Service was several miles out in the country from Albia.

It was a country congregation, then in its small beginnings. The country was new. I was told that land was worth about three dollars an acre. The improvements were such as might be expected. The people were most hospitable and kind, however, and you were welcome to whatever they had in the shape of food, which, in some houses, was not the most palatable to a man not in the best of health, and not taking enough outdoor exercise to make him relish almost anything edible.

I shall never forget my first morning. I arose, went out to the pump, took a basin, pumped it full of water, and went thru my morning ablutions just as I had been accustomed to doing when a boy at home. I heard a noise that sounded like thunder. I looked around. The sun was just rising; there was not a cloud in the sky. I said to my host:

"I don't see where that thunder comes from."

He laughed—a great, hearty laugh; and I could not see what he was laughing at. Then he said:

"Don't you know that those are prairie chickens?"

All around the edge of the prairies it was "Boom! Boom! Boom!" I found out afterwards that every little hillock was a trysting place for the prairie chickens, who were doing their courting, each cock trying to see how high he could jump and spread his wings and "Boom!" I fear that by the time you read this, the prairie chicken will be an extinct species in all the older portions of the country. They are rare even in this year 1911. There are several causes that led to their extinction. One is pot-hunters. Another is the foolish farm boys who think it sport to murder their fathers' best friends. A third is the destruction of the prairie grass, in which they make their nests.

The congregation at Service was small, but the people were devoted. The battle of Shiloh occurred that first week in April, 1862. One of the companies in that battle came from Monroe county, and in it were several of the young men of that congregation. The oldest son of my host was among the dead. The first duty that fell upon me, therefore, was to try to comfort the mourning, those who mourned for the dead, the sick, the wounded and the missing. Then appeared the mourning garments, which increased in number wherever there was a gathering of women from that time on to the end of the war.

My second Sabbath was at Albia, the county seat, a small town, of course. I shall never forget my walk in from the country that morning. The roads were impassable for teams, so I walked. Fortunately, in those days, you could walk on prairie grass most of the way; but sometimes you had to take the road or the street. for in the town there was just one piece of brick sidewalk, extending for about a block. I had on a pair of boots of the old-fashioned sort—real boots, with straps on them. I remember how I took my jack-knife, scraped the mud off my boots as well as I could, took my pants out of my boot-legs, and preached my first sermon in Albia, in the courthouse. The audience was small, the country people not being able to get in unless they walked. The congregation was a small one, anyway, having no church buildings. The acoustic properties of the courthouse were very bad, and I never preached a sermon or made an address with less satisfaction than my first sermon in Albia.

During my stay, I had a rare treat, in hearing on Saturday a

somewhat celebrated Seceder preacher, named Hindman. He, with about a dozen others, refused to enter into the union between the Seceder and Associate Reformed churches, which afterwards formed the United Presbyterian, and maintained for a number of years afterward a separate ecclesiastical organization. It was a Saturday preparatory to communion services. The pulpit reminded me of the old pulpit in the church of my childhood. It was very high. The ascent was by steps, some five or six. The railing of the pulpit was also high, and Mr. Hindman not being a very tall man, had to have a stool to stand on, so as to bring something more than his head above the pulpit. He wore a hat so ancient that I can remember my own grandfather wearing one like it. He had on a long frock coat coming down to his knees, and underneath a waistcoat or vest which was very long, and old, flat pants which I remember I had to wear when I was a boy. When I rebelled and wanted a pair of modern pants, my mother and I had a verbal tussle, in which I won.

Mr. Hindman first expounded the Psalm for twenty minutes. He then read a chapter and led in prayer, giving five minutes to the reading and forty to the prayer. Then the congregation sang a Psalm, and he took his text. I don't remember what it was, but I never knew another man who could quote Scripture with such absolute accuracy, and could give chapter and verse with every quotation. The sermon was an hour and forty minutes long by my watch, and was as interesting, from beginning to end, as any first-class novel. He had a most picturesque way of presenting some passages of Scripture. For example, he was quoting the passage: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "'I can do all things.' Paul, be careful, be careful. 'I can do all things.' Paul, didn't I tell you to be careful? 'I can do all things.' Paul, that's big talk for a man like you. 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' Oh, yes; so can I. Anybody can do that."

To me, the most interesting part of the service was what followed. The session was called together, constituted with prayer of great solemnity. Then the intending communicants were requested to come forward and receive their tokens, which recognized their fitness to partake of the communion the following Sabbath.

After this came the cases of discipline. One poor girl had made a "fatal mistake," and was suspended until she came before the congregation and received a public rebuke. She did not appear when her name was called, and so was expelled, or excommu-

nicated, for contumacy. The next was a rather amusing case. The Seceders, before the union, and the remnant afterwards, had a law which forbade members of their church to hear ministers of any other denomination. This was called the sin of "occasional hearing". The Scripture forbidding it was from Solomon: "Cease, my son, to hear the words that cause thee to wander from the path of knowledge." It seems that one of the members of the congregation had gone to a Methodist camp-meeting a year or two before, on a Monday night, and called out a neighbor with whom he wanted to trade horses or buy a horse—it was a horse deal, anyhow. Evidently, he did not think that going to a camp-meeting for business instead of worship was "occasional hearing".

He was brought in and suspended until he would publicly acknowledge his sin before the congregation. This he refused to do. In due course of events, however, there was a child born in his home and he requested the pastor to baptize the child. This the pastor refused to do, until the father would make public confession of his sin in attending this Methodist camp-meeting on a Monday night. So I had the pleasure of hearing a man confess in public to one of those church-made sins that have had no little part in keeping good, earnest men out of the church. I was obliged to leave before this interesting meeting was over, and did not hear the rest of the cases. Remember, now, that this was on Saturday, preparatory to the communion service, and that the meeting was therefore a "short" one.

One other event, trifling it may appear, left an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten. I was called to attend the funeral of a little child. The soil in that part of Iowa is a hard-pan. The grave was dug, and there was a foot or more of water in the bottom. I saw that little coffin let down in that water, and I said to myself: I never want to bury anyone I love in a grave of that kind.

I was rather glad when the month was over and I could go to my field in Rock Island and Davenport. I went from Eddyville to Fairfield by train; took a stage to Washington, some thirty-five or forty miles, and then went by rail to Davenport. In that short trip, I went over the entire line of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad in Iowa, the entire line of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, except a short strip from Wilton Junction to Iowa City, probably twenty-five miles, and the strip from Ottumwa to Keokuk. These were all the lines of railroad in the state in the year 1862.

My First Year in the Pulpit

I WAS appointed a stated supply to the union church of Rock Island and Davenport for the months of May and June, 1862. Rock Island then had a population of around nine or ten thousand. The congregation numbered perhaps thirty or forty, nearly all of them Scotch-Irish or their immediate descendants. They were nearly all laboring people, and there was but one family that might be called wealthy, even for those times. Hugh Warnock, the head of this family, I might say, was one of the best and most consistent Christian men it has been my privilege to know.

The church was small, insignificant, built of wood, with but one audience room, and no Sabbath school rooms, fairly well located, not far from the Baptist and two Presbyterian churches, up at the head of a slough, but on the main street of the city running east and west.

Davenport was perhaps twice as large as Rock Island, beautifully located on the Iowa front of the Mississippi, and with three different types of population, then quite distinct. The lower part, or west end, for the Mississippi river runs east and west there instead of north and south, was given over almost entirely to the Irish. The east part was largely French, and the main downtown part largely German. The congregation was larger than that at Rock Island, and was made up partly of business men and partly of laboring men, with a Scotch-Irish element, some of it having come direct, and others of the first and second generations.

The church was located on a hill, in the most preposterous location that I ever knew of. To reach it you had to go up one of the main streets to Twelfth street, then turn west two blocks, and two blocks back, making sixteen blocks from the river. There was a ravine on three sides of it. The church was built on ground that had been given so long as it was used for church purposes. There was a debt on it of two or three hundred dollars, that had been running for twenty years at an interest rate of two per cent a month.

It was evident that no great success could be made with a church in that location, the lot not owned by the congregation, and

laden with a debt which, with the interest, was a good deal more than the building was worth for any other purpose. I may as well relate here my experience in getting rid of that debt. The money was owed to a Dutchman back in Pennsylvania. He had about concluded that the money was lost; but I thought one of the first things for a church to do was to pay its debts, but I did not see that we were under obligations to pay two per cent a month interest, even if they had agreed to years before. That interest was usurious. So, some time after I went there, I wrote to the man, telling him that we would not pay two per cent a month, but that if he would take six per cent straight, I would undertake to see that it was paid off. I got no answer to this letter. In the meantime, I had raised the money. Then I wrote him again, and received a reply, which, as near as I can recollect it, was as follows:

"Mr. Vallis: I acknowledge the receiving two letters from you. Of the first I could make out nothing, not even the name. Of the second, I make out the name, nothing else. Now, sir, if you have any bisness with me, I vish you would write so I can read it, or else come along and tell me vat it is yourself."

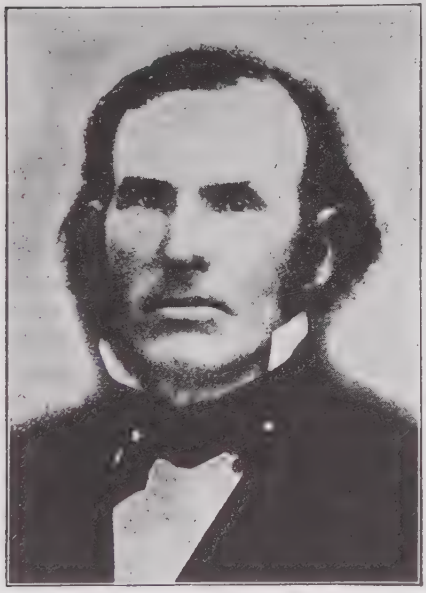
He got his money, and the church was out of debt.

The salary paid by each congregation was $200. This was supplemented by $150 from the Home Mission fund; and I undertook to see what could be done with these churches. It was a very slow, toilsome process. It was some weeks before any outsiders came. Finally some came from curiosity. I must say that the membership in Rock Island had the confidence of the community. I once heard an outsider say that he believed there was more genuine religion in that little United Presbyterian Church of working people than there was in any of the larger churches of the city.

There was more the matter with the Davenport congregation than the debt of the church. There was one member of the session who was a man of considerable ability—more, at least, than the other two. He was later on treasurer and clerk, or, as we used to say, "clark," who "raised the tune." After studying him a few weeks, I went to him and told him that as long as he entertained the views which he held, and in the telling of which he was very zealous, he was entirely out of place in the United Presbyterian Church; that I did not want to settle there under these conditions, and would not do so. I asked him if he did not think it better for him just quietly to withdraw, telling him we could not give him a certificate, altho legally he was in good standing until charges were preferred; but I did not want to be under the necessity of present-

ing any charges for heresy. He was a sensible fellow, and quietly withdrew, his family going with him, which I regretted very much. After I had been there two months, the congregation insisted that I should stay longer, and made arrangements with the proper authorities.

My next appointment was in the Presbytery of Wisconsin, at Vernon. However, they took the matter up with the proper authorities and arranged that my old classmate in Allegheny, the Reverend Peter Kerr, should remain at Vernon instead of exchanging places with me. I have always felt sorry for this arrangement, for the reason that Mr. Kerr (perhaps dissatisfied with his position) joined the army and died of sickness in a hospital, long before his period of service expired.



Col. John Cantwell, Father of Mrs. Henry Wallace. Killed in the Battle of Bull Run.

The audiences in both of the churches increased gradually during the later months of the year; and they were insistent upon my keeping the pulpit supplied while I attended the seminary, which I did. Both congregations retained all the old customs and modes of worship which had characterized the two branches which formed the union, ever since the first settlement of the country. On communion occasions there was preaching Friday and Saturday, and tokens were distributed, as I have described in speaking of the old Sewickley congregation. The assembly's version of the Psalms—three hundred years old—or the old Scotch version, was in use, and any departure from it was considered a departure from orthodox ways. The same rigid rules governed in the reception of members who had belonged to any secret organization. The Davenport folks did not adhere as rigidly to this as those of the Rock Island church, but I made no attempt whatever to institute a

change. This would have been exceedingly impertinent in a temporary supply.

An event occurred in August of that year which may interest you. I went downtown one day, and saw in the newspaper office the bulletin of the battle of Bull Run, which was fought on the 29th. I read that among those killed was Colonel James Cantwell. This was your great-grandmother's father. She and I were not engaged as yet, altho there was an unspoken and unwritten understanding. I knew that her father was all in all to her, and that she would be in very great trouble; I therefore took the first train and went to give her what comfort I could. I remained several days, and our engagement was then entered into, with the understanding that we would be married in the course of a year, if I succeeded in making a satisfactory settlement.

George Francis Train

I DO not know that I got very much good out of the last year at the Monmouth Theological Seminary. If I could not procure a supply, which was generally the case, I had to travel Saturday, preach to the two churches on Sabbath, usually preaching the same sermon in both, at one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon, and then spend Monday going back to Monmouth. I thus had left but four days out of the week at the seminary, during which I had to prepare at least one sermon, which at that time I wrote out.

I recollect an incident during one of these journeys, which may interest you. There was at that time a very noted character, George Francis Train—the only one of the kind, I think, that has ever been created. He was a good deal of an orator, an iconoclast in religion and in politics, a man who delighted in "scraps." He had gone over to London and organized a street car company, but the London authorities would not permit him to build the line because they thought it would interfere with the omnibus traffic. He had gone to Constantinople and undertaken to organize a street railway company there. The Turks would not permit that. He was one of the organizers of the Credit Mobiliere, a company that was organized to build the Union Pacific Railroad, in case they could secure a government grant and subsidies to enable them to build it about twice over.

He was at that time in violent opposition to the Lincoln administration, and was doing his utmost to cause trouble for President Lincoln. He started out to give a hundred lectures, which he called "conversations with the people." He delivered one in Monmouth, much to the indignation of the really patriotic portion of the community; and was on his way to deliver one in Rock Island and one in Davenport. At that time, we changed cars at what was then called Rock Island Crossing, if we were going to Rock Island; and the C., B. & Q., if going to Monmouth. There were no accommodations there, however, and we had to ride half a mile or perhaps a mile out into the country to a little town.

Mr. Train and I were the only passengers in the bus and the

only guests at the dinner table, and naturally we fell into conversation. He told me all about his battles with the British and with the Turks, about his organization, as he claimed, of the Credit Mobiliere, and his efforts in France to organize what he called the Credit Francaise. As we had nothing to do from about eleven o'clock until four, we spent the time in getting acquainted, and I asked him what he was trying to do.

"Well," he said; "I am holding one hundred conversations with the people. I shall hold the seventy-third in Rock Island and the seventy-fourth in Davenport. I shall go on until I have completed one hundred conversations. I will end at Memphis; then I will make my way to Richmond and present myself to Jeff Davis; and this is the conversation that will follow:

" 'Mr. Train, whom do you represent?"

" 'I represent, Mr. Davis, the widows and orphans of the American people. I have had one hundred conversations with them, and I am their representative to put an end to this war."

"He will say, 'How do you propose to do it?'

" 'First, by the immediate cessation of hostilities; second, immediate disarmament of all armies.'

"Then, taking hold of his left thumb with my right hand, I will say: 'Mr. Davis, do you see this? That is the Solid South.' Then, taking hold of his forefinger, 'That is the West.' Then, putting the finger up against the thumb, 'It will come in just that way. These two middle fingers are New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana; and they will come and join the front finger, just so.'

"Then, taking hold of his little finger: 'Now, do you see that, Mr. Davis? Well, that's New England; and we will just knock that in and have them all together. Now, Mr. Davis, you see it is done.' "

Then he added: "Then I have another great mission after that is done, and that is to establish a new religion."

"What will be the basis of your new religion?" I asked.

"Well," he answered; "no God, no devil; but universal brotherhood."

After he got thru with that, he said: "What are you doing?"

"I am trying to preach."

"What are you going to preach about tomorrow? Have you got it written out?"

"Yes," I answered; "but neither you nor anyone but myself can read my writing."

"Well, give me the substance of it."

I did so. I remember that it was the parable of the rich man and Lazarus.

He said: "That's very good. Let me give you some advice: Set your own price on yourself. Assume a position, and the world will give it to you. Remember, young man, that humility is cowardice; modesty is hypocrisy. The world will give you any position you see fit to claim."

After this he said: "Bah, what a world this is, anyhow! One of these days the telegraph message will go around the world that George Francis Train, the great George Francis Train, is dead. England will hear it; Turkey will hear it, and lament that they would not let me build their street railroads. A year or so afterwards, if there is a future existence, I intend to come back. As I pass along the street, I will ask a policeman: 'What house is that?' 'Why, that's where George Francis Train used to live.' 'Yes, but it's all lighted up; what's going on?' 'Oh, Mrs. Train is married again.' 'And where is George?' 'He's out in the cemetery.' 'Let's go out and see.' We go out, and there is a splendid monument, expressive of the deep regret of the widow over the demise of her celebrated husband. And I will say, 'Get a spade, and let's see what is below.' There's a beautiful coffin, the best that New York could afford. We burst the thing open; and there is all that's left of the great George Francis Train. Bah!"

It is only a very few years since he died, and I have understood that he spent the last years of his life in caring for children and in feeding the birds in Union Square, in New York City. He was a queer character, hated by all lovers of the Union, and rejoicing in being hated. I heard him speak once—entertaining, amusing, brilliant in a great many ways, but a crank. He might have been a powerful help to his country in its time of need, instead of a source of perpetual discord.

A Fast-Day Sermon

DURING my winter in the seminary, the congregations made out a united call. I was ordained to the ministry in April, and entered upon my duties as pastor of the congregation immediately afterwards. As I look back over the past, I wonder that I ever undertook the work of two small congregations, which, both together, were far from self-supporting. Situated on opposite sides of the river, they were, to some extent, mutually jealous of each other.

An event occurred in May, however, which gave me great encouragement. President Lincoln had proclaimed a fast day. The war had gone badly; we had suffered many defeats, and as yet no positive victories. Anti-slavery people had for a year been urging the abolition of slavery by presidential proclamation. The president had the proclamation written out, but was waiting for some positive victory before he issued it, which he finally did the first day of June, 1863, taking effect, however, only in the disloyal states, and leaving it untouched in the states which had not seceded from the Union. The outlook was dark for the Union cause. The issue of "greenbacks," that were, in effect, a promise to pay a dollar without fixing the time of payment, had produced a very great inflation of the currency. Debtors were paying their debts with currency of much less value than that with which the debt was contracted.

The president called on the nation to fast on the 30th day of May, 1863. As I was the youngest pastor in Davenport, the other preachers put it on me to deliver the fast-day sermon, following, as they said, a custom there. There was a good deal of southern element in both cities, which had more or less sympathy with the South. Some of them were prominent in some of the churches, and in both of my own. I was therefore warned that my success would depend very largely upon the kind of sermon I preached that day.

The pastor of one of the largest churches found it convenient to be away. I had a fine audience in the Baptist Church. I made up my mind that if I was to preach a fast-day sermon, I would go the whole length, and I therefore took this text:

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen; to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bonds of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke . . . and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

I am rather proud of this sermon. It is the only one, so far as I know, that has been put in printed form. I soon found the audience in thoro sympathy with my radical notions. I was not more than half thru before the Methodists and even the Baptists began shouting, "Amen!"

I shall never forget one thing that happened. I had been inquiring around, and heard what seemed to me pretty well authenticated stories of graft in connection with the camp at what is now known as McClelland Heights, in which a number of the leading business men of Davenport were involved. So I took occasion to say that this fast should be local as well as national; and that if there had been any crooked things going on, it was high time to repent, and do works meet for repentance. As I said this, one of the prominent members of one of the churches, who sat in a front pew, dodged his head backward and plainly winced, as tho he had been struck in a sensitive spot. I said nothing to anyone about it, but was not surprised when some years afterward he was convicted of a crime and sent to the penitentiary.

As I came down from the pulpit, Mr. Ed Russell, father of the socialist writer and editor of the Davenport Gazette, came to me and asked for the manuscript. I asked him what he wanted with it, and he said he intended to print it in pamphlet form and distribute it all over the country. It was printed in full in the New York Independent, then a paper of great influence, and I had letters from prominent men all over the country, commending my courage.

It was my first introduction to the people of Davenport outside of my own church, and gave me a standing in the community which I could not otherwise have had for years. My congregations, the one in Rock Island particularly, increased in numbers We had an opportunity that year to acquire the property of what was then called the "New School" Presbyterian Church. The congregation was small, not over forty or fifty. They had overreached themselves, as nearly all churches in a new country did, in putting up a building larger than their requirements. There was a mortgage on it, and the property, which ultimately became very valuable, was offered for the amount of the mortgage, I think $2,500.

I did my best to persuade my good friends in Rock Island to dispose of their property, buy this church, and allow me to raise the debt by canvas in other churches. This they almost unanimously refused to do. During the summer, however, the members of the congregation generally attended my church. It was crowded to its utmost capacity, and I had hopes of receiving into the church twenty or thirty really good people. Here again came up the question of terms of admission. Some of them were members of secret societies. All of them had been singing hymns. None of them believed absolutely in an inspired Psalm.

They could, however, have come in and made the church self-sustaining, had it not been that when I was away on my wedding trip in September, a wealthy capitalist of New York paid off the debt and supplied them with a pastor. I knew nothing of this until my return with your great-grandmother as a bride; and I confess that it was a very deep and serious disappointment to me. I might add that our congregation had an opportunity to purchase the building in which the "Old School" Presbyterians had worshiped. There was some objection to a change of location; but the same difficulties presented themselves, and here again I was disappointed more than I can tell.

My Wedding Trip

NOW you need not expect me to tell you much about this. Our marriage occurred at Kenton, Ohio, on the 10th of September, 1863. I had been running down in health for some time, having thrown my whole energy into my work. My congregations increased every week, and I had hoped to be able to give my whole time to Rock Island.

I was very thin in flesh. I remember that I weighed only about 137 pounds. (I am not far from six feet in height, and now weigh about 200 pounds.) When I went to Kenton, a day or two before the time, some of your great-grandmother's friends asked her if she was going to marry a shadow.

We were married by the Rev. Benjamin Waddell, a United Presbyterian, and a close friend of my own as well as of your great-grandmother's people. We took the train to Forest, the crossing of the Madison River Railroad and what was then known as the Fort Wayne. Our courtship had been almost entirely by letter. I had visited her, I think, only five or six times. She did not know me very well, and her friends who came with her to the junction were shocked when she said, as the train came up: "How can I go away with that strange man?"

I had not told her very much about my father and mother and the family, and it must have been a great trial to her to go right after her marriage among an entirely strange people. We were received with the greatest kindness, and, as she was always a "good mixer," she found herself completely at home in my father's house in Pennsylvania.

I had been living on a tea-and-toast diet for some time. When I sat down to supper, I asked for tea and toast, and my mother said to me:

"Young man, you have got to get that nonsense out of your head. You will eat just what other people eat, and what you always ate, and try to get some flesh on you."

I soon found out, much to my surprise, that the tea-and-toast diet was all nonsense, and during my stay of three weeks I gained thirteen pounds—which is pretty good evidence that even preachers are subject to silly notions.

On our return to my charge, the congregations most cordially welcomed us, and your great-grandmother found herself quite at home, and threw herself devotedly into the work. It was a serious problem as to whether we could live on my salary, and, after figuring it out in our room, and having father and mother figure it out for us, we concluded that it was cheaper to board for a time at least, which would enable us to give part of our time to Rock Island and part to Davenport. We discovered in the course of a year of boarding, however, that it was not the life for a young couple; and we did the sensible thing of renting a very ordinary house and trying to live on the salary. It required a good deal of faith to do it, but we did it.

I shall never forget the winter of 1863-1864. I had been invited to deliver a lecture at Aledo, some twenty-five or thirty miles south of Rock Island, on Christmas Eve. The only way of getting there was by stage or hack. During the day, it began to rain, and in the afternoon this turned to snow—the beginning of one of the worst blizzards I have ever known. The lecture, so far as attendance was concerned, was a failure; and I have reason to suppose that it was not much of a lecture anyhow.

The next week there was to be a meeting, I believe, of the Monmouth College Synod, of which I was a member, and I rode down from Aledo to Monmouth on horseback. I had a suspicion during the last day of the meeting that a severe storm was impending, and rode back to Aledo. The next morning the storm was upon us. We intended to take the stage for home the next day. Your great-grandmother was bound to go, no matter what happened, and she was a woman whose will could not be easily thwarted. My host —Mr. McAllister, pastor of the Aledo church—after remonstrating for some time, took her by the arm, opened the front door, and said: "Woman, look at that!" It was impossible to see across the street for the drifting snow.

After waiting for several days for the storm to subside, when a few of the worst places in the roads had been opened up, we started home in an open sleigh, with the thermometer twenty-eight degrees below zero. Many of the roads were filled full from fence to fence, and no attempt was made to open these where it was possible to go thru a field and avoid the gates. Singularly enough, we did not suffer much injury, except frosted faces and feet—not frozen, but frosted.

A Serious Problem in Church Management

IN 1864 or 1865, I had a very serious problem to decide. I had offended the prejudices of some of my Davenport people. The church had a pulpit like most churches of those times, which was very high. It seemed to me to stand as a barrier betwixt me and my people; and I felt it the more because, even in the out-of-the-way location of the church, we were having a considerable increase in the audiences, made up of outsiders. I therefore asked the trustees if they would not tear away that pulpit, except the platform, and give me a little stand that I could move from one side to the other. I told them that I did not like anything to stand betwixt the people and myself when preaching. This was regarded as an innovation.

Furthermore, I dispensed with the tokens, and expressed considerable anxiety to have an opportunity to use the new version of the Psalms. There was serious objection from but one man, but, unfortunately, he was the richest man in the congregation. His wife was one of the best women I ever knew. Before my marriage, I had boarded with them, and found it a most delightful home. He absented himself from church for several Sabbaths in succession, and I called on him. He was a very stubborn sort of man, and very quietly told me that he did not propose to come to church nor to contribute anything to its support so long as I was pastor. I frankly told him that I had become pastor of that congregation, that everybody else appeared to be satisfied, and that I expected to remain.

He stayed away from church for six months. We had a rule in the church (long since disregarded), by which a member who wilfully absented himself from attendance on ordinances could be brought before the session. So I asked the session to cite him to appear. The session was a small one, I think only two men. I had mentioned this as an objection to accepting the call, but my old friend, Doctor Wallace, said:

"The session, I know, is 0; but you are 1, and if you put yourself in the right place, that will make 10."

They cited my friend to appear, and he refused; so we suspended him. He denied the authority of the session, and appealed to the presbytery. The whole matter was gone over in the presbytry, which sustained the session. He then appealed to the synod. We had a trial, lasting perhaps a day; and the synod sustained the action of the presbytery. He then appealed to the general assembly. I knew that the general assembly would not take time to consider the matter, and did not attend. So he and one other family related to him—both among the largest contributors—left the church and joined another. Singularly enough, the congregation prospered much better after he left.

This was a sad beginning; but the end was all that could be desired. Seven or eight years afterward, when I was pastor of another church, and while I was on a visit to my parents, who had in the meantime moved to Davenport, my father said:

"Mr. ——— is sick. His nurse came over the other day, and said he wanted to see you the first time you were in town."

I made no delay in going. I had not been in his home for years. His wife met me at the door, and expressed the greatest joy at seeing me. The old man hobbled across the room on his cane, and said:

"Mr. Wallace, I owe you a very great apology. I wronged you once. I have asked God to forgive me, and now I ask you to."

I answered: "Mr. ———, I have forgiven that long ago, and had almost forgotten it."

"Well," he said, "I want you to pray with us, and come to see me every time you come to see your father."

Discipline is not much used now in any of the churches; but if it is done in the right spirit, it may be a means of upbuilding instead of destruction.

The sad event of 1864 was the death of my brother James, the first of our family to be taken away with tuberculosis, or, as we called it then, consumption. My oldest brother, Ross, had been delicate for a couple of years. He started out to get a college education, went to an academy to prepare for college, and in some way contracted tuberculosis. It was of the lingering type. He was not able to do any work on the farm beyond attending to the chores. James, on the other hand, was exceedingly active and vigorous, and, as my father was never very strong, he had taken the lead in all the farm work.

He had been hewing logs to build a barn on a farm which my

father had recently purchased, and took a severe cold, which settled on his lungs. It was regarded only as a severe cold, and I learned of it only from a letter from his pastor, telling of his death.

There were four brothers and three sisters living. All except my oldest brother were apparently in the best of health—hearty, rugged, vigorous—and the death of my brother James so suddenly was a most crushing blow to my father. He had a great ambition that one of his sons should take the old farm and maintain the family and the old name. I had gone, and Ross was evidently in a decline. He had leaned heavily on James, at this time his favorite son. The two younger boys were unable to take his place. Mrs. Wallace and I took the first train, and our unexpected coming was a great relief and a great comfort in their affliction.

One after another of the family followed, all from the same disease. My sister Martha died in 1865; my sister Elizabeth and my brother Ross in 1867; my brother Daniel in 1869, and John in 1876. My father passed away in 1873, from a different disease; my mother in March, 1876, also from consumption. Thus for thirteen years I knew that some one of my family was practically on his death-bed.

Still, in 1864, when James died, we had no thought of such a result. Consumption was then regarded as a calamity, mysterious in its origin, and incurable. We did not know then that the disease was caused by a germ; had heard nothing of the benefits from pure air; and all that the doctors could do was to wait until they saw that medicines did no good, and then send the patient to another climate. In my boyhood it was Cuba; in later years Minnesota or Wisconsin, where my brother Ross died; and still later Colorado, Arizona and California. I would undoubtedly have taken the disease had I remained in the old home. I had left before any of the family became infected, hence was not exposed with the others; altho I afterwards contracted the disease.

Temperance Activities

DURING the year 1865, an event occurred which changed my line of thinking on the subject of temperance. We were then keeping house in Rock Island. In the same block lived a man named Wetzel. He was a heavy drinker, had often been arrested and put in jail for intoxication. He had a wife far gone with consumption, and one child. Your great-grandmother had great sympathy for the family, visited the wife frequently, and, as the family was in abject poverty, did the best she could to alleviate their suffering. The woman died, and I conducted the funeral services.

Wetzel impressed me as a man of good natural ability, and seemed to be overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his wife. I took an early opportunity for having a serious talk with him, and succeeded in getting his promise that he would absolutely refrain from liquor, and would attend church, which he did for two or three weeks. One day I missed him, and learned from the papers the next day that he had been arrested for intoxication and put in jail over Sunday.

When he was released, I hunted him up and took him severely to task for breaking his promise. He was perfectly sober then, and was a man who on occasion had a rude but very effective sort of eloquence. He replied:

"But, Mr. Wallace, I want you to consider my case. Look at your home. You have a wife; you have a child. You have your books and your papers, and friends to visit you. If you want to spend the evening out, there is not a door in this city that won't open to you freely. Now look at my home—a hovel, no wife, the one child, no company for him; and there is not a door in this town that will open for old Wetzel except the door of the saloon. There is light, there is heat, there is company. Where else can I go?"

I had never had the matter put in this light before, and I said to him:

"If you must seek the saloon for company, why should you drink?"

He answered: "I am not mean enough to enjoy a man's light and heat and company without paying him something."

I then began to look at the whole subject of saloon control from a different angle, and made up my mind that there should be no further excuse in that town for men seeking the saloon for lack of company and opportunity to read. I presented the matter to a number of the leading men of Rock Island, and proposed that we organize a library. I found that a library had been in existence, but was closed, and that the books could be bought for a comparatively small sum—I believe $1,000. In order to re-establish the library, we reorganized the association, it being a voluntary association. I was elected secretary, and, for the purpose of raising money, we planned a lecture course for the following winter.

We had perhaps eight or ten lectures, some of them by the most noted lecturers of the day. I have forgotten the names of some of those who made money for us, but among those that really replenished our treasury were John G. Saxe, Bayard Taylor, Annie Dickinson, John B. Gough and Wendell Phillips. I found that the higher the price of the lecture—provided the price was based on the reputation of the lecturer—the more money we made; and that it did not pay to employ any man at any price who had not previously secured the confidence of the public. There are two or three of these lectures that I shall never forget.

Annie Dickinson, a sister-in-law of James G. Blaine, was a brilliant woman, but a spitfire. The president of the association, who presided that night, was a democrat from Kentucky, and not very much in sympathy with Annie's ideas. The hall was over a livery stable. During her address there was some disturbance below, which Annie supposed was a protest from some of her audience. She stopped and said:

"I suppose that is a rebel hiss!"

The president took great delight in saying:

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Dickinson; it's only a horse *kicking* in the stable below."

I shall never forget the privilege of listening to Wendell Phillips. I have never heard any other lecture equal to that. The hall was crowded. He spoke in a conversational tone, made but one gesture, and that a slight motion of the forefinger of his right hand—and held his audience breathless from beginning to end.

John B. Gough's lecture was not so much oratory as action. I had heard him once before, in Monmouth. I told my family physician, who had never heard him, that he would have him shedding tears in less than five minutes. He wanted to bet me, and I accepted the bet (not seriously, of course), saying:

"I shall preside that evening, and I want you to sit in a front seat, where I can see you."

Gough commenced with one of his funny stories, which I will not try to tell, for I could not do it justice, and had the whole audience convulsed with laughter. He followed with a story of extreme pathos; and I had the satisfaction of seeing the big tears roll down the doctor's cheeks, and seeing him resort to his handkerchief.

After these lectures, I took up the matter of the proper handling of the saloons—in a sermon and perhaps one or two addresses. I maintained that the only way of ever getting rid of the saloon was to provide in its place something better; that it was really the poor man's club, the only place where he could go. I proposed a warm, well-lighted room, with magazines and daily papers, and games—checkers, dominoes, chess, billiards—and that this room must be patronized by the church people.

I was so thoroly in earnest in this matter that I rented the Odd Fellows' hall in Davenport, and repeated the address. Rock Island and Davenport were at that time filled with saloons, and there was apparently no control or regulation. A funny incident occurred in that Davenport meeting. A man who had been a member of my church, but had left it because a relative of his had been suspended for not attending church, was there. He was an Irishman, with the hot-headedness and impulsiveness of the Irish race north and south. In the course of the lecture, he arose and denounced me. A policeman started to arrest him, and some of the young men of my church were ready to assist him in putting the man downstairs. I raised my hand and said: "Now, gentlemen, please let him alone. He is an entirely harmless creature." I mention this because this man afterward became my warm friend, and only a year or two ago I visited him on his death-bed, and conducted the services at his funeral.

My Acquaintance With Dwight L. Moody

THE war had been going on four years. I had been deeply interested in the result. I had many friends who entered the army and never returned. Your great-grandmother's father was killed at Bull Run, and she had a large number of uncles, cousins and intimate friends who had done their part, and many had fallen on the battlefields or died in the hospitals. I was anxious to see something of actual war. I therefore secured a commission as a member of the Christian Commission, a voluntary organization made up of church people the nation over. We traveled altogether on passes, which were freely furnished by the railroads. Our expenses on the way were paid by the commission. We gave six weeks of service without pay, or perhaps it had better be said at the expense of the congregations we were serving.

I took your great-grandmother with me as far as Kenton. I then went to Philadelphia, the headquarters of the commission, and was sent with about four other delegates from Philadelphia to Baltimore on a canal boat. This was the first time I had ever traveled on a canal boat. Every bunk and berth was occupied, and we had to sit around on our "hunkers" or on the floor, whichever we preferred.

I happened to come across the notorious Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, who had been taken prisoner, was paroled, and was on his return—a brilliant fellow. We talked over the war as freely as tho we had been comrades, he explaining the position of the South and I of the North. I remember he explained to me some time during the night the origin of the word "buncombe" or "buncum." An old mountaineer from North Carolina was in the legislature, and insisted on making a speech, not saying much of anything, while the house was calling "Question." He persisted for a while, stating that "he must make a speech for Buncombe," part of Buncombe county being in his district.

On the steamer from Baltimore to Fortress Monroe, I fell in with D. L. Moody. I had been associated with him in county Sabbath school work in Illinois in 1862 and 1863. I was not in very

close sympathy with his methods, however. He was a man of wonderful magnetism. He could awaken the emotions as few men could; and when he called for those who loved God to arise, the whole audience would get up. These were reported to the press as conversions. His work had aroused grèat enthusiasm; and I mortally offended one of my friends once by saying that I regarded it as not much more than religious hysterics.

I have always felt that emotion that does not result in action does more harm than good, and that children need sufficient training in religious matters to enable them to make a clear confession before they are counted as converts. However, I was glad to see Mr. Moody.

After supper, he said to me: "Have you a singer in your crowd?"

I said: "I suppose so. We have four Methodist preachers, and it is pretty safe to suppose that twenty-five per cent of them can sing."

"Get just one," he replied; "and let's go down and hold a meeting."

We went down to the hold, where a few returned soldiers were sleeping. He struck one lightly in the face, and said: "Get up here, and let's have a meeting."

That fellow jumped up, hit another one, and said, with an oath: "Get up, and let's have a meeting."

Moody gave out a hymn, and asked me to lead in prayer. As there were so few there, we soon went upstairs. When once on deck, he told me a rather amusing story in his own experience, illustrating the point that a man might be very religious while under the influence of liquor.

Moody had been at City Point, then the headquarters of the Christian Commission. He was dissatisfied with the leadership, which was that of a domineering minister from New England, and had been told that if he would return to Chicago, and get back on a certain day, that he would be given the leadership. He was on his way back. He said:

"As I came up on this boat ten days ago, I thought I would go down and hold a meeting. There were a few in the cabin who were singing rather 'smutty' songs, and I told them to go down below, where I would sing them a song worth two of theirs."

Now Mr. Moody never could sing a bit; but when he got down there he gave out, "There's a Fountain Filled With Blood." Then

he said, "Sing!" A number of them commenced to sing. A drunken Irishman came up to him and said:

"Mister, what branch of the church to you belong to?"

He replied: "I don't belong to any branch; I belong to the root."

Then the fellow doubled up his fist, and cursed Moody as a Protestant. The more sober fellows took Moody upstairs and kept the Irishman downstairs.

"The next morning," said Moody, "I returned to see if I could not hold a meeting in the cabin. There was nobody there except two soldiers, who were about half drunk, and were staggering back and forth across the floor. One of them said: 'Ain't you the fellow who was tryin' to hold a meetin' last night?' 'Yes.' 'Do you know that Catholic was goin' to lick you?' 'Oh, no, he wasn't.' 'Yes, he was, but us Presbyterians and Methodists wouldn't let him.' "

Mrs. Moody was with her husband, and when we arrived at Fortress Monroe they were told by the officers of the boat that no ladies were permitted to go to the seat of war. This detained Mr. Moody a day; and the day after he got there, he found that another eastern doctor of divinity had been appointed to take charge of the work at City Point. He was, however, sent to Point of Rocks, a few miles distant, which was the headquarters of the Christian Commission for the Army of the James. I later learned of his success, of which I will make mention in the proper place.

The fact is that Moody, at this period of his experience, was exceedingly dictatorial, arbitrary and impatient with the more orthodox denominations. He got over that after a time, and his religious teaching was much more sane, because the result of a much deeper religious experience and a broader knowledge of men and how to get along with them—especially the preachers.

My Experience on the Christian Commission

SOME four or five of us, members of the Christian Commission, were stationed with the Army of the James, on what was the extreme right, within a few miles of the city of Richmond. On a clear day, we could see the church spires. I had expected to hear more or less skirmishing going on, but in three weeks I did not hear a gun, except the firing off of guns that had been brought in by deserters from the Rebel army.

The breastworks of both armies were but a short distance apart. The swapping of tobacco and provisions was constantly going on between the soldiers. Desertions from the Confederates were frequent, and desertions to the Confederates were almost as frequent. In the neighborhood of our tent there were three Connecticut regiments, made up largely of bounty-jumpers, who had deserted from their own regiments for the bounty, amounting to $500 or $600, given by the cities of some of the eastern states, and these happened to be located near the regiments from which they had deserted. The penalty for deserters was meted out to those who were caught, but this apparently did no good whatever.

I had the privilege of preaching to one of these regiments. The colonel came over one day and said:

"I have been trying Methodists and Congregationalists on these fellows, and it does no good, and I would like to have some man come over who can preach the good, old-fashioned United Presbyterian doctrine of eternal torment!"

When walking home with the chaplain, he gave me an interesting story out of his own experience. He had been a theological student in Boston, was drafted, and, being a bright fellow, was made chaplain of one of these Connecticut regiments. They were the toughest kind of a tough lot. He tried to hold prayer-meeting, but they would not attend. He finally persuaded the colonel to require them to stand for prayers at dress parade. He then tried to distribute tracts. They would follow with a New Testament, and, tearing out a leaf, would mimic his words: "Have some good reading," or "Won't you have a tract?" He said he

could not get their respect until the battle of Bermuda Hundreds. (Bermuda Hundreds is a turn in the James River just above City Point, shaped a good deal like a kershaw squash.)

Ben Butler had undertaken, by crossing Bermuda Hundreds, to get communication between Petersburg and Richmond, and telegraphed back that he had bottled up the Confederacy. Beauregard, during the night, had gotten around him and bottled up Butler instead.

It was in this fight that my friend the chaplain saw his first battle. His boys were fearful to go in. Unarmed as he was, he went with them and encouraged them, exposing himself to the firing like any other soldier. Seeing that he was brave, they began to respect him, received his tracts and listened to his prayers; but he never really got the confidence of the men until the battle of Cold Harbor.

The men had had a long march, and were almost perishing with thirst. Under fire, he went along the line, gathered up their canteens, took them to a stream and filled them, brought them back and distributed them. Ever afterwards they had the most profound respect for his preaching.

We spent three weeks near Richmond. We had a tent made of pine logs covered with duck, and held down by being fastened to a log on each side. A terrible wind-storm came up for a night or two, and it was interesting to hear those logs lifted up against the wall as the wind raised the duck. I was never in a worse wind-storm than occurred about the 21st of March.

While doing our evangelistic and other Christian work in front of Richmond, we had a cook who was a genius. He was a soldier from a Maine regiment, had at one time been cook for a camp of lumber-jacks, and what that man could not do in the way of meeting temporary needs at the moment, no one was able to find out. He could make the most delicious biscuits that I ever ate except during my year in Kentucky. He was amazingly fertile in devising expedients to meet pressing wants. When we were fitting up the tent, I said to the cook:

"What are we going to do for tumblers and candlesticks?"

He said nothing, but simply went outside, picked up half a dozen whisky or wine bottles that had been thrown away by the officers. He put two straps around each one of them, near the center, but far enough apart to allow him to work a piece of hemp string or cord. He then put a piece of cord around the bottle between the two straps, worked it so as to heat up the glass at that

particular point, and then threw the bottle into a bucket of cold water. It broke as cleanly as tho it had been cut. The lower part made an excellent tumbler, and the upper part an excellent candlestick, broad enough at the base so that it would not tumble over easily, and the neck was big enough to hold a candle. This is but one of the many ingenious devices he used to make us almost as comfortable as tho we were in our own homes.

One night, General Harris, who was an elder in the United Presbyterian Church at Harris, Virginia, and who had been a frequent visitor at our tent, came in, took me to one side, and said:

"Chaplain, we are going to move tomorrow, and there will be something doing in the next three weeks. I have three regiments —the Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth West Virginia, and no chaplains. I have made an arrangement with the commission for you to go with me and act as volunteer chaplain until the end of the war or of your term. I don't want you to give a hasty answer, because you may get a bullet."

I told him at once that I would turn over the chaplaincy of the squad which I had to the next oldest in experience, and go with him, and he said:

"Report to me at five o'clock tomorrow morning. I am provided with a horse and blankets for you. You can mess with me and sleep in my tent."

I was very glad of this opportunity. The next morning we started at daylight, probably two or three thousand strong, and marched to the Chickahominy River, perhaps fifteen miles. A detachment of the Confederates was evidently marching in parallel columns with us, as occasionally we could see their videttes standing at a distance on a high place; and once in a while a shot would be fired and a man would fall. To reach the Chickahominy we laid a pontoon bridge—which is simply some boats made of heavy ducking—across the river.

I spent the night in the tent of General Mickey, who had charge of the pontoon bridge corps, of whom you will hear later. I expected to preach a sermon the next morning, but about the time I was ready orders were issued to march. Having marched to the Chickahominy to lay a pontoon bridge to let Sheridan's cavalry pass over, we then marched back, the pontoon corps taking the pontoons with them. We did not go back to the old quarters, but went direct to the James River; and before we reached it we saw the whole Twenty-third army corps, comprising some fifteen or twenty thousand men, in motion.

I should have mentioned the fact that on Saturday, the 17th of March, there was a conference in the neighborhood of our tent, of probably more distinguished men than ever were together at any other time during the war—Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, Sheridan, Meade, Hancock, Ord—in fact, about all the leading officers of the armies of the James and the Potomac, with distinguished senators and representatives from Washington. Lincoln was probably the most awkward man that ever rode a horse.

Being Saint Patrick's Day, and a good many Catholic soldiers in the army, there was of course climbing of the greased pole and catching the soaped pig. The pig was first shaved, then soaped and let loose, and the trick was to catch and hold it.

I realized, when I saw the cavalry and infantry and artillery in full motion, that something was going to happen, and I was glad that I had an opportunity to see it. We marched all night, past Painted Rocks, across the Rappahannock, where that entered the James, on to the left of Richmond, to the east of Petersburg.

Leaping the wall near Painted Rocks at about ten o'clock at night, I called at the headquarters of the Christian Commission. I found the delegates in absolute rebellion, declaring that they would not endure Brother Moody's dictation. Few people can realize the difference between the sensational, emotional, dictatorial Moody of his early days, and the saintly, wise counselor of his later days.

We camped in front of Petersburg about three o'clock in the morning. I remember that our bed was a small brush heap, on which I spread my oilcloth blanket, using my saddle for a pillow. I slept soundly for two or three hours, except for the wicked, fiendish whiz of minie balls. There was no good feeling between Federals and Confederates in front of Petersburg.

War Experiences

THE next morning we resumed our march, passing from the extreme right to the extreme left, and thru the different army corps, whose numbers I have forgotten. On the way we passed a station of the Christian Commission, and there found my friend Reynolds, who had done the singing for Moody in our attempted meeting on the boat. I had a short talk with him, and went on about three miles farther, and camped in an open field. That night, the general said to me:

"Chaplain, I think there will be some work in the morning. I want to write a letter to my wife. I suggest that you had better write to yours, tho I don't know where we can post them."

I replied that I had passed a friend of mine who was a delegate of the Christian Commission, and that I would ride on and give the letters to him to post. It was now dark, and I missed the way. (I never could find my way, anyhow.) I knew that he was in the Ninth Army Corps. On inquiry, I got back on the right road, which happened to be a corduroy road, put spurs to my horse, and then passed thru an experience the like of which I never had before.

I remember the horse falling. I remember hearing his hoofs as he got up and started away. I followed, not knowing where I was going. I remember asking some soldiers if they had seen a horse. I became unconscious, and on waking found myself in Mr. Reynolds' tent, and he and some others bending over me, evidently in very great alarm. Then I did a strange thing. I told them where our division was located, the direction in which we went, and the distance, and asked them to send word to General Harris that I would report for duty in the morning. Then I went to sleep.

Toward morning an orderly rapped at the door, and when it was opened he inquired for me, and said:

"General Harris sends his compliments and your baggage."

Then I did another strange thing. I sat up in bed and said: "Please give my compliments to General Harris, and tell him that I will report for duty in the morning."

I then got up and started off on foot after the orderly. I

found the regiment some time about noon, and went to bed. In the afternoon, General Harris, thinking I might like to see a little skirmishing, said:

"I will find you a horse; that is, if you want to risk the bullets."

So we started out into the woods, and found the regiment throwing up breastworks, which were simply rows of logs, one on top of the other, with dirt thrown up against them. Strangely enough, the company that was throwing up the logs came from my native place, West Newton, and one of the soldiers was an old schoolmate of mine, Bob Fulmer, whom I had not seen since I left the common school.

The next day it rained. General Harris evidently saw that I was a little "off," and requested me to go back to City Point, to the hospital. I refused to go.

"Well," said he, "if you don't go, I will have you put under arrest, and send you, for you have no business here."

I went. I was treated with great kindness. I was under no restraint, but I found that wherever I went, a young theological student from Boston went with me. I took a notion to go back and see the boys up in front of Richmond, and went. Going back, we missed the boat, but got a skiff, went over to Bermuda Hundreds, crossed the neck, and caught the boat as it came around the bend. That was Saturday.

That night I proposed going to a negro chapel. I shall never forget it. The preacher was as black as coal. He was preaching on the atonement, and I marveled at the accuracy of his knowledge and his way of presenting this fundamental doctrine. After the service was over, he said:

"Now, brethren, you can't depend on my praying for you all the time. You will have to learn to pray for yourselves. Brother Brown, will you lead us in prayer?"

Brother Brown, another very black brother, made a prayer, for a verbatim report of which I would gladly pay at least five dollars. Each sentence was so unique and so peculiar that I thought I would remember it; but the next one put it out of my mind, and I carried away finally only two sentences:

"Oh, Lord, come down and ride the hoss of victory, and take the rainbow and the balm of Gilead and go around and see what sin has done in this here world," and, "Oh, Lord, you don't know what these niggers do when you ain't watchin'."

I shall never forget that night. I was commending myself to my Maker by my cot in the hospital at nine o'clock, when I heard the

first gun in the attack on Petersburg. It was followed by cannon after cannon. The gunboats on the James joined in, and during the entire night, whenever I was awake, the windows were rattling. I arose at six, got some breakfast from one of the cooks, and started off for the battlefield, taking the railroad (which was not much of a road, being laid up and down without grading), and always listening to the roar of the cannon. When I thought I was about opposite Petersburg, I left the track and started off. Singularly enough, I struck my own division, which, after swinging around to Seven Forks and Hatcher's Run, had moved up to attack Fort Gregg, on the south of Petersburg, while the New England regiments attacked it in front.

The battle was over when I got there, and I saw nothing of it, but plenty of the results. I struck one of the home regiments, and inquired for a cousin of mine, a playmate from childhood up, who had enlisted. I learned that he had been killed and buried. There was too much to do at the field hospital to look after a dead man. Every army on the advance provides for a field hospital, where the dangerously wounded may receive immediate attention before they are sent on to the hospital at the base of supplies.

I would not like to say how many men there were at that field hospital with severe wounds. I was too busy assisting the surgeons—for that is the place of the chaplain—all afternoon and until about ten at night. I can still see the pile of legs and arms that lay outside the operating tables. When those who lived had been taken in ambulances to the railroad for shipment to City Point, I went around in front of the farm house which served as a hospital, to see if any were left who required attention. There were a number of officers, apparently dead. I saw one whom I thought I recognized, and took the covering from his face. He immediately grasped me by the hand. He was a German preacher from an Illinois regiment, whom I had asked to preach in German one evening in the week at our meetings in front of Richmond. He had been struck between the toes by a ball that buried itself in his foot, and was evidently lying there pretending to be dead, lest the surgeon should take off his leg. I have never seen him since.

The Fall of Richmond

THE battle of Petersburg was over; the dead buried, and the wounded started on their weary way from the field hospital to the hospital at City Point. Monday was a clear, bright day. The sun never shone lovelier. The peach trees, of which there were a great number in that section, were in full bloom. The bands played their most soul-inspiring airs. The flags waved in the breeze. The battle and the carnage, the groans of the dying and wounded on operating tables, were in marked contrast with the singing birds and blossoming trees, waving flags and martial music.

It was to be a long chase and a weary one. General Grant was with us, and I saw him frequently during the three days following. He was a particular friend of General Harris, and much of the time they rode together, at least two or three hours of the day. General Grant rode his famous black horse; had a cigar in his mouth whether smoking or not; said but little, and that on general subjects—nothing about the fall of Richmond, which had then taken place, altho the army did not know it until the next day; nothing about the plans of the campaign. He was a silent, self-contained, reticent man. Once in a while he would stop with his aides and some of his chief officers at a house, consult with them, and then gallop on and catch up with the army.

I had a new horse in lieu of the one that was lost. Where he came from, I did not know, nor did I care. He was not nearly so good as the other one, but surer footed, which was a rather important matter. The orderly who was to supply the general and myself with our rations, did not always procure them from the wagon, and I had the first experience of my life in fasting. The third day the wagon did not keep up. We camped at night in the open, sometimes with a tent, sometimes on the ground, sometimes on a brush heap. The waterproof blanket was the mattress, the saddle a pillow, another blanket our covering. In that climate at that season of the year we could be quite comfortable with the sky for a roof.

So passed the first day and night, and the second day until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when Grant had retired with

his officers to a farm house. There was a great commotion in camp. We were on the side of a hill, and one of the soldiers came running down as tho possessed, jumping, and swearing at every jump. As he came past me, I rose up and said:

"Stop your swearing!"

He answered: "Chaplain, I beg your pardon, but Richmond is taken!"

There was some amusement on that march, when we passed thru a little town or county-seat. These were well named, for example Dinwiddie Court-House, Blacks and Whites Court-House—the town being exactly what it was named, a court-house with a boarding-house or two, a few other houses, a store and a blacksmith shop. It was a court-house instead of a town.

General Harris liked to have some fun. As we passed into these small towns, he would send back for the band to play. Then he would take off his hat, and, as the negroes came out—and they seemed to be the only population—he would say: "You are all free." It was amusing to watch the different expressions on their faces. Many were dazed—could not understand it; others would laugh hysterically; others would cry.

As we passed one of these court-houses, we saw a well along the roadside, and a very respectable-looking negro pumping water, letting the soldiers have what they wanted as they came along. Nearby, within a few feet of the well, there was a smoke-house of the old-fashioned kind. (The people in that country, and in every part of the country in those days, cured their own meat, and a smoke-house was as essential as a dwelling-house and barn.) As the darkey gave a soldier a drink, the latter said:

"Uncle, got any chickens?"

I was standing by. The old man's face took on a peculiar, embarrassed look, and he said:

"No, sah; dem Rebels done eat up all the chickens; not a chicken in town."

Unfortunately, just then a rooster crowed in the smoke-house. The soldier, with the butt-end of his musket, knocked in the door, seized the rooster, and started off, and the rest of the group followed him. It was amusing to see the old man's face as he saw the last of his feathered flock disappearing.

The country thru which we were then passing was a rather poor country, mostly pine. Much of it had been cleared off, worn out by growing tobacco or corn, and then allowed to grow up in pine forest. You could estimate by the size of the trees the length

of time since cropping had ceased, and the fields which in turn had been abandoned. Some evidently had thirty or forty years' growth, others twenty, others ten, others five; and others were sedge, with a few pines just starting.

In Pursuit of Lee

ON the third day we had marched twenty miles, and were tired. Our orderly professed to be unable to reach the wagon, which was then miles back, and we had to share the soldiers' fare—hard-tack, coffee, etc. I had never tasted such good coffee in all my life. There was no cream, of course; the coffee was black as coffee ever gets—but it went to the spot. I had begged the general for a day or two to let me have a corporal's guard and do a little foraging, but he sternly forbade it.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, when we were making the most of our coffee and hard-tack, I happened to be standing within a few feet of General Grant, when two or three cavalrymen came from a direction at right-angles to us thru the pine woods, and handed the general a message, which he read aloud.

I can not quote it from memory, but it was from Sheridan, telling Grant that he believed if he would push on the brigade as fast as possible to the high bridge over some creek, Lee could be intercepted and the whole army captured. The general at once put spurs to his horse and returned with the squad, and I did not see him again until I returned with him after Appomatox. The order was immediately given to fall in line, and forward, march; and, tired as we were, we went ten miles farther that night, to the town of Berksville.

That night I slept on a brush pile. I was awakened in the morning by rain falling on my face; and, as I had had nothing but hard-tack for about twenty-four hours, I was ravenously hungry. I was invited to breakfast by an officer who had been foraging, but declined for what you may think a foolish reason. I had rebuked a good many men for swearing, until I could hear the word passed along: "Stop your swearing; the chaplain's coming." I had taken occasion to rebuke this officer the day before, and, while he said nothing, he did not take it kindly. Therefore, altho I was very hungry, I refused to share his breakfast, which was a bountiful one.

I started out to forage for myself, and struck a negro cabin in which an old aunty was baking one of those great, big, old-fash-

ioned flapjacks, the full size of the skillet. I paid her a good half-dollar for a few of them, and they made a breakfast for General Harris and myself, as well as a couple of other officers.

At about nine-o'clock we took up our march for Farmville. The country was getting more rolling and better, and the pine was giving way to hardwood. As our orderly had not yet caught up with our rations, I finally persuaded the general to let me have a corporal's guard and do some foraging. It was all in vain. There were fine houses, tobacco barns, tobacco in plenty, but nary a chicken, cow nor pig in sight.

Finally, at what is now known as the battle of Harper's Farm, we came in touch with a part of the Rebel army, Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry. Two regiments of our division had been sent forward the night before to intercept Lee at the high bridge. The main portion of the Federals got across. The bridge was on fire. A pistol battle ensued betwixt the colonel of one regiment and the colonel of a Rebel regiment—and, strange to say, both of them were killed.

Fitzhugh Lee's division could not get across. We were on one side, Sheridan behind, the river in front. I did not see this battle. We lost a few men, probably from skirmishers. The portion of the army engaged lost pretty heavily, but Lee and his command were captured and sent to Berksville.

One of the commission, who saw this battle, told me a rather amusing story when it was over. It seems that the Confederates had gotten hold of a flock of sheep, and were in the act of killing and cooking them. Some of the sheep were alive, some were dying, some were skinned, and some were in the pots. The Confederates left them, and a darkey was gathering in the spoils. He would lay down a sheep-skin, put a blanket over it, then another sheep-skin, and roll up the bundle. One of our boys met him, and said:

"You black rascal, what are you doing?"

"Oh," says he, "massa, ain't this very like the flight of the 'Syrians?"

We were obliged to make a wide detour, crossing some branches of the river higher up, and finally reached Farmville, a little village. With my squad, I went after chickens, and, fortunately, found some. There was a woman and three or four grown-up daughters in the house. A cannon-ball had cut a limb off a locust tree, which had fallen down in front. While my boys were getting a chicken—and from subsequent experience I suspected it was the cock that Noah took into the ark—I interviewed the ladies. They

did not seem to be particularly afraid of me. I assured them that there was no danger to them. They could not understand where all this army that was passing came from. They seemed to think the North was a great city, which could pour out men by the tens of thousands.

A drizzling rain came on. There were no tents—at least I had none. There were plenty of fences, however. The best thing I could do was to take a blanket, fasten it to a fence rail, drive in a couple of stakes, and fasten the other end to them. I then went to an old straw stack, gathered up some coarse straw, and made me a bed. In the meantime, after an hour or two of cooking, we undertook to eat that rooster; but I could feel it revolving in my stomach all night. I regretted my bed, for the next morning I found that it was plentifully supplied with chiggers. They were strangers to me, altho possibly I was not altogether a stranger to them. I did the foolish thing of trying to pull them out. You may not know what a chigger is. It is a beast whose acquaintance you will not care to make. It bores in, and when you pull it out, it leaves its head in the flesh. Then you must either cut it out or let it fester. I had chigger sores for a month afterwards.

The next morning, the army resumed the chase. A number of men in my brigade had been wounded in a skirmish the day before; quite a number had been wounded in the battle of Harper's Farm, and had been taken back to Berksville. I felt it my duty to go back and help look after them instead of going on to the final surrender at Appomatox.

I acquired a distaste for liver that morning from which it took me many years to recover. Some of the negro regiments had gotten hold of some cattle and killed them. As I started back, I stood in line with whatever regiment came along, to get letters. I noticed that every now and then one of them had a liver under his arm, which he had gathered up out of the dirt.

As I walked back eighteen miles to Berksville, I met a very jubilant-looking darkey; in fact, he came out to meet me at a crossing.

"A very fine morning, massa."

I quite agreed with his opinion, for the birds were singing, the sky was bright and clear, and the trees were in full bloom. I said to him:

"What do you people think about these doings?"

He answered: "Massa, the white folks can't think for crying, and the black folks can't think for joy."

A horrible condition met us at Berksville. I don't know how many men were there for treatment who had capital wounds, but I have heard it estimated at three thousand. I fell in with a squad of Christian Commission men, and we put in our time ministering to the wants of the wounded.

The main buildings available were two long railroad sheds. There was the poorest kind of facilities for the dressing of wounds, largely wash basins, lint and the usual supplies. I think I put in the three most tiring and uncomfortable days that I ever spent in my life. The first morning after I arrived, I took a walk to get away from the horrid scene. It is no pleasant thing to have a wounded man say to you: "Chaplain, won't you take this dead man away?" It is no pleasant thing to see capital wounds treated without any of the proper facilities. I don't dare try to describe that experience.

As I was walking, I met a white woman, evidently a well-bred lady, with the southern accent and southern grace, coming in a rickety, one-horse wagon with a negro driver. She accosted me and asked me if I knew where the Forty-fourth Georgia battalion was. It belonged to Lee's regiment, was captured, and had been sent on to Richmond the day before, as I afterwards learned. I told her the best I could do was to send her to the surgeon-general, who could probably give her the information. I watched that woman in that hospital for two days. They told me she never slept. Her husband was out of her reach, but she turned in, and, with the most wonderful courage and endurance and devotion, ministered to the wants of Federal and Confederate alike. I knew the southern people fairly well, but I think I never saw any woman with more courage, devotion and endurance, or of a better spirit.

On the Wednesday following, Grant returned from Appomatox, having received the surrender of General Lee, and boarded the train at Berksville for City Point. The train was made up almost altogether of freight cars, into which the wounded who were fit to be so moved were made as comfortable as possible. I boarded the train with them, and, after the worst night's travel I have ever endured, we landed at Richmond. Sometimes in the night I hardly knew whether the train was on the track or off it.

It was a great relief, on our arrival in the early morning at daylight, to go down to the James River and wash off the "sacred soil," of which I had accumulated considerable in the last week; to

count the number of chigger sores, and then get aboard a steamer for Fortress Monroe and home.

On getting off the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne train at Alliance, where we stopped for breakfast, the first man I saw was General Mickey, who had laid the pontoon bridge across the Chickahominy to allow Sheridan to cross; but he did not cross on this bridge—for that move was but a feint—but on another bridge farther inside our lines. The first words that General Mickey uttered were:

"Lincoln was shot last night at the theater in Washington."

I said: "How do you know that?"

"I learned it from a telegram as we passed thru Pittsburgh," he replied.

Our feelings can not be imagined. We could not believe it true; but on arriving at Cresline, the Cleveland papers gave us the sad story.

A rather amusing thing occurred that day. Your great-grandmother had not heard from me for three weeks. The last she did hear was a letter from Mr. Reynolds, enclosing one from me to her, stating that I had fallen from my horse, and that he was afraid I was out of my head. Of course she was almost distracted, waiting every day for a letter. When that morning she saw in the papers that Lincoln had been killed, she ran down to my brother-in-law's store, crying, and saying that the Rebels had killed Lincoln, that they were going to kill all the great men, and Mr. Wallace would be the next one. My brother-in-law said: "I guess not; I have just had a telegram from him that he will be here in an hour." As long as she lived, she never heard the last of "killing all the great men."

Home Again—Church Activities

OUR first great family sorrow was the death of little Mary, our first-born. She was born in Kenton, Ohio, where your great-grandmother had remained for a few weeks after my return from the trip with the Christian Commission. After her birth, I returned to Rock Island, and was greatly shocked by a telegram telling of her serious illness. I reached her mother a few hours before the death of the little one. This was a grievous blow to your great-grandmother. She was a most affectionate and devoted mother.

Partly to distract her mind from her sorrow, and partly because we did not find boarding a satisfactory life, we rented a small house in Rock Island, on the river bank, and went to housekeeping, as I have stated before. She was comforted by the birth of our oldest boy, Henry Cantwell, the next year.

During this year I found my relations with my brethren in the Presbytery very interesting, if not always exactly peaceful. The great majority of the members of the Presbytery belonged to the Seceder branch of the church, and they clung with great tenacity to certain regulations, which seemed to me to stand in the way of aggressive work in preaching the gospel. There were frequent differences of opinion, but nothing to mar the joy of Christian fellowship.

The custom of distributing tokens on Saturday preceding the communion was common in all the churches. I recognized the moral value of distributing the books when communions were rare, never oftener than twice during the year, and when the service covered a period of four days. Under those circumstances the ceremony often constituted a session, expounding the terms of communion and having each member come forward and receive a token. It seemed to add solemnity to the service then; but under modern conditions, when the communion was observed every three months, and the service cut down from four days to two, I could not see the advantage of retaining this ancient symbol, the origin of which no one knew. It probably came down to us from our persecuted fore-

fathers in Scotland, a sort of free-masonry sign by which they could recognize each other as members of the church, even tho personally unknown to each other. I submitted the matter to my session, and they agreed to dispense with the tokens. They were retained in almost all the other congregations, however, and I was regarded as a rather rash and hasty young minister.

There was a wider difference of opinion on what are known as terms of communion. It had been the custom from time immemorial to require persons, on uniting with the church, to subscribe to an elaborate system of doctrines—the Confession of Faith formulated by the Westminster Assembly three hundred years before, and a marvelous document. I doubt if there are one hundred and twenty-one men in the Presbyterian Church in the world, in all of its branches today, who could in nine years frame such an armory for the defense of the fundamental principles of Christianity.

In addition to this, there was the Catechism, larger and shorter, the form of church service, and directory for worship. All baptized youths were expected to commit the shorter Catechism; the larger, not one in a dozen; nor did they ever make a study of the Confession of Faith. It seemed to me foolish to ask persons to solemnly assert their belief in this system of theology, even when modified by the expression, "so far as you understand it." It seemed to me ridiculous to put in that expression when I knew they did not understand it, and had not even read it. In fact, I had not read it myself for many years; and to ask men who had come into the church from the world as to whether they accepted it or not seemed absurd. I therefore substituted one of my own, simply requiring assent to the inspiration of the Scriptures, the Word of God, as the only rule of faith and practice, belief in the divinity of Christ, an expression of faith in Him as the Savior, a determination to follow His teachings, and, so long as a person remained a member of the congregation, to seek its peace and prosperity. I did not believe I had any right to ask more than that.

Some of my brethren entirely disagreed with me on this point. The discussion on the subject was as wide as the church. Some of the younger ministers, who held substantially the same views as mine, left our church and went into other denominations, where they had more freedom. I was occasionally invited by the more rigid brethren to leave the church and go where I belonged. My reply was that I was born in the church, expected to stay there, expected to exercise the liberty we had in the gospel, and demanded

accord to the terms of union with the churches: "Forbearance in love while standing for the truth of God."

Another source of division of opinion was the introduction of the new version of the Psalms. At that time we had the general assembly's version, of the same date as the Confession of Faith, but ordinarily known as the Rouse version. The meters were nearly all long or short. There were no choruses. The language had a sort of gnarled vigor, which appealed to thinking men, but a good many words were antiquated, and some obsolete. For example, in the Psalm where the intention is to say: With the froward thou showest thyself froward, it read:

"Froward thou kythest
Unto the froward wight."

A number of the Psalms were hardly "singable," and an attempt to sing them often made the singing ridiculous. It was about this time that the new version was prepared and overtured to the different presbyteries to pass on it. The overture is exactly what in modern politics we call the referendum; that is, the assembly proposed it, but it could not be adopted until it was sanctioned by the vote of the presbyteries.

This voting was a serious business, but sometimes laughable; for some of the brethren who did not know much more about Hebrew than I did—and I did not pretend to know anything—insisted on examining each verse to know whether it compared with the original. After they got thru, I invariably voted in favor of the adoption; and the new version of the Psalms was finally adopted.

But to adopt was one thing, and to introduce this version into some of these churches was another. I did not undertake for a long time to introduce it into the church; for I knew that some of the old people were so wedded to the words and tunes that had come down from Scotland, that their worship would be seriously marred by any innovation. Therefore, I introduced them into the Sabbath school, and only one each week, believing that we would have to bring up a generation to whom the new version would be as sacred as the old version was to their parents and grandparents.

Another difficulty was about instrumental music. Our covenanting forefathers, while believing that the Psalms were the only

proper songs to be used in the worship of God, rejected all instrumental music, even tho mentioned in the Psalms themselves. They had such a bitter fight with the Catholics that they proposed to reject anything that the Catholics favored—for example, the observance of Christmas and Easter Sunday, and instrumental music —which played such a large part in the Episcopalian and Catholic services.

I took the position that while there was no direct authority in the Scriptures for using instrumental music, David seemed to have done it without authority, and evidently because he thought it would do good. And I claimed the same right to do so, if good would result. While thus vindicating the right of the pastor of a congregation to introduce an organ into his church if he thought best, I refused to sustain the young people in their efforts to introduce the organ, on the ground that the disturbance it would create in the church would do more harm than the organ music could possibly do good. Hence I never had an organ in any church of which I was pastor.

Another difference of opinion was on the subject of dancing. A number of the young people in Davenport contracted what I called the "foot-itch." They got into the habit of attending dances. I announced that I would preach on the subject. I took the position that whether dancing was sinful or helpful or merely innocent, depends on circumstances and conditions—that there was nothing in the Scriptures nor in any of the standards of the church that denounced it as a sin *per se*. I told the young people that if, after they had entered their closets and sought Divine direction, they honestly felt that they could dance to the glory of God, to dance. The result was all that could be expected. There was no more dancing in the congregation.

Another difference of opinion grew out of the doctrine concerning the eldership. I found that in a good many congregations it was then the custom to elect an elder for life. I observed in the meetings of the Presbytery in other congregations that the work of the church was seriously hindered by elders who had outlived their usefulness. I proposed to one of my congregations that all the elders resign, and form a new session by electing the elders for a term of years, thus leaving it to the congregation to re-elect those who had proved efficient, and to simply drop those whose services were not satisfactory. There was no authority for this;

I simply did it. It worked well, and is now becoming a practice in a good many congregations—and should be in all.

Still another dispute occurred; and that was whether it was lawful to marry a deceased wife's sister. I did not have occasion to contract such a marriage, nor did any such cases occur in my congregation nor in the Presbytery; but they did occur in another part of the denomination, and the question came up as cause for discipline, whether a man who had married a deceased wife's sister should be allowed to remain in the membership or ministry of the church.

I took the position that while undoubtedly it was a sin to marry a former wife's sister in the lifetime of the first wife, the death of the wife severed the relation of the widower to his wife's family, and that there was no good reason for forbidding a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife, particularly if he felt that she would be more likely to take good care of the children. The decision of the general assembly showed that while they were not willing to enforce what was unquestionably a law of the church, they were not willing to repeal it. Hence it remains to this day, as it did for many years in the Presbyterian Church, a dead letter.

On still another question there was a good deal of difference of opinion betwixt my brethren and myself; and that was on the scriptural authority for the tithe. My prejudices were all in favor of this system. I found, however, when we published our annual report, that the congregations containing a good many men who believed in the tithe and professed to practice it, tho they were a good deal wealthier in this world's goods than my congregation, gave only about three-fifths as much money for the support of the gospel at home and abroad as my own. Then I began to investigate, and found that there were a good many ways of figuring the tithe. I finally came to the conclusion, which I still hold, that the instructions of the Apostle Paul, who was no bad hand at raising money—namely, to give conscientiously as the Lord hath prospered us—is a very practical way of determining how much one should give for religious purposes.

There was still another matter that involved very considerable controversy, and that was the method which sessions should adopt in dealing with members who belonged to secret societies. The rules of the church unquestionably were against admitting to membership anyone belonging to a secret or oath-bound society. Some of my members belonged to these societies. I took the position that, while not a member of any such society myself, and believing

that the influence of these societies on the whole is evil, nevertheless, so long as membership in them did not interfere with their Christian work and life, I was not willing to exclude members of such secret societies or to refuse them admittance to the church so long as they would discharge faithfully their duties and study the things that make for peace.

I am glad to say that none of these various differences and controversies ever marred the friendly relation that existed between my brethren and myself. Nearly all of the views that I then held—and I am quite sure I held some of them offensively—have been adopted by practically the whole denomination. I believed the gospel should, as far as possible, be preached to every creature; that we had no right to demand as terms of admission anything more than the essentials; that we had no right to exclude anyone for associations or affiliations that did not interfere with Christian living; and that we should make the services of the sanctuary as acceptable as possible to the audience, provided it did not involve any unfaithfulness to the teachings of the Master. On these points I have not changed my opinion.

Later Years in Davenport and Rock Island

THE later years of my ministry in Rock Island and Davenport were not without severe personal affliction. My brother James, as before stated, died in 1864. My oldest sister, Elizabeth, only a year and a half younger than me, who was naturally my chum, and was sometimes put in charge of her "glaiked" older brother, died in 1865. Martha, my next sister, died shortly afterwards. My oldest brother, Ross, was in poor health for many years, and died in 1868. Thus there were four deaths in the family in a little over four years.

Our family was growing, and it became something of a question as to how, with the inflated currency, I was to provide for them on the salary that the congregation could afford to pay. I undertook to piece it out.

One evening, when talking with Mr. John Thompson, whose wife was a member of my church, he told me that if I could get the use of $1,000, he could put me in the way of doubling it in the course of a year or two. That looked good to me. I accordingly went home, and the first evening my father asked me if I thought I could use $1,000 to advantage. I told him I thought I could.

"Well," he said, "I have $1,000 I can lend to you at six per cent, but I would like to know first what use you would make of it."

I replied that I would put it in land. He said he would not do that, but would put it in bonds, which drew six per cent, and were safe. I told him I thought I could do better than that with it, and he sent it to me.

Mr. Thompson could not find me an eighty that I could buy and improve myself, so I took in a partner, and together we bought a quarter at $11 an acre, located in Cleona township, Scott county, Iowa, about two miles north of what was then the town of Fulton. We bought it cheap because about seventy acres of it was a bare slough needing drainage. We spent $11 an acre in improvements, rented the improved land the next year for $2 an acre in cash and one-third of the crop; had the slough mowed on the shares, and realized $12 an acre net rent for the cultivated land.

This may seem large rent to you, but the ground was already broken.

The population was entirely German, few of whom could speak English. It was deemed safe by Mr. Thompson to rent the whole farm for anything but cash, and, by putting up a granary, keeping the key, and being present when the threshing was done, and giving the key to the man who hauled in the grain, there was no danger of its getting away from us.

I remember getting $120 for one load of grain. I remember also being offered $1.97 for barley, but declined it on the ground that it was too hard to figure at that price, but that if the customer would make it even two dollars he might have it. He refused, and I sold it afterwards at $1.60. I comforted myself with remembering that my father, a few years before, when visiting me, told me that he was holding his wool for a dollar. I advised him to sell it, which he was afterwards glad to do at fifty cents. So I was not the only unwise farmer.

These prices I received for grain gave me a taste for making easy money, and I followed this for two or three years. When the income tax was collected in 1870, I remember that I had to pay more income tax than my father. For example, I bought 320 acres at a sale closing out an estate in Rock Island, near what is now the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy station at Villisca, for $2.20 an acre. I had $10 with me at the sale, and paid this down. I borrowed the rest of it on sixty days' time, from my friend, Cornelius Lynde, and three days before the note was due, I sold the land for $12.50 an acre. The last I heard of it, it had been sold for $100 an acre, and is now no doubt worth considerably more. Before I gave the deed, I was offered an advance of $1,000, but I felt that my word was worth more than that. I was a little chagrined, however, and invested the first payment in a half-section of land in Adair county, at $2.50 per acre, did some breaking on it, and sold it the next year for $10 an acre. I had never seen it, and have not seen it since.

I found, however, that the business of making money to piece out the pastor's salary had the effect of taking my mind off the things to which it was my business to give my entire attention. This, among other reasons, decided me, about 1871, to resign or demit my pastoral charge. I very much disliked to do this, because my father and mother had moved to Davenport in 1869, where my brother Daniel died the next year, after a year spent in

Ireland in the hope of improving his health. A vain hope it proved to be.

Two other reasons impelled me to the action mentioned. I made up my mind that it was impossible to do justice to either field united in one pastorate. Figuratively speaking, I had one foot in Illinois and the other in Iowa. Both congregations were anxious to have me live near them; and, in the nature of things, it was impossible to please both in this. I knew that if I gave up the charge the Presbytery would be obliged to put a man in each field to work it properly. I knew that if I remained, they would not do it, as both congregations appeared to be satisfied.

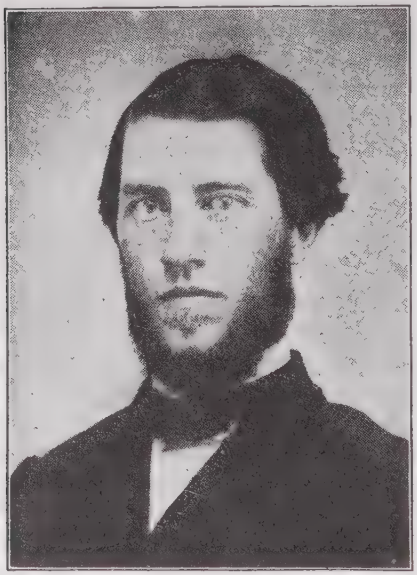
The other reason was that my health had begun to fail. In the winter of 1870-1871 I was attacked with a severe bowel trouble, the nature of which I do not think I fully understood. I would suffer the most excruciating pain after any severe exertion, generally on Sabbath night, after preaching two sermons. My limbs would become cold, and it seemed impossible to get them warm.

A call was presented to me from the congregation at Morning Sun, Iowa, which I accepted on the advice of my father. He believed that if I would go into the country, buy a small farm, look after it, and keep out-of-doors as much as possible, my health would be restored. It was rather trying on your great-grandmother, however, to take her away from her mother and brother, who in the meantime had moved to Davenport, and for me to go away from my own folks, as my father and mother now leaned heavily on me in their afflictions.

I regard my ministry in Rock Island and Davenport as being as successful as could be expected under the circumstances. I was attached to the people, and have never forgotten them. They seemed to be equally attached to me, and were particularly fond of your great-grandmother, who, in all situations, proved to be an excellent pastor's wife, or, rather, the excellent wife of a pastor. All her life she regretted that I could not continue in the ministry.

Life at Morning Sun

MORNING SUN was a village some twenty miles removed from Burlington, Iowa, on what was then a new line of railroad, but which has since become a part of the Rock Island system. The congregation was of good size, mostly farmers who had moved from Morning Sun, Ohio, and brought the name with them.

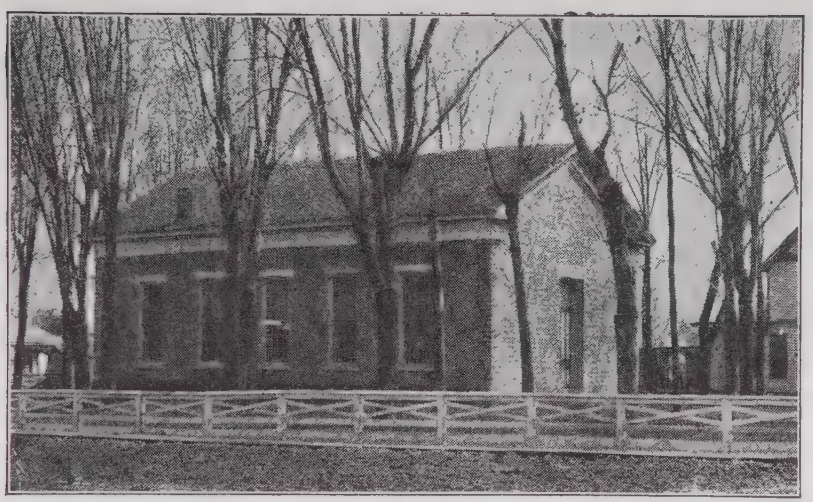


Rev. Henry Wallace, When a Pastor at Morning Sun, Iowa.

Until shortly before I went there, there had been no railroad, and, of course, no paper, daily or weekly. We were largely dependent upon local gossip for the news. This local gossip, however, was a most excellent police force, as nobody could do anything particularly unconventional or wrong according to local standards, without everybody hearing about it.

There were quite a number of old family feuds, originating back in Ohio. These good people seemed to think it their religious duty to "visit the sins (real or fancied) of the fathers upon the children," at least to the second generation. They all went to church, however, and I never lacked a congregation.

The building was of stone, in a form of studied ugliness, square, with a door in front and one in the rear, at one side of the pulpit, thru which one of my predecessors was said to have escaped after preaching a farewell sermon, leaving with his family the next morning. The building was well lighted, but poorly ventilated, and had very poor acoustic qualities. The task of speaking in it



The Old United Presbyterian Church at Morning Sun, Iowa, When Henry Wallace Was Pastor.

was a rather trying one to a man whose lungs, as were mine at that time, were not of the best.

The session was rather large, but did not understand the knack of managing the congregation. So I found myself under the necessity of speedily making some salve for sore heads, and doing some anointing. As an example of my tribulations, I might mention that at a congregational meeting a motion was made to appoint a committee to audit the treasurer's books. He took this as an impeachment of his honesty, and ceased attending church. Finally a child was born to them, and he wanted it baptized, which the congregation would not permit unless he attended church.

When the matter was put before me, I told the session that both parties had made a mistake; that what the treasurer should have done was to demand an auditing committee that should certify that his accounts were correct; and that what the session should have done was to notify him that if he did not have the child baptized, they would deal with the parents for neglect of ordinances. The session settled this by persuading him to take the lead in establishing a new church eight or ten miles distant.

I had another case that was peculiar. There was a member of the congregation who had a habit of drawing in his breath while I was preaching, and emitting it slowly, a habit of which he was

The Present United Presbyterian Church at Morning Sun, Iowa.

entirely unconscious. The boys got to calling him "Hoo, Poo!" The leading boys were members of the families of the pastor and the session, and a lively set they were. When he heard what they called him, he was offended, which of course made them worse.

He lived in the edge of the timber, and his farm was partly prairie. Those degenerate sons of the pastor and the session would go out into a corn field at night with cow-bells, and have him chasing thru the corn to find the offender. When they heard him coming, one would stand still while the rest tinkled a bell in another part of the corn field. They did the same thing on the timber side. Finally one of them dropped his hat in the corn field, and, as it had the church paper in it, the offenders were located.

Naturally, the man quit coming to church. The session summoned him, under the old rule that allowed summons for non-attendance, and he refused to attend. They laid the matter before me, confessed that they had blundered, and asked me if I would not try to get him back to church.

I studied over the matter, borrowed a horse one day, went out past his farm, where I saw two men plashing a hedge, that is, cutting a hedge of two or three years' growth, half-way down, and bending it across, not to kill the plants, but to compel sprouts to grow up thickly and fill up any vacant spaces there might be. I asked them where Mr. ——— lived. They told me, and I went to

his house. His wife told me he was plashing a hedge out in the road, and asked if I did not see him.

Accordingly I went back, and became suddenly very greatly interested in the subject of plashing hedges. I told them I had control of a farm belonging to my father, that had just such a hedge on it, and that I did not know how to fix it. After getting a lot of valuable information, I asked him to whom I was indebted for it. He told me who he was, and I said:

"Why, bless me! You are a member of my church."

"Well," he said, "I was; but I declared I never would enter that church door again, altho I have been there a time or two since you began preaching there."

I then tried to use the old argument that "boys will be boys," even if they are sons of the preacher or the elders, and that he could well afford to overlook it. The more I talked, the more excited he became. Finally I threw my leg over the horn of the saddle, looked him squarely in the eye, and said:

"I am thoroly ashamed of you."

"I would like to know why," he said.

"Well," I answered, "when you became a member of the church you made a fair-and-square bargain, as follows: 'If they have persecuted me, they will persecute you.' Now you are getting what you bargained for, and you are whimpering about it like a baby. I am ashamed of you."

He thought about it for a minute and said: "Well, now, there may be something in that."

I said: "There's a great deal."

I inquired where one of my elders lived, which I may say I knew very well without inquiry, and passed on. He and his wife returned to church, and one or two members of his family joined the church at the next communion season.

I mention these things to illustrate the application of the salve with or without pepper.

I had some funny experiences during that pastorate. I had married a widower from Illinois to a maiden lady in the congregation. Some three months afterward I met the man as I was going to the train. His face was white, and his lip quivered.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Kate and I are out, and I want to know whether, if I leave her, she will be entitled to her dower rights in my three Illinois farms when I die."

"Most certainly she will," I said.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "When I came here, I expected to go to breeding fine hogs on land owned by her and her sister, in order to have employment. The land needed some improvement, and I asked them to allow me to pay for what improvements I would make. This they refused to do. Then I asked them both to go to Illinois and live on one of my farms, offering to keep them both, and to pay the expenses of her sister (who is a Covenanter) back and forth to every communion season. This they declined to do."

"The Covenanter pastor is a friend of mine," I said, "and I will see him and see if we can not bring enough influence to bear so that you can keep your cake and eat it, too."

All attempts failed, however. He finally took sick, and sent for me to visit him. As I entered the door, I saw the local 'squire engaged in writing, and, from a sentence or two that I caught, I knew he was making a will. So I excused myself and passed on to the kitchen, where the good woman was making apple pies. As apple pie has always been a favorite dish of mine, my mouth watered as I thought of what would come out of the oven when the pies were baked.

I told the woman I thought her husband was in a rather serious condition, that I saw he was making his will, and that men were pretty apt to die after they made their wills. I suggested that if she would go over to Illinois and live with him there, I thought it would do him more good than the doctor, and that death might be put off for a long time. I shall never forget how she raised her rolling-pin and said:

"When I married him, we made a fair-and-square bargain that we were to live on this forty, and I am going to hold him to his bargain! He die? He has no notion of dying!"

Finally, however, he did persuade her to go over to Illinois and live with him there.

I had one or two other rather interesting experiences in my pastorate of six years. A farmer living in the neighborhood was married to a woman who was rather hysterical, and, I suspect, hard to get along with; tho I suspect any woman would have had trouble in getting along with this man. Every now and then I had to go out and patch up a quarrel between them.

She was the only woman I ever knew who seemed to have control of her pulse. On one occasion I took with me my leading

elder, who was a big, fleshy, jolly fellow, with an infinite sense of humor. I examined the woman's pulse, and found it was beating about 135 times per minute. All at once she raised up and said:

"Do you mean to insult me?"

My elder laughed till his fat sides shook. We found that the trouble was that her husband had reached across in front of her at breakfast that morning to get the coffee pot, in order not to cause her the trouble of handing it to him. She took the coffee pot and went into the kitchen. He followed her. Then she marched thru the dining-room into the parlor, threw the coffee grounds onto the floor, went out into the front yard, and yelled: "Murder!" He followed and yelled "Murder!" too. We finally got her quieted down.

Subsequently, however, after another altercation, the family physician picked her up on the road, took her to her sister's in town, came and told me that I had better go to see her, as she seemed pretty sick. I did so, found her pulse going at about the same old gait, was alarmed, prayed with her, and told her I would be back to see her the next day. When I returned the next day, she was in bed, the pulse abnormal, as usual, and I became very greatly alarmed. After praying with her again, I went out to her sister in the other room, and told her that I was seriously alarmed over her sister's condition.

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed," she said. "She was sitting here laughing and talking until she heard your step on the sidewalk, when she said: 'La, me! Mr. Wallace is coming, and I must get to bed.' "

I had a number of similar experiences, and life was not dull in Morning Sun. My congregations increased; I became known far and wide, and was sent for to marry and to bury people quite outside the church.

A young minister called on me once, and I invited him to go with me and learn how to marry a couple. We drove out a full ten miles to the house of the people, who were perfect strangers to me. There was nothing about the house that indicated a wedding; but I knocked at the door. The bride-to-be poked her head out of the window, her hair done up in curl papers, and when I asked her if there was not to be a wedding there, she said:

"La, me! not today. Tomorrow is the wedding day."

Pastoral Visitation

WHILE life was not dull at Morning Sun, I applied myself seriously to the work. I revived the most excellent custom, in vogue in my boyhood, of pastoral visitation, not to pass away the time, but to ascertain the spiritual condition of the membership. I divided the congregation into elder's districts, and once a year, in company with an elder, I visited each family, announcing from the pulpit the Sabbath before what families would be visited that week, and where we would stop for dinner, without asking whether it would be convenient or not. We were satisfied with pot-luck, knowing that there would always be something in the pot.

I kept a memorandum book, took down the names and ages of the children, asked them the questions of the Shorter Catechism, and kept a record of the progress each one had made. Then I inquired of the parents privately whether family worship was observed or not, whether they were in the habit of secret prayer. For these entries in my memorandum book I invented a system of shorthand of my own, which no one else could read, and which I could not now read myself.

Occasionally I had an amusing experience, even in this solemn business. There was one family with a large number of children, and the parents were unable to get all of them into one room—not for lack of space, but because of the bashfulness of one boy. I managed to get him as far as the kitchen, and could see his face in the doorway, but that was all. As soon as I was thru, I went out to make the acquaintance of this young chap, when he took to his heels and ran out into the orchard. I met him a few years ago, in Minnesota, when we had a great laugh over this infantile experience of his.

I think this family visitation was about the most effective work that I ever did in the ministry. I once visited a member who had ceased to come to church, altho his family still attended. He was a man who evidently required a great deal of grace to do him much good, but on the whole was an excellent citizen.

I took dinner at his house purposely that day, and when I was

about to leave I asked him if he would not help me hitch up my horse, doing this so that I might get an opportunity to talk with him absolutely alone. He had a couple of daughters with whom I had talked privately, and I was satisfied that they were ready and willing to make a profession of religion. While the man was watering my horse, I said to him:

"I have talked with your daughters. I think they are ready to unite with the church. There is one very serious obstacle in the way, however, and that is your example in not attending church."

"I am not in their way," said he. "I have no objection."

"Yes, you are in their way," I answered. "Your example means to them that you have tried the church and found there is nothing in it. I put it up to you whether you are willing to occupy a position that can be thus interpreted."

Nothing more was said, but his daughters joined the church, and he was an attendant and a good friend ever afterwards.

The country around Morning Sun is a rich country. There was one lane of two or three miles on which no church member lived. The ungodly called it "Devil's Lane." I announced preaching in their schoolhouse on Sabbath afternoons, made friendly visits frequently to each family, and invited them to come to church, which some of them did. I understood that after I left some of these young people and two or three of the older ones became members.

I talked to these people freely about their farms and farming, sat at their feet, so to speak, and learned enough farming to ask them intelligent questions. They evidently came to the conclusion that if I was so interested in their material interests, I might have something profitable to say to them concerning spiritual things. Here I got my first idea that if a man wants to preach effectively to country people, he must do it in terms of farm life.

My congregation began to complain about my not visiting them enough. They did not complain of lack of pastoral visitation; they thought they had all of that they wanted. One member, whom I had recently baptized, complained rather bitterly about my neglect of social visitation. I asked him:

"How often do you want me to visit you?"

"At least once every three months," he replied.

"You think I ought to visit each member about as often, so as to show no favoritism?" I asked. He agreed to that. I went on to say: "There are about one hundred families in this church;

there are almost as many outsiders. Don't you think I ought to gave the outsiders about as much attention as the insiders?" He said he supposed so. "That makes two hundred families to be visited," I said. "How long do you want me to stay?"

"Come before dinner and stay till after supper."

"Eat two pots of chicken?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"Let's do a little figuring. Two hundred families to be visited four times a year, and two pots of chicken each time. Four times two hundred equals eight hundred. Sixteen hundred pots of chicken in a year. Now, that's more than even a preacher's stomach can stand." I heard no more complaints on that score.

The visitation of the sick in that congregation was no small item. They were a wonderfully friendly people, and many of the families had a great many connections—uncles, aunts, cousins, nieces and nephews, and relatives by marriage. I found it was the custom to visit any relative who was sick. There was often no provision for ventilating the sick-room—in fact, it was believed by a good many people that fresh air was bad for sick persons.

I remember visiting one most excellent family, where one of the young men was down with pneumonia or some other form of lung trouble. The house was full of people; the doors and windows were closed. I saw that the young man would die unless something was done to remedy this. I accordingly took command in a most autocratic way, opened a window in the sick-room, told them all to get out but the one selected as nurse, and to stay out; that there was not enough air for one person, let alone for six or eight.

At another time I visited a member, Tom Wright, also sick with some kind of lung trouble. As I was returning home on Sabbath afternoon, I met several of his neighbors coming to see him. I said to them:

"Tom Wright is a very sick man. The best service you can do for him is to turn about, go home, and go into your closets and pray for him."

The interference of neighbors with sick people gave me a lot of trouble. I remember once calling on a girl whose illness was mainly hysterical; so her physician told me. He and I were great friends, and I often spent a day with him in his carriage, visiting his patients. On going into this girl's room one hot summer day, I found her biting her lips until I thought they would bleed.

"Quit that!" I said. She looked at me in surprise, and repeated it, and again the third time. Then I stamped my foot and said: "You must stop that! I won't permit it in my presence."

Her mother came in from the kitchen, crying, and I sent her out. I followed her and said: "If you can not go into that room without crying, you had better stay out."

Some of her friends were in the yard, and the mother asked me if I would pray for the girl. I said no, that it was not a praying case. As I went out I saw a Methodist exhorter there, and I said to him:

"I don't want any prayer-meeting held in this room after I am gone. That girl is hysterical. The more you excite her, the more dangerous it is; for the doctor tells me she has a weak heart, and it may result in angina pectoris."

I had scarcely gotten my horse in the stable, after going some five or six miles, when the hired man came on the gallop for the doctor. They had held a prayer-meeting, with just such results as I had expected. When the doctor came in, he first said:

"Who has been praying around here? Was it Wallace?"

"No," they said.

"Well," said he; "I want Wallace to do the praying in this case."

The girl, being left alone, got well naturally.

This may seem rather autocratic treatment, but I was obliged to be an autocrat. The people had confidence in me. I knew the skeleton in every closet, and it is no small matter to be the repository of the hopes and fears, the secrets and troubles of a large congregation.

Those years at Morning Sun were not without their sorrows. My brother Daniel died in the winter of 1871-1872; my father in 1873; my sister Margaret in March, 1876; and my brother John, the last of the family save myself, that same autumn.

But if the years had their sorrows, they also had their joys. My health improved the first two or three years. I lived a good deal out-of-doors. I hunted wild pigeons, wild geese and ducks in the spring, squirrels in the summer, prairie chickens in the fall, and wild ducks when they visited the corn fields, and rabbits during the winter.

Once when hunting wild turkeys—and I did not get nearer than to hear the whir of their wings—I fell in with a hunter, rather

famous in the neighborhood, who was also a very successful bee-keeper. He said to me during our turkey hunt:

"Why don't you keep bees?"

I replied: "I would, if I could get a hive that would not swarm on the Sabbath."

"I will sell you one," he said. "If you do as I tell you, they will never swarm on the Sabbath."

"All right. What will you take for it?" I asked.

"Twelve dollars," said he.

"Bring it in in the spring, and show me how."

He showed me how to divide them so that there would be no occasion to swarm. They were Italians, and very gentle. I set them out under a cherry tree in the front yard.

My son John (born in 1871) was harvesting some of the fruit. A bee buzzed around him, and he struck at it; and it was only a minute or two before he was literally covered with bees. You may not know that when a bee stings a person, the others seem to be enraged by the poison, and become furious. I happened to be not far away. I ran, picked up the boy, put him in the hall, and closed the door. and called to his mother to bring me the bottle of camphor, with which to wet his head. The mixture contained ammonia also, and I gave him some internally, causing him to vomit. I took thirty-two bee stings out of his head. If he had not been endowed with a wonderful resistance to poison, he would have died then and there.

Still I kept the bees. This kept me out-of-doors. I became a very fair amateur bee-keeper, and, on the whole, found them profitable in a financial way, and exceedingly profitable in giving me an opportunity to study bee-life and in keeping me out-of-doors.

It was a rather unusual thing in that staid old United Presbyterian congregation, surrounded by still more staid and rigid Covenanters, for a preacher to do so many unministerial things—such as hunting, fishing and bee-keeping—but my people endured it.

Mission Work—Ministerial Brethren

MY relations to the Presbytery were, on the whole, pleasant. I had been superintendent of missions in the Rock Island Presbytery, and had been quite successful. The Keokuk Presbytery, shortly after I became a member of it, asked me to superintend its missions. I agreed to do so, provided I could have a free hand. With some hesitation they consented.

We had quite a number of country congregations, which were supplied by a number of excellent preachers without charges, who lived in the towns, going out to preach a sermon in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon or evening, and then going home for the week.

It was a condition of my becoming superintendent of missions that I attend what is known as the committee of missions, a body made up of one man from each Presbytery. This met the week preceding the general assembly, passed on recommendations and applications for aid from the home mission board, and distributed the young preachers and those without charges to the various vacancies.

Heretofore, the congregations had been making their own arrangements for supplies, that is, for persons to supply the pulpits. On entering upon my duties, I announced that all persons who wished appointments should give me their names in advance of the meeting of the committee on missions; that all congregations that wished aid from the board should make their requests to the Presbytery preceding the meeting of the committee. I made it a point to visit, as soon as possible, each congregation in the Presbytery, and acquaint myself with the field. Then when their applications came in, I cut them down to the minimum. Where two congregations were receiving aid, and could be grouped together into a pastoral charge, I did so, and opposed granting aid in such cases, or at least made it as low as possible.

I studied the pastors without charges, and when the assembly met, I secured their appointment in fields where I thought their

usefulness would be greatest. If they were not willing to go, that was the end of it. I kept in close touch with the theological seminaries and studied the men. I tried to put round pins into round holes, and square pegs into square holes. I told them that they must live in the neighborhood, must not only preach but attend Sabbath school and prayer-meeting, and in every way act as pastors. I assured them that if they were fit for the places, the calls would come in due time; if not, I would get them other places, so that they would have a second opportunity.

It is needless to say that I was not very popular with the men who had been going out as supplies to these vacant congregations; but I settled up in the next two years every church that was ready for settlement, and established two new congregations. In other words, I acted just as a presiding elder of the Methodist Church; and I have never seen any reason to regret this action.

I was very successful in getting aid from the board of missions, they having cut down the applications to the limit. I simply said to the board, "It is that or nothing." I told them that there was no Jew business in the management of the affairs of the Keokuk Presbytery.

I always look back with pleasure to my associations with my younger ministerial brethren. C. D. Trumbull, who was with me in the academy and in college, and who studied in Cornell Seminary while I was in the Allegheny Seminary, settled in Morning Sun with a Covenanter congregation. His classmate, W. P. Johnston, who was my most intimate friend, became pastor of a Covenanter church in Washington, Iowa. He was at that time a bachelor, and a frequent visitor at our home. He and your great-grandmother were warm friends.

W. C. Williamson settled in Washington at the same time that I settled in Morning Sun. He had attended a different college and a different theological seminary, and I had not known him. The manner of our introduction was rather amusing. We both happened to be in Philadelphia at some meeting shortly before we settled in the Keokuk Presbytery. I did not know him, nor he me, but mutual friends told each of us that we would go on the same train west from Philadelphia.

He got on the train before I did. Some friend had told him that he had better look out, as a policeman had informed him that there were pickpockets going on that train. My friend told me that I could probably find Williamson on the train, and described

how he looked. I went thru the sleeper, but did not find anyone whom I thought was Williamson, altho there was a man sitting in a corner, whom I thought might be he. When I nodded to him, however, he did not return the salute, and simply glared at me. I went into the day coach, came back, looked him squarely in the eye, and said:

"Is your name Williamson?" He hesitated, and I said: "Now you may just as well come down off the perch. You are Williamson and I am Wallace."

Then he told me he had been warned to look out for pickpockets, and that their usual way of working was to begin by claiming an acquaintance. Our friendship has been of the closest and most intimate kind ever since. His preaching had an element that mine lacked, and perhaps mine had an element that his lacked. Hence both congregations were anxious to have one of us assist the other at communion seasons. It was then the custom at communion to have preaching on Friday, Saturday, Sabbath and Monday, and for the pastor to have an assistant. (Note—Mr. Williamson was one of those who spoke at "Uncle Henry's" funeral, in February, 1916.)

Up to the time of going to Morning Sun, I had carefully written out my sermons. As I preached the same sermon (tho not always on the same day) to both the Rock Island and the Davenport congregation, I needed to prepare but one sermon a week. After preparing the sermons with care, I committed them; but as my health began to fail in the cities by the river, I got into the habit of reading the sermons.

I found it very wearisome at Morning Sun to prepare two sermons a week in that way, and so began to extemporize in the evening service, still carefully following the textual methods which I had been taught in the seminary. I was led to make a change to the expository method by a rather peculiar circumstance.

At Monmouth I had a classmate named Ben Pinkerton. After licenture he had gone as a missionary to Egypt, and there adopted some of the peculiar doctrines of what were then known as the Plymouth Brethren. He returned, and was reported to me as having become insane. I learned that he was to attend the general assembly which met at Washington, Iowa, that year; and, as I was not a member, I went as a visitor, mainly for the purpose of determining whether or not Ben Pinkerton was really insane.

I took him to the house of a friend, and we spent one afternoon

together. I became satisfied that, while exceedingly peculiar in his manner and original in his methods, he was anything but insane. I therefore invited him to come home with me and preach one sermon for me on Sabbath.

The train broke down between Washington and Ainsworth, and we did not reach the latter place until two or three o'clock in the morning. I hired a carriage, and we arrived at Morning Sun at about eight. I had him go to bed and take a nap. That morning he preached a sermon by the expository method, on the passage:

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

I shall never forget that sermon; and I said to myself: This is a better way of preaching than I have. I asked him to preach that afternoon in the schoolhouse on "Devil's Lane," and again in the evening.

Ever since, in my preaching, I have followed in the main this expository method. Briefly, it is this: Instead of taking a theme and developing it in a logical manner, or using it as a motto on which to hang a speech of your own, take a text or passage of suitable and often varied length, study the context, put yourself as far as possible in the place of the author, and then unfold the thought, making it applicable as you go along to the conditions and circumstances of the people who hear you. This is practically the same method that I have followed for many years in the exposition of the Sabbath school lessons in Wallaces' Farmer.

I have ever since been impressed with the psychological effect of preaching by this method. If the preacher follows the trend of thought in the passage, it comes to the hearer as the word of God, to which he feels he should listen whether he wants to or not. Whereas, if the sermon is not grounded on the text, or if the text is not followed, it comes as the man's own opinion, in which case the hearer is quite likely to think, particularly if it does not fall in with his inclinations, that he knows as much about it as the preacher does, and possibly a little more. In fact, I have often felt that way myself, whether with or without reason.

Poor Pinkerton was suspected by his own brethren of heresy. He finally went back to Egypt, married a second wife, an Arabian, and died not long after. I have always felt that this prejudice against one of the most brilliant men, and absolutely the best expositor I have ever known, was a wrong to him and a great loss to the church.

Community Experiences

WHILE at Morning Sun, I endeavored to become acquainted with as many people and as many different kinds of people as possible. I avoided everything distinctively ministerial, and wore a business suit except when preaching or attending meetings of the Presbytery. I endeavored, when meeting a stranger, to ascertain his business when I could do so without impertinence, to get his line of thought; and I found few people whose occupation was widely different from my own, who could not tell me something that I did not know.

When a man used profane language, I suggested to him that either there was a God or not; that if there was not, it was foolish to talk about Him disrespectfully, and if there was, it was dangerous to offend Him.

My habit of hunting and fishing gave me an opportunity of knowing everybody in the neighborhood who had any sport in him. It also furnished me a good deal of amusement. I remember once becoming thirsty and calling at the house of one of my parishioners in my hunting suit. An old lady, who I suppose was somewhat near-sighted, came to the door and stared at me, evidently thinking me a tramp. When I told her who I was, the lightning change in her expression and greeting was very amusing. There was nothing too good for me after that. If I asked for water, she would give me milk, and had I asked for butter she would have offered me honey in a dish.

I made it a point to talk farming to the farmers. I had a little experience, because during my brother's minority I managed a couple of farms for my father. I had, besides, done a little dealing in land on my own account. I was particularly interested in finding out the cause of hog cholera, and sometimes made a fool of myself by commenting on farming operations. I remember once calling upon a large farmer, who took me thru his hog house, built at large expense, with every convenience imaginable. When I complimented him on building such a hog house, he said: "Well, I wish I hadn't built it." He had breeding pens on the same floor, all two or three feet above the ground, one pen for each par-

ticular brood sow. Then he told me where he had made his mistake. He said:

"When a stranger comes in here when the house is full, some vigilant brood sow will smell him and get uneasy for her brood. She will probably tramp on a pig. If she gets it between her feet and the floor, it is a dead pig, or a piece is taken out of it. It will squeal, and then every brood sow will be up and ready to defend her offspring. I don't use this at all now, but have my brood sows farrow in June in the clover, let them make their own nests, and then I put a temporary shelter over them."

He said the hog-growing business was a money-maker, provided one could get rid of cholera. Then I ventured a suggestion which appealed to him at once. He tried it out, but it proved to be of as little value as my commendations on his hog house. I told him that my father had a kettle that held about thirty gallons, set in brick; that he kept a small fire under it, and that everything in the shape of waste from the kitchen, including the dishwater, went into it. Into this was put cornmeal, sometimes shorts, pumpkins, partially rotted apples, and skim-milk and buttermilk. Everything from the cats to the chickens ate out of it, and what was left went to the hogs. He bought the cheese from the soap factory, which came in large cakes as big as a grindsone, chopped this up and put it in the kettle. He had no disease among his hogs. The man at once said:

"That's the best thing I have heard of for many a day. I will buy a lot of those cheeses from the soap factory; for if I can give the hog something that will grease it all the way thru, I am not afraid of it dying of the cholera." But they died all the same.

One day when coming home from hunting, I passed the house of one of my parishioners. There were a number of hogs in the wood lot, that evidently were sick with cholera. I inquired of him:

"What do you do for them?"

Taking me to one side, he said: "Now you must not tell anybody about this; but Maria—that's my wife—has a barrel of soft soap right at the corner, and when she's not looking, I give that soft soap to the hogs. That's the best cure for hog cholera that I know of." But his hogs died, all the same.

I had more trouble getting in touch with the Covenanters than with any other class of people, notwithstanding the fact that I held them in the highest regard. There were two congregations of them, one in town and one in the country, made up of the best farmers

and the best people, on the whole, in the community. They were somewhat shocked at my ways in hunting, fishing and getting acquainted with all sorts of people. They were particularly shocked when I felt compelled to oppose their pet project, that of securing an amendment to the constitution of the United States, especially recognizing the Divine Name and the authority of Jesus in things political and governmental as well as religious.

They had a number of rather eminent speakers; and as my church was the most commodious in the town, the large meetings were generally held there, and I was asked to take part in the discussions. Knowing that I had been educated partly in a Covenanter college, these good people could not for the life of them understand why I opposed a principle which seemed to them self-evident.

After the lecture, I was usually called upon by someone in the audience to address them, and of course said what I thought. I told them, for example, that an amendment to the constitution of the United States required a two-thirds vote, and this would be an impossible task; that it would disfranchise Jews, Unitarians, Free-Thinkers, and change the constitution of our government; that an amendment to the constitution is useless unless accompanied by proper legislation; and that while I believed good would come of the discussion, nevertheless I did not believe it would ever amount to anything. Furthermore, I told them that the people always got as good a government as they deserved—that the main object of the churches should be to convert sinners and build up character; and that in the proportion that this was done we would have Christian government, not merely in name but in fact.

As these good people refused to vote until the constitution was changed, it will be seen at once that our views were widely different, and for the life of them they could not understand me. Some of the survivors think to this day that I am a sort of a renegade and heretic.

These people were particularly strict in the training of the young and in the keeping of the Sabbath; so strict that I had noticed, both when in the academy at Northwood and also at Morning Sun, a revulsion on the part of a certain type of character against this strictness. It seemed to me that the young people did not have enough play in their lives; and I took occasion at a picnic to intimate as much.

There was a picnic of the two congregations in a beautiful grove one Saturday afternoon. The diversion was addresses by

three Covenanter preachers, each giving them a sermon of half an hour or more. The last one tried to "get the fodder down to the lambs" by telling a story—the old story of three little boys who sat on a fence, talking about what they would like to be. One said: "I want to be rich; then I can get everything that I want." The second one said: "I want to be great," and the third one said, "I want to be good." And the good little boy had all the praise there was going that day.

Meanwhile the tables were groaning as they can groan only when they are laid by the good women of any church. The boys' mouths were watering as they sat on the hard benches thru three sermons. Some unregenerate fellow (probably a United Presbyterian or Presbyterian), at the close of the third sermon, called for me, and my Covenanter brethren were obliged to invite me to the platform.

I told them that I had been looking at those tables till my mouth watered, and I was sure their mouths were watering too; that this was not the Sabbath; that it was a picnic, and I would not keep them five minutes from those tables; but I wanted to tell them a story of one little boy sitting on a fence. A stranger came up and said:

"Sonny, what are you doing?"

He replied: "I'm chawin' terbacker."

The stranger said: "You oughtn't to say 'chaw,' but 'chew'; and you oughtn't to do either. I'd like to know what you are chewing tobacco for."

The boy replied: "To get the juice out of it."

Then I said: "I would not advise any of you to either chaw or chew; it's a nasty, dirty habit; but if you do chew tobacco, I don't see why you shouldn't get the juice out of it. I think I can tell you how to get the juice out of today. As soon as I am thru—and I won't be five minutes—I want you to get at those good things on the tables. I see your mouths watering now. And after that is over, make those swings go; play; wrestle, but don't fight; do whatever you like in getting rid of your surplus energy. That will get the juice out of today.

"Black your boots and your father's boots tonight—and the preacher's, if he is at your house. Then tomorrow get up at the usual time; if your father doesn't get up, waken him. Put on your clean clothes, go to church, and listen to the sermon. If your father goes to sleep in church, give him a nudge. Then in the afternoon take a nap if you like; read the Bible and other good

books, and go to bed at the usual time. That will get the juice out of tomorrow.

"On Monday, get up early, do the chores, and, if you are plowing corn, or washing, or what not, do it the very best you can, and that will get the juice out of Monday. And if you keep right on in that way, you will get the juice out of life."

It is needless to say that I was very popular with the boys after that, but not so much so with the older folks.

In 1875, I unfortunately got into politics, as a candidate for the Iowa senate. The district was made up of two counties. Washington county had a republican majority of about a hundred, and Louisa county, in which I lived, of some six or seven hundred. I would have been elected easily, but at that time there was a bitter county-seat fight going on in Louisa county. A lot of land speculators had located a new town at the junction, and had built a court-house. Wapello, the old court-house town, was rather dead at the time, and was cut off from a good deal of its territory by the river, which was not always crossable. As it came the turn of Louisa county to be represented, they put me up against my will. Each side in the county-seat matter was anxious to have me champion their side.

I told them that I did not want to go to the legislature, nor into politics in any way whatever; that I would not take any part in the controversy; that I would not make any speeches. I did subsequently make a speech at Washington, which was a failure, because the state committee had sent me the usual "dope"; in other words, had told me what I should say. As I did not know anything about it, and cared less, there was no heart in it, and I made the poorest speech I ever made in my life. Finally the Columbus Junction folks sent a committee to see me, and to tell me that if I did not take one side or the other, I would be beaten. I replied:

"Then I will be beaten, for I have given my word that I will take no part in this controversy, and I won't do it. I don't care to go anyhow."

Louisa county that year polled the largest vote in its history, the extra voters coming from different parts of Iowa and from Illinois. The result was that three weeks after I was supposed to be elected, I was found to be defeated by twenty-three votes, altho I carried Washington county over any other candidate. I was sincerely glad that I was defeated, tho your great-grandmother was greatly disappointed. She had always had political ambitions for me, her father having been active in politics.

However, it was a most fortunate thing for me that I was defeated. My mother took sick shortly after the election, and was sick all winter. I had to spend a good deal of my time with her, and could not have been in Des Moines anyhow.

This was my first and last venture into politics; for I have ever since refused to run, altho urged twice to be a candidate for United States senator (the last time when election seemed absolutely certain), and once or twice for governor. I do not say that it is wrong to go into politics; but that a man should engage in politics, if at all, only from a high sense of duty, and under no obligations save to his country and his God.

My experiences at Morning Sun gave me some side-lights on human nature, and sometimes when I was not expecting it. A show came to town, and with it the usual gang of "three-card-monte" men. Three-card monte was a common game along the railroads in those days.

Some of this card gang were at this show, and among others who were betting on the cards was a preacher, an old man who had always had a dislike for me, so I really did not feel very much regret that he lost. He went at once to the station and telegraphed for the sheriff to come out and arrest the three-card-monte man. The sheriff came in on the evening train, inquired into the facts, and when the old man admitted that he had been playing and lost, the sheriff said: "If I arrest him, I'll have to arrest you, too." That ended the matter.

I remember once of almost getting into trouble with a well-known three-card-monte man named Canada Bill. I saw a gentleman sitting in the front seat, with the seat turned, when Canada Bill came in and sat down opposite him, and tried to get him into a game. This Canada Bill had a peculiar psychological power over men. He was urging this man to put up his watch on the turn of the cards. I changed my seat so as to look the man squarely in the eye, and at the critical point I gave him a signal without perceptibly moving my head. Canada Bill jumped up and said to me:

"If you don't get out of here and mind your own business, I'll put you out."

After he left, the man told me that if it had not been for my gesture, he would have put up a gold watch given him by his sister. He said: "That man had a spell over me which I could not break."

A Trip to the West

MY youngest brother, John, born in 1854, had been among the first of the students of Ames College for a year. He then went to the State University of Iowa, at Iowa City, expecting to study medicine. His health failed, and he later went to the academy at Washington, Iowa. In the winter of 1876, my mother was very ill, and died in the latter part of March. Both John and I took severe colds while waiting on her the last week of her life. He showed symptoms of consumption and had spent one summer before in Adair county, buying and improving lands in which he and I had an equal interest, and living in the open air. To all appearances, this summer's life had made a new man of him; but on contracting this cold it seemed probable that the disease (evidently consumption) would return. My own health was anything but good.

John Wallace, Youngest Brother of Henry Wallace.

The doctors whom we consulted advised a change of climate, and suggested an ocean voyage. I wrote to my uncle in Pittsburgh, who suggested that the climate of Ireland at that time of the year was likely to be very damp, and as my brother Daniel was no better for his year's sojourn in Ireland, we decided to go to California. The next week we bought our tickets. Neither of us had been as far west as the Missouri river, and the recollections of that trip are among the most vivid of my whole life.

We left Omaha on a Tuesday. That evening, in the wash-room of the sleeper, I met Donald McClellan, then proprietor of the Mission Woolen Mills, of San Francisco, employing more hands than any other manufacturing enterprise on the Pacific slope, and these hands almost altogether Chinese. The Pacific coast was then deeply agitated on the Chinese question, and it was a great pleasure to meet a man who had first-hand knowledge of the problem.

After chatting in our section during the evening, Mr. McClellan went to his own, and asked us to visit him the next day. I was greatly interested in the man, and shortly after breakfast was over I called to see him. He was deeply engaged in his prayer-book, and of course I did not interrupt him. After a while he came back and sat down with us. He said that one experience in his life had led him to carry on his devotions, no matter where he was, at a stated hour. He gave me that experience:

He had been in business in the west when a stringency of money occurred, and it was necessary for him to have a thousand dollars on a certain day or go bankrupt. He went to lunch in a very troubled state of mind, which his wife noticed, and finally she insisted on knowing what was on his mind, and he told her for the first time.

She said: "Have you presented the matter to the Lord?"

He answered, "No." (He had not been a religious man theretofore.)

She said: "Suppose we retire to our room and tell Him all about it."

As he went down the street afterward, with a mind much more at ease, he met a friend of his, who said:

"Donald, do you have any use for a thousand dollars today?"

He told him he did; and that saved him from bankruptcy. "I have had great faith in the power of prayer ever since," said he.

I was a little disappointed in the Rocky Mountains. As you know, there is a rise of about seven feet to the mile from the Missouri River to Cheyenne; and from Cheyenne to Sherman Pass, which was the highest point that the railroad as then constructed attained, the ascent was about forty feet per mile. We saw nothing particularly worth seeing until we reached the snow sheds, which we passed thru in the night, with snow several feet deep on the ground, we were told. In the morning, when we reached the

summit and started down, there was a heavy fog, half rain. We stopped at The Cape, to allow the passengers to view the scenery.

Down below—I don't know how many feet, but it was almost perpendicular—we saw a peach orchard in full bloom, and a beautiful stream that ran thru the valley like a thread of silver. I don't know why it was, but I felt for the first time the impulse to leap over and get down to the peach orchard. Your great-grandmother had the same temptation that year when standing on the brink of Niagara, and I hurried her away. Is it an instinct of human nature to try the unknown?

When we got down to Sacramento, the whole valley was a blaze of flowers, not merely in the gardens but in the fields. The farmers were cutting barley; wheat was ripening; and the contrast between this scene and the desert and snow-sheds was the greatest I had ever seen.

I was greatly interested in San Francisco, and particularly with the "feeding." We stopped at the Occidental Hotel (three dollars a day, and five meals if you wished). For breakfast we had strawberries and cream—not little dishes, but great saucerfuls, covered with the richest cream; then oatmeal and whatever else we wanted. Lunch was a dinner, and dinner was a feast.

We went thru the Chinese quarter with a policeman as a guide. We visited the Chinese temple with the same guide, who was the most thorogoing agnostic I have ever known. He had no faith at all in the teachings of Christianity, but regarded all its essential doctrines as borrowed from the Chinese. For example, he pointed to a painting, and after explaining it, said: "That's where you get your doctrine of the new birth."

I was deeply impressed with one picture, which was unmistakably Jewish—nose, beard, the whole contour of the face. I asked: "What is that?"

He answered: "That is the son of the virgin. There's your doctrine of the incarnation."

Then we came around to the "ash god," representing the ancient conceptions of Satan, to which he said the Chinaman turned when he could not get any answer to his petitions; and then quoted Virgil: "If the heavens will not hear me, I will seek hell."

I was greatly interested in the Chinese methods of intercession. One I remember: A stick shaped like a cow's horn was sawed in two lengthwise, making two equal halves. After buying the joss sticks, the suppliant took this in his hands, and after rubbing the parts together threw them upward. Whether his omen was favor-

able or unfavorable was supposed to be shown by the way these pieces fell.

I found that our guide was a "Forty-niner," and with the exception of Donald McClellan, I failed to find another "Forty-niner" who had not apostasized from Christianity, so far as their conversation gave an idea of their feelings.

We visited San Jose, and a resort at some sulphur springs up in the mountains. I shall never forget my bath in that sulphur spring. The temperature was a little above blood heat, probably 115 degrees. The attendant would not allow us to remain in more than three minutes. He got me out and put me under a shower bath; but the luxury of that sulphur bath was so tempting to me that I jumped in again. After that I lay out on the veranda, watching an eagle soaring over the mountain peaks, and trying to recollect a snatch of a poem: "My soul is far away," the scene of which I believe was in Naples. I have often wished that I could recollect that poem.

In Southern California

FROM San Jose we went down thru the San Joaquin valley to Kaliente, or Warm Springs, and from there by stage a hundred miles to Los Angeles. I shall never forget that stage ride. There was forty miles of desert in which there was but one place where we could get water. We had dinner in an adobe house. In the next thirty miles I failed to see even a grasshopper. I was therefore all the more interested in the conversation of two of our companions, both "Forty-niners," who were going thru by stage to Tucson, Arizona. They were agnostics of the most pronounced type.

In the course of our travels that day, we discussed politics, philosophy, religion, Henry Ward Beecher—for it was just after the famous Beecher trial. Every one of that class of men denounced Beecher. I finally challenged these men to produce any testimony against him upon which they would be justified in hanging a yellow dog.

About two or three o'clock in the morning, we reached Los Angeles, then a dirty, old Spanish town, with buildings just fairly begun on the ground occupied by the Los Angeles of today. I was rather disgusted with it, and went out to Riverside. On the way out, one of my fellow travelers came into the car and said:

"Stranger, my friend and I have a bet as to what business you are in; and I came in to ask you, if it is no offense."

I replied: "No offense whatever; but what is your bet?"

"Well," he said; "my partner thinks you are a life insurance agent, and I think you are a lawyer. Now what are you?"

"I am a preacher," I said; "and I wish you to remember what I told you on the stage: that he who believes and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned; and if God Almighty says He is going to damn a man, you may bet your life He is going to do it." ("Bet your life" was a very common expression on the coast in those days.) I have never seen these men since.

Riverside was then in an undeveloped section. There was a frame hotel, which, for lack of plaster, was merely a whispering

gallery. There were ten or fifteen people in the outer room after supper, and of course they began discussing Henry Ward Beecher. One young fellow summed up the philosophy of life by saying that if a man could not depend on himself, there was no one else to depend on. My blood was up, and I turned on him and said: "A wiser man than you once said: 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool'."

The stage driver who had driven us from the railroad station at Colon, some six or seven miles away (for there was no railroad then to either Riverside or San Bernardino, which was about as far from Colon on one side as Riverside was on the other), spoke up and said:

"My experience has taught me that I am perfectly safe in taking a lawyer or a doctor on my stage without paying his fare in advance; but I have found that it is never safe to take a preacher, and I would not trust him for his fare."

No one there knew that I was a preacher except my brother John, and I thought he would fall out of his chair, as he sat in one corner, enjoying the discussion. Of this stage-driver, more hereafter.

Riverside was then in its small beginnings. The first raisin grapes had been dried in the sun the year before, and their quality determined. The first oranges were just then setting on the young trees. From the quality of the oranges under similar conditions in that latitude, every one was certain that it would be a successful orange-growing country. The town had been laid out in lots. Outside of a certain area the lots were two and a half acres. A grand boulevard had been laid out; irrigation had been introduced. The people were enthusiastic, and it seemed to me that here was the best opportunity I had ever seen for making investments.

We accordingly took options on forty acres on the main boulevard, some two and a half miles from the center of the town, at forty dollars per acre, and on thirty acres on the next adjoining proposed street, at thirty dollars per acre. The town folks were exceedingly anxious for someone to build and establish a drier on the Alden system, for drying raisins. The idea was that the raisins should be dried by artificial heat in pans holding a small quantity, which were gradually raised to the top of a rather tall chimney, and came out at the top dried raisins. We were not certain that this would work, but on our return to San Francisco, we made a careful study of it, with the idea of establishing a factory.

The superintendent of the company was, I think, about the

most profane man I ever knew. After we had investigated the problem thoroly, he asked us to go to his office, and was exceedingly anxious to know what we thought of the country. I told him I had no doubt that it would grow most excellent raisins, that they could be dried economically and cleanly, that I had not the slightest doubt that it would be a great orange country, that the climate seemed to be satisfactory, but that I saw one serious, and to me fatal, objection. He asked me what it was, and I said:

"The awful profanity of its inhabitants, especially of the proprietors. Now I think you have used one oath on the average, and sometimes two, in every sentence which you have spoken to me. There is either a God or there is not. If there is not, profanity is silly. If there is, it is exceedingly dangerous to take lightly the name of the Ruler of this universe. You would not allow such disrespect to a parent or even to a friend."

To my surprise, he said nothing; but the secretary of the company told me afterwards that the man went to him and said:

"I'll be condemned if I don't believe one of those fellows was a preacher. I never got such a roasting in my life."

Before we went away, he asked me about it and I told him, and he said:

"I want to take you people in a carriage to a point between here and Colon, to show you how we are getting the water to run this plant." On the way he said: "I believe that you are a Christian, and you may be interested in the story I am going to tell you: I lived for a number of years among the northwestern Indians. They worship the Great Spirit; so do you. They have their stated festivals for worship; so do you. They worship once a month, and have a set festival on the first new moon of every year. The members of the tribe then assemble in a circle, sit on their hunkers, beat on the palm of the left hand with the fingers of the right and hum a certain tune (which he proceeded to hum) until someone goes into a trance—it may be for twenty-four hours or it may be longer.

"They invited me to their dance of the first new moon of the year, and I asked them to let me see the man who had gone into the trance. He was a young buck. He was lying on a bed of pine boughs. I lifted up the blanket and ran my knife into his leg to see if he was shamming, but he never moved; and I asked them to send for me when he came out of the trance. They did so. The chief placed him in the middle of the circle. He gave away his clothes, his pony, his squaw and papooses—everything that he

had. Then the chief threw a new white blanket around him and introduced him to the tribe as a man new-born, who had come from the Great Spirit to give instructions to the tribe for the next year. There," said my friend, "is where you get your doctrine of the new birth."

I don't vouch for the truth of this story, but am simply telling it as it was told to me.

Shortly after we arrived at our destination, the stage-driver came along. I had left word for him to put our baggage on his stage, and that he could pick us up at a designated point. When we came to Colon, and he gave us our baggage, I assumed an air of great regret, and said to him:

"My good friend, I owe you a very great apology."

He said: "You don't owe me anything."

"Why, yes I do; I heard you say the other evening that it was the fixed principle of your life not to carry a preacher unless he paid you in advance. I think it a very great wrong to any man to make him violate the fixed principle of his life."

"Are you a preacher?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Well," he replied; "you're a devil of a preacher!"

The stage from San Bernardino met the stage from Riverside at Colon. He called to the driver of the San Bernardino stage:

"Hello, Jack. Here's a man who says he's a preacher. I'll be demmed if I altogether believe it; but I believe it enough to ask you to take him deadhead to San Bernardino, and I will pay the bill."

California Experiences

JOHN evidently was not getting better. He took only a mild interest in things that interested me profoundly. We were to spend the Sabbath at Los Angeles, attending the only Presbyterian church in town, the services being held in the Odd Fellows' hall. Sabbath-breaking was open; in fact, there was no Sabbath except for a few religiously disposed people. So I said to John: "We may as well travel as stay here; or we can go down to San Pedro and take the boat down to San Bernardino."

He agreed to this, and we got on the steamer that evening. Then a very funny thing happened, and I began to think that the world was very small after all. While at Riverside, I stopped at the tin-shop of the only man I knew. He wanted to introduce me and I said:

"If you do, don't introduce me as a preacher."

He asked: "Are you ashamed of it?"

I said: "No, but I want to find out what kind of people run this town, and I will never find out if they know I am a preacher."

We had scarcely done talking before a man drove up in front of the shop with a team of bronchos, which were prancing, altho he had driven them thirty miles that morning. My friend introduced me as Mr. Wallace, and the man said:

"Are you Henry Wallace?"

I said, "Yes."

"Are you the Rev. Henry Wallace, of Morning Sun, Iowa?"

"I will have to admit that; but how did you know it?"

"I have read your articles in the Christian Instructor, of Philadelphia."

When we got on the boat at San Pedro, got out of the harbor and began to catch the swell of the waves, I took great delight in getting near the bow and getting the motion. I had never been on an ocean steamer before. While I was standing there and enjoying the novel sensation, and wondering whether I would be seasick or not, a stranger lying stretched out on a bench looked up and said:

"Say, ain't you from Iowa?"

I said I was.

"From Morning Sun?"

"Yes. Who are you?" He told me his name, but I have forgotten it. Then he said:

"I am a Covenanter, and belong to the Covenanter church some four or five miles south of Morning Sun."

"Isn't it rather odd for a Covenanter to be traveling on the Sabbath?" I asked.

"About as odd as for a United Presbyterian preacher," he replied.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"I went to Chicago with a couple of loads of cattle for a local buyer. The cattle were sold to a man in Buffalo, and I went there with them. From there I thought I might as well go down to New York by the Erie canal. While there, I took a notion I'd like to see California. So I worked my way on a steamer to Panama, across the isthmus, then came to San Francisco, went out to Sacramento to a hiring bee. I hired out to a man, but after the bargain was made, he said: 'Look here, young man; we have religion at our house, and if you can't stand religion, this bargain's off.' I told him I thought I could stand a good deal of it, and asked him what church he belonged to, and he said, 'I am a Mormon.' All the religion I observed was that he asked a blessing at the table. I finished my job with him, bought a pony, rode from Sacramento to Los Angeles, sold the pony at auction, and now I'm off for home."

Our next point was Santa Barbara. I had two reasons for going there. One was the fame of the springs in the mountains, some five or six miles away. The other was that your great-grandmother had a cousin living there whom I had known for years. In fact, it was thru this cousin that I was introduced to her. Her husband was a character, an old "Forty-niner," who had made a lot of money, built a splendid mansion, was president of the bank and mayor of the city. He was the oddest man I ever knew. The morning after we reached there, his breakfast was a great, big, raw potato, with the ends cut off, but otherwise intact.

As I looked out of the window of our room in the morning, I saw him coming in on his gray horse, and learned that as mayor his morning exercise consisted of making an inspection of the streets and alleys. He assured me that the spring water would straighten both of us out all right, and accordingly we moved out to the springs in the course of the day.

From out of the face of the rock there was a great number of

small streams of water, of varying temperature—some cold, some warm. Around the warm ones and attached to the face of the rock there was a vegetable growth like slime, which moved with the falling water. Brother John did not improve, and I took the stage and went in to report to Mr. Cook, the husband of my wife's cousin. He asked:

"Do you work it in? That water is no good unless you work it in. Get a pick and shovel, and make a pathway anywhere in those mountains."

After a few days we left Santa Barbara at night for San Francisco. The steamer was a good-sized one, and the berths were arranged in threes, one above the other. John and I had upper berths. In front of each berth was a leather bucket, for obvious purposes. The pastor of one of the churches in Santa Barbara came in, growled because he had a lower berth, and asked:

"Are you liable to be seasick?"

I said we didn't know, but never had been. I was smoking at the time, and he commenced with the worst tirade against smoking that I have ever heard, and when he concluded it, pulled out a pipe, one of the largest I had ever seen, filled it up, and soon had everything blue.

The next morning I did not feel like getting up. I was not seasick, but thought I'd as lief lie still a while longer as not; but our friend told us that if we wanted breakfast at "seven bells," we had better get up. There was no arrangement for seats in advance, as there is on a trans-Atlantic steamer. I had to wait for "eight bells."

When I went down, the tables were still crowded, and they were short of waiters. I got cross, and asked the waiter to bring me some coffee as quickly as he could. He brought me something that looked like coffee, but had no other resemblance or relation to it, and no cream. I took one sip, went upstairs as fast as I could, and I was sure that in the next five minutes a mule kicked me in the stomach three times. That was the first and only time I was ever seasick, tho I have made several trips across the Atlantic.

I took great interest during the day in watching the sea birds. After each meal the waste would be thrown out of the port-holes, and it would immediately be surrounded by a flock of a dozen or more gulls. Just when they were busy devouring a morsel, a large, mangy-looking bird (I never learned its name) would drop down in their midst, scare them all away, and eat up the balance. I never saw a bird that had such a capacity for gobbling up food as

that one. It struck me as a type of the monopolist, and I have had the vision of it ever since.

We spent the Sabbath at San Francisco. John was getting no better—a little worse if anything—and I said to him:

"We will go home tomorrow night."

He said: "I'd like to know how; we are about out of money."

"I will go down to the bank and get some," I replied.

"If you do, you have more gall than I ever supposed you had."

I went down to the Nevada Bank, of San Francisco, having first ascertained the name of the president. I went to the cashier's office and inquired if I could see the president—I believe his name was Brown. I went into his private office and said:

"Mr. Brown, I am from Iowa. I brought my brother out to see if your climate would improve his health. He seems to be getting worse. I want to take him home on the first train. I have no money here, but have an account in the First National Bank of Davenport, and I want $300."

He looked me squarely in the eye for a minute, took a pad off his table, wrote on it: "Give Mr. Wallace $300," and said to me: "Hand this to the cashier." I went and got my money.

We stopped at Cheyenne, and then went on to Denver by rail, paying ten cents a mile, the same price that the stage had charged before the railroad came in. It struck me as an instance of "charging all the traffic would bear."

I was greatly impressed when at Denver with the contrast between people living in a high altitude and in rarified air and those living on the sea coast, as at San Francisco, in a climate that to me was detestable. For while in San Francisco I had to wear my overcoat on the third day of May, and I suffered in going out to the "seal rocks," facing a high wind. I was particularly interested in the difference in the looks of the women. We had spent the Sabbath previous in San Francisco, going to church twice; and I thought that for health and vigor the women surpassed any I had ever seen. We went to church twice in Denver the next Sabbath, and I said to John:

"Did you ever see such a contrast between the women of two cities?"

He replied: "I was just thinking the same thing. I had thought some of settling in Denver, but I made up my mind not to do so simply on account of the effect the climate has on women disposed to be nervous."

My Last Year in the Active Ministry

WHEN we reached home, I found that the four children had all had the measles while I was gone, and so, while I was having one of the best times of my life, your great-grandmother was having one of the hardest. Fortunately, she was one of the most devoted and affectionate of mothers, and one of the most skillful of nurses. I owe a great deal to her.

After spending a month or two with us, John returned to Adair county, to look after some of our business affairs, driving a team which he had recently purchased, in the hope that life in the open air in Iowa would do for him what California had failed to do. Mrs. Wallace suggested that we go to the Centennial in Philadelphia, leaving the children with her mother in Ohio.

We visited Niagara Falls, New York City, Atlantic City and Pittsburgh. We had a splendid trip, particularly restful to your great-grandmother. The Centennial of 1876 opened the eyes of the people to the wonderful inventions and discoveries that had been made, which needed just such an exhibition to popularize them.

On our return, I was surprised to see the change in my brother John. I saw at a glance that his time was not long. He had not improved during the summer. He had lost heart, and all that was left to do was to take the best care of him we could until his death, which occurred late that fall. He was not naturally very hopeful, in which he resembled Elizabeth, Ross, Martha and Daniel. They all looked upon life as a very serious thing; had any amount of fortitude to meet whatever came. None of them had the high sense of humor that James and Margaret had, and to a much greater degree myself.

None of my brothers were sick in bed, and all died with consumption. John was a noble fellow. We had given up our options on Riverside land, and had made up our minds to move to Winterset and improve our Adair county properties, and live in the open air as much as possible. After his death, I was despondent, I think for the only time in my life. I liked to look at the photographs of the family, nine of whom had died in the last twelve years, and, with the exception of my mother, all with some sort of lung trouble.

I was aroused from this despondency in a rather singular way. I went up to the drug store one morning and saw on the counter a large poster telling the villainies of the republican candidate for congress. The election was the next day. It was one of those lies which remind me of a story of Henry Clay Dean, of whom you may have heard—a man of bitter invective, but a most eloquent orator. A fellow once interrupted him in his speech. He replied in such a way as to send the man out of the house. As he was going, Dean shouted out:

"Say, Mr. McPherson, or whatever your name is, you remind me of one of the old Indiana banknotes. All around it there is a little one dollar, one dollar, one dollar, and in the middle of it one great big one dollar. All over your face is written a little liar, liar, liar, and in the middle of it in large letters, L-I-A-R."

So I felt as I looked at this poster, that "liar" was written all around it and large in the middle. The idea of charging a man with licentiousness in Siberia on the eve of election made me righteously angry. I read it over, and said to the druggist:

"Satan himself would not own the man who wrote that."

A fellow who was sitting there got up, as white as a sheet, and walked out. The druggist said: "That's the man."

I said to him: "Hold on, my friend. I owe you an apology. I will take it all back. The devil won't be ashamed to own you."

I inquired where the poster came from, and was told that it had been placed on Saturday night at the door of every man in the township.

"There was none at my door," I said; and the druggist answered: "I suppose they thought it was no use."

I made up my mind right there to stop brooding over what could not be helped, and to do something worth while. So I went to the polls the next day—the first time in my life I ever worked at the polls. One of the members of my church, a democrat, had this poster pasted upon the side of the building, and as any man came up to vote, he called his attention to it. I waited until he read it, and then I said:

"Now that's all a lie; there's absolutely not a word of truth in it."

My democratic parishioner did not change a vote the whole forenoon. Then I said good-naturedly:

"Well, you can not make any votes. Suppose we go down to the house and have dinner and spend the afternoon." And we did.

The winter wore on. After Christmas my old bowel trouble, that I had before I left Davenport, increased in severity. The church was of stone, unfurred and damp, and heating it up on Sabbath naturally increased the moisture. The main door opened squarely in front of the pulpit; and it was very hard to preach in it in the summer, because your voice went out into the yard. There was only one other door in it, which was on the right-hand side of the pulpit.

I had five deaf men in the congregation; and while I had them sit on the front seat, it became increasingly hard for me to make myself heard. After preaching, I would have one of my spells, which laid me up until Wednesday, when I was usually able to walk a block. The next day I would walk two blocks, to the bank of which I was a director, go into the directors' rooms and read the Chicago papers. Friday I selected the text, and Saturday prepared the sermon. On Sabbath night I took sick again, and so on from week to week. Finally, about the first of February, my physician, Doctor Holliday, came down to the house and said:

"I want to have a square talk with you. I will give you six months to live, if you continue in that pulpit. If you quit at once, there's a chance of your getting well. It's either out of the pulpit or into the boneyard."

I had about come to that conclusion myself; so I said to him: "What do you want me to do? I'll preach a farewell sermon next Sabbath, and that will be the last."

"No, you will not preach one more sermon," he replied. "You must promise me that you won't speak in the pulpit for a year."

"Well, what shall I do?"

"Get as near heaven as you can without going out of the state of Iowa. In other words, go to Winterset and spend your time looking after your farms in Adair county, and keep out-of-doors."

I said: "What medicine shall I take?"

"None except this: Buy a good cow, the best you can get. Milk her yourself. Take the strippings and put into it one tablespoonful of good whisky. At noon take the cream with another spoonful of whisky; at night the strippings and whisky, and at bedtime cream. I will order you a gallon of whisky to begin with."

I followed his advice. I have ever since had grave doubts as to the medicinal value of the whisky part of the treatment. I believe I would have gotten along quite as well with the strippings with the animal heat in them without the alcohol, but I kept this up while in Morning Sun. Experience has taught me that alcohol

is a racial poison, and if a man wants a clear brain he must absolutely let it alone. The doctors prescribed it in those days, but they have now learned better. At my meals I ate whatever I liked. I always kept the best cow I could. In the course of about ten years I recovered entirely.

One of my most trying experiences was that of resigning my pastoral charge before the Presbytery in April, 1877. I was feeling pretty blue. Your great-grandmother was greatly concerned about my condition. We took the train to Burlington, changed for Keokuk, and every here and there a preacher would get aboard. I could see by the expression of the countenance that they regarded me as practically a dead man. To this day I can see that peculiar expression when they shook hands with me, and said: "Brother Wallace, how do you feel today? Do you cough much?" The more noted they were for piety, the longer were their faces and the more solemn their countenance. I was so disgusted that after we left Burlington I went to the rear of the car and sat on the steps all the way to Keokuk, just to get away from them.

When we got to the church and the Presbytery opened, one of the most solemn of the whole lot came to me with the usual, "How do you feel today? Do you cough much? Hadn't you better sit on this seat away from the draft?" Once more I became angry and said to them:

"You needn't select a grave nor employ an undertaker. You needn't even appoint a committee of condolence to my widow, nor an administrator to settle up my estate; for I shall not die, but 'live and remember the works of the Lord', and don't you forget it."

I infer that they at least thought I was not very well prepared to die. Smith Hammil, the noted merchant of Keokuk in olden times, and one of the best men I ever knew, must have been an interested observer of all this; for he took me to one side and said:

"Mr. Wallace, my wife and I expected to have you with us while you are here, but I have some of the other brothers, and I am afraid they would not be desirable company for you. I have a daughter, however, who lives with her husband in the edge of town. They have no other guests, and I am going to send you there, for I think their company will be more congenial."

So I went out there. I shall never forget that night. The good man and his wife laid themselves out to entertain me, and I shall never forget one of the funny stories he told me, about as follows:

"I was once employed to keep the government store in an Indian reservation. One day an Indian came in and asked for a plug of tobacco, and as I turned around I saw that he had me covered with his gun. You see," said he; "I have four false teeth on a plate in my upper jaw. and by putting my tongue against them I can make them stand out at right-angles. This I did. The Indian was paralyzed. I took advantage of his astonishment to reach under the counter and cover him with a Colt's revolver."

It was with very great regret that I gave up the active ministry; for my ministerial life, with all its controversy, had been pleasant. I had been able to do a great deal of good, and to a good many people, and with a few exceptions I had the good-will and affection of all the membership. I had the satisfaction of seeing the whole church move slowly but steadily in the direction of the policies that I had advocated. It was a great wrench to give up at forty years of age the work to which I had devoted my life.

My friend, Doctor Wallace, of Monmouth College, was anxious for me to become the editor of a religious paper. He would have liked me to succeed him in the presidency of Monmouth College, which he was about to resign; but while I had inclinations towards journalism, and especially religious journalism, I had none for a college presidency. I felt that hereafter, at least until my health should be restored, I must live as far as possible an outdoor life, and have something that would occupy my mind as fully as my ministerial duties had done.

While I was at Morning Sun, I had acquired all the information about farming that I could, altho agricultural books were rare and there were no agricultural papers worth reading. But little agriculture was taught in the colleges, and the only thing to do was to get information from the farmers at first hand. A good deal that I received then has been of great value to me ever since.

For example, a farmer one day called my attention to the fact that if prairie grass was closely pastured down, blue grass would come in of itself, and that blue grass was the best pasture grass known in the Mississippi valley. I found afterwards that this theory was absolutely correct.

I had noticed that one of my elders, Mr. Ochiltree, grew most excellent peaches, and this had led me years before to study the conditions under which peach trees could be grown profitably that far north.

I had become fairly expert for an amateur in bee-keeping, and

had discovered that I could grow very excellent pears of the finer qualities without timber protection, provided they were protected from live stock. I had, in fact, at Morning Sun a beautiful Duchess de Angouline pear tree that I prized very highly, and which was heavily loaded with fruit. One Sabbath afternoon, your great-grandmother and I were sitting on the front porch, and I remarked to her that if it was not the Sabbath, I would gather those pears. When I got up the next morning, I found that a cow had jumped over the fence, eaten much of the fruit, and ruined the tree. What I did to that cow, I do not care to tell you, for I caught her in the very act. She did not come back.

Uncle Henry's Own Story of His Life

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

VOL. III

By
HENRY WALLACE
EDITOR WALLACES' FARMER 1895-1916

DES MOINES, IOWA
Wallaces' Publishing Company
1919

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Preface

Volumes I and II of "Uncle Henry's Own Story" told of the boyhood life, young manhood and active Christian ministry of Henry Wallace, up to the age of forty-one years, when failing health compelled him to seek an active outdoor life.

Volume III tells of his life in Iowa during the period of the state's development from largely unbroken prairie to the richest agricultural state in the Union. For nearly forty years, Henry Wallace devoted all his energies to the agricultural development in fields and homes of the great middle-west. He helped to meet and to solve the problems that hindered progress. He was a pioneer in many agricultural activities. In his own story of his life, covering this more than a third of a century, there are many incidents of interest to the thoughtful reader. There are character sketches of the leading men of those times, and sidelights of the part they played in the growth of state and nation.

These letters to his great-grandchildren were all written by Mr. Wallace during the last five years of his life, and constitute a most unique and illuminating autobiography.

Wallace Publishing Company.

HENRY WALLACE

Preacher, Editor, Lecturer, Philosopher

Contents

Life in Winterset 5
My Creamery Experience 8
Growing Clover and Raising Hogs 13
Into Politics and Journalism 18
The Farmers' Protective Association 25
How I Came to Be an Agricultural Editor 29
The Year 1885 33
Agricultural Organizations 37
The Prohibitory Law 39
The Year 1887 41
The Election of 1889 44
Professor James Wilson 48
Beginning of Trouble With the Homestead 52
A Trip to Europe 57
Trouble Ahead 64
The Origin of Wallaces' Farmer 70
The Fight in the Courts 76
The First Dairy Train 79
My Third Trip Abroad 82
The Sabbath School Lessons 89
Corn Growing and the First Corn Train 94
The First Good Roads Train 97
The Country Life Commission 100
Another Trip to Great Britain 105
The Closing Letter 110

Life in Winterset

IN JUNE, 1877, we moved to Winterset. This was one of the turning-points of my life. Winterset, the county-seat of Madison county, Iowa, then had about 2,600 population. It had been growing and had just reached its climax for a good many years. I had some difficulty in getting a house to live in.

The north half of Madison county is one of the most desirable sections of the state. The land in the southern half is for the most part rolling, but rich and well timbered. The whole county is underlaid with limestone. It was fairly well settled, there being only here and there a piece of what is known as raw prairie. The main crop was corn, altho spring wheat and oats were grown extensively; but it was the conviction of the people that winter wheat would not grow there. There was a good deal of feeding of cattle that had been grazed in Adair and other counties west during the summer. Comparatively little attention had been given to the growing of clover and blue grass. In fact, a good many people had the conviction that clover would not grow in that country. There was a good deal of fairly good farming so far as corn was concerned, but very little if any scientific study of farm problems —the land was supposed to be inexhaustible in fertility.

The town itself was a very pleasant place in which to live. J. N. McClanahan, my old room-mate at Monmouth College, was pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, and Doctor McCaughan, whom I had known in Ohio, was pastor of one of the country churches. The schools were fairly good, and the society good for a comparatively new country. The people were sociable and unusually free from class distinctions.

Adair county, to the west, was very thinly settled except in spots. The wave of westward migration, which culminated with the panic of 1857, had not reached as far west as Adair county. Madison county was well supplied with timber; Adair county very poorly; and the early settler preferred to live in a timber country. In the absence of coal, timber was very desirable.

There were several enthusiastic stock breeders, mostly of Shorthorn and Jersey cattle, in Madison county; none in Adair. The backbone of the state—the divide between the Mississippi and the

Missouri rivers—runs thru Adair county. In 1877, a great deal of the county was raw prairie, on which were pastured the cattle from Madison county and other counties farther east. The roads were generally good, for they followed the ridges.

Another reason for the comparatively unsettled condition of what was then known as the "state of Adair" was a bitter county-seat fight, which finally resulted in the removal of the county-seat from Fontanelle, on the west, to Greenfield, near the center. One branch of the Rock Island railroad terminated at Winterset, and has never been pushed farther west because of the deep gorge which Middle river—which runs nearly east and west thru Adair county—cuts thru the soft, carboniferous limestone, a grade so steep that a crossing can only be made by running forward and backward along the incline until a sufficiently low gradient can be secured.

The Rock Island ran near the line of both Adair and Madison counties on the north, some of the towns being in one county, some in the other. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy ran about the middle of Union county, south of Adair; so that there was a strip of about thirty-five miles north and south without railroads, and a strip of nearly a hundred miles from east to west. In much of Adair county, grain had to be hauled a long distance, and hence it became pre-eminently a stock-growing country; but so far as I knew there were but two or three improved live stock breeders in the county, and this in the extreme west. I am inclined to think that I brought in, in 1877, the first Short-horn bull ever brought into Adair county, and the first pure-bred hogs, as well as the first imported Percheron horse; but I will not assert the claim positively.

I already had two or three farms in Adair county, on which my brother John had started the improvements; and there was one which my father had owned, which he had improved and rented without ever seeing either the farm or the tenant. I found it absolutely necessary for me to have something to fully occupy my mind, and as there was nothing which had such fascination for me as the study of farming, I began to look after these farms in a personal way.

Like many others, I began at the wrong end—the breeding of live stock instead of the growing of feed for them—in other words, the study of animals instead of the study of soils and the methods of cultivation. In fact, I assumed that from my experience on the old home farm and in the improvement of my father's farms I knew

all that it was necessary to know in the way of plowing, sowing and harvesting.

I made some serious mistakes, as most new beginners do. I was executor of my father's estate, and had more money than was good for a new beginner, and of course threw some of it away; not in buying land, for every land investment I made turned out well, but in managing it. I made too many improvements, brought into cultivation too many acres, and could not always get renters who were satisfactory or who could handle live stock as it should be handled. If I had had less money to use, and had been compelled to make it as I went along, it would have stuck to my fingers a whole lot closer.

I was unfortunate the first year in my wheat crop, of which I had over two hundred acres. An excessively hot day when the wheat was in bloom fired it. I sold wheat that year at Winterset for thirty-seven cents a bushel, after hauling it thirty miles. I also sold $500 worth of fat hogs at two cents a pound, and hauled them fourteen miles.

The country was preparing for the resumption of specie payments January 1, 1879, and as many people believed they would not resume, all kinds of business was exceedingly dull and prices correspondingly low.

My Creamery Experience

NOTWITHSTANDING the low prices of live stock, I made some money at first in handling cattle. Near one of my farms there were perhaps a thousand acres of fine upland prairie, well watered and well covered with native grasses. I found that by turning the cattle from my three separate farms into one herd, about one hundred head, and hiring a herder, the expense of summering, from about the first of May up to the time that frost killed the prairie grass, was about a dollar a head, or around twenty cents a month. During this time the yearling or two-year-old steer would take on around two hundred pounds of gain.

I found also that by hiring stalk fields at ten cents an acre, which contained at least that much value in the corn left in the husking, turning the cattle into these fields, and not pasturing too closely, I could keep one hundred head at an expense of thirty-three cents per month each, and have the yearlings and two-year-olds make a gain of from half a pound to a pound a day.

The difficulty was to keep them from the middle of March till about the first of May, when the grass on the prairie would be good. To do this it was necessary to have clover and timothy hay, which I undertook to grow on my own farms, notwithstanding the fact that I was everywhere met with the complaint that "clover won't grow in this country." I had the satisfaction of proving that it would.

I could grow a calf to weaning time for ten dollars. The cost of carrying the calves thru the winter was considerable, as they had to be fed on grain and tame or wild hay; but even taking this into consideration, cattle could be grown cheaply up to two and a half years old, and sold at three cents a pound at a profit. The first bunch I turned over brought me three and one-fourth cents for those weighing over eleven hundred pounds, and two and three-fourths cents for those from ten to eleven hundred pounds, at from two and a half to three years old.

I figured that I could have an additional profit in the way of milk and growing the calves by hand. There was no market for butter, however, except to trade it to the country store, which bought all sorts of butter at the same old price, taking care that

it should have no loss on the butter, and a good, round profit on the goods exchanged for it. The Iowa creamery butter had taken the first prize at the Centennial at Philadelphia, and this gave the dairy business in Iowa a wonderful boom.

I went down to the state fair at Des Moines, made an investigation of dairy supplies and appliances for creameries, and there met Mr. Fairlands, the inventor of what was known as the Fairlands can. I brought him home with me. He went over Adair county with me and filled me with visions of the money there was to be made in the creamery business, of which I knew about as little as a man possibly could know and know anything at all.

This Fairlands can proposed to measure the amount of cream by a gauge on the side, marked off in half inches. An inch of cream was supposed to make a pound of butter. This we afterwards discovered was a rather violent assumption.

So I built a creamery—and made some serious mistakes in building it. I believed that by locating it where I could pipe water from a slough, I could have an abundant supply of water. For economy I used wooden pipes, which carried the water well enough until I came to raise them into the tanks. Then the pressure was so great that the water oozed thru the pump socket I had been using. I was finally obliged to dig a deep well and put in a centrifugal pump, which answered the purpose.

Then, again, it was necessary to supply ice. Here I made another mistake, for I was obliged to take ice from Grand river, which, on account of its smallness, was expensive.

I thought the sanitary conditions of the creamery would be much better in the open country. By this time a railroad had been built from Creston to Greenfield, and the station was about six miles from the creamery. This involved a vast amount of unnecessary hauling.

Notwithstanding these mistakes, I might have done fairly well had not the "creamery inch" been demonstrated to be a "liar from the beginning." It took no account of the butter-fat in the cream, and at that time there was no way known of measuring it. I had wagons to haul in the cream from the different sections, and my patrons soon became very wise. My instructions were to cut a barrel in two pieces, keep them filled with cold water, and set the cans in them. My patrons soon learned that when a can of warm milk is put in cold water, the cream rises very rapidly, with a good deal of froth, and by skimming it two or three times during the day they could get a good deal of very frothy cream. The

more experienced the dairyman was, the sooner he got onto this trick.

I had a patron some ten miles distant, who milked about twenty-five cows, and had been selling a good deal of butter. I began to study the quality of his cream, and had bought a small churn to churn separately the cream of two or three of the largest producers. I thought this man was cheating me right along. So I kept an account of the amount of butter actually produced, and when he sent me his statement of the amount of cream, I wrote him a letter somewhat as follows:

"I have suspected you of cheating me for some time past; hence have been churning your cream separately, and herewith send you the results."

He wrote back, threatening to sue me as an oppressor of the poor, a "bloated bondholder"; and I replied that the quicker he sued me the better it would suit me, as I owed a duty to the community to expose a rascal, he being the only man I ever knew who could put one-third more inches of cream into a can than the can would hold. I heard nothing more from him.

There was another wise old farmer, who occasionally passed for a preacher. He also milked about twenty-five cows, and I suspected he was cheating me. I therefore told the butter-maker to churn his cream separately, at eight o'clock the next morning, and sent him a notice (he was a near neighbor) to come over to see me at that time. He saw us put the cream into the churn, and wanted to know what I wanted with him. I told him to just wait a while, that we were churning his cream separately to see how his measure and ours corresponded. He waited fifteen or twenty minutes, then turned to me and said: "Mr. Wallace, pay me for what butter I have actually sent you, and make any corrections you think best." This settled the matter with him.

However, the main difficulty was with the small producers. They also became wise, would send me half their cream, churn the other half, and report that they got more butter than I did. This brought out the fundamental difficulty. There is a great difference in the percentage of butter-fat that cows put into milk, which can not be changed by feeding, being an idiosyncrasy of the individual cow. Men who had cows giving rich milk churned it themselves, while those who had cows giving poor milk sent it to me.

I also had abuse from the merchants in Greenfield and Creston. They said that the creamery was spoiling their business; that they no longer got good butter, but were obliged to take the poor and

pay the same old price. Finally one of the promoted creamery companies opened business in Creston and was actually giving more, or pretending to give more, for the cream than butter was worth even when sent to New York. I had been making money some months, when butter was on the advance, and losing when it was on the decline; and so disgusted was I with the whole business that I went out to the creamery, dismissed the butter-maker and locked up the building. I afterwards used it as a house for the hired hands. This creamery venture cost me several thousand dollars.

You may wonder why I did not use the Babcock test. Simply because it was not yet invented. Some of the creameries—and there were two or three established in Madison county—had tried what is known as the oil test; but this did not prove workable, and was later superseded by the Babcock. The owners of the creameries in Madison county all passed thru the same experience as I did, and every one of them closed. What was the trouble? The theory was all right; but many theories that are all right as theories fail to work out in practice. I had started in the creamery business ten years before the community was ready for it.

Some years afterward a promoter came along and organized creameries at the stations, by telling true stories about the amount of profit that could be made on a first-class cow—but saying nothing about the rarity of first-class cows. They, too, began before the people were ready. In order to make the creamery business a success, there must be cows educated to give milk of high quality. There must be farmers sufficiently educated to select cows of this kind, and to feed them a balanced ration, which can not be made out of prairie or timothy hay and corn.

Besides, the methods used to promote creameries were altogether most vicious. The plan was to go into a town, get the merchants and other business men to take stock, on the theory that it would develop the town; then induce them to persuade the farmers to take stock, on the claim that they could make a mint of money. The promoter's profit lay in the building and in the sale of supplies, usually at about twice the prime cost. Among the hundreds of promoted creameries that I have known in Iowa and other states, practically all have failed. They were mostly built before the farmers of the community really wanted a creamery. They were over-persuaded by the smooth promoters, assisted by some leader among the farmers, who was given a certain amount of stock in return for his influence, or who was paid five or ten dollars a day

for going around with the promoters and introducing them to his neighbors. Farmers who took stock very often failed to milk, and the creamery did not have enough milk and cream to make butter economically. Then again, the butter-maker usually was furnished by the promoters, and stayed but a few months, and then moved on to another promoted creamery, leaving the first without good help.

In those neighborhoods where the farmers were ready to go into dairying, the promoted creamery was reorganized after a time on a good business basis, and became a success. While my creamery experience was unsatisfactory and costly, the knowledge that I gained made it possible for me to advise with real understanding when I became an agricultural editor, and for every dollar I personally lost, I was able to save the farmers of the state a good many thousands.

Growing Clover and Raising Hogs

MY FATHER had no difficulty in securing a stand of clover on his Pennsylvania farm. He sowed it in his winter wheat before the frost went out of the ground. I began to read up on this subject, and learned from an agricultural college that clover would not grow if covered more than a quarter of an inch deep. I therefore thought that my father's practice was all right, that the settling of the ground in the freezing and thawing which occurs as the frost is going out, would cover it sufficiently deep. So I followed his plan.

Before I moved to Winterset, I had paid a visit to my father's improved farm in Adair county, and directed the sowing of a twelve-acre field to clover, as an experiment. After I had gotten the men to work, I went across to visit a neighbor whom I did not know. He was one of the wise, old early settlers. He looked at me with a great deal of suspicion as an amateur farmer, and asked:

"What are you doing over there?"

"I am sowing clover," I replied.

"Well," he said, "clover won't grow in this country. It has been tried over and over again."

"Well," I said, "I'll try it once more; and I expect to fatten my hogs next year in that clover pasture."

"You are throwing away your money and your labor," he replied.

The moisture conditions were just right that year, and by sowing the seed just after the harrow, I secured a good stand. I was sure now that I had solved the problem.

After removing to Winterset, I tried it on another farm, under different conditions. The seeding was early, some time in March. The weather was dry, and I had no stand except at the turn-row at the end and in the wagon tracks that had been made in hauling something across the field after the seed was sown. The nurse crop was spring wheat.

This experience led me to suspect that my father's practice, however well it might do on limestone land and in a country with a great deal heavier rainfall than Iowa, it would not do in a dry season on a loess soil. I came to the conclusion that clover seed

must be covered in order to grow. Further study led me to the conclusion that it must be sown deep enough to secure moisture, but not so deep as to exclude the air, and in a season of the year that would furnish the proper amount of heat, about eighty degrees.

I was led to this conclusion partly by a visit to a neighbor's farm in Madison county. He had recently taken possession of the farm, on which was a lot of brush land; and with the farm he fell heir to a pile of manure that had been accumulating for some years. Not knowing what to do with it, he spread it out on this newly-cleared piece of land—and I was surprised to see that he secured a good stand of clover wherever he put manure.

I came to the conclusion that this manure had considerable clover seed in it; that the tramping of the cattle had excluded the air, and that it had lain there waiting for air before it would germinate; and that as soon as the air was furnished by spreading it on the field, and with favorable moisture conditions, it grew. This experience has been the basis of my clover teaching ever since.

I was puzzled, however, on finding out afterward that clover seemed to grow luxuriantly on some fields and not well on others, even when the conditions seemed to be the same. The general theory held by farmers was that clover would not grow on prairie land until it had been broken up and put in cultivation; or, to use their own words, "until the Indian was taken out of the land."

I never could account for this until a good many years afterward. Probably about 1888 I got word of the discovery of Professors Wilfarth and Helriegel, that the little nodules on the roots of the clover were the homes of bacteria, and that the bacteria must be present before clover would grow luxuriantly. Thru these bacteria clover and other legumes are able to make use of the nitrogen of the air. I became perfectly fascinated with this theory, obsessed with it; and the result was a book called "Clover Culture," published in 1892.

I regard this discovery of these scientists as among the greatest discoveries of the age, as it gave the reason for the fact known even to Cato and Virgil, some two thousand years ago, that clover enriches the land. Before getting hold of this theory, I never could understand why clover enriched land, while timothy and other grasses did not, except by the vegetable matter which they furnished in the roots and leaves. I hope that you great-grandchildren, no matter what calling you intend to follow, will make a study of this subject, as the growing of clover and other legumes—

all of which obtain nitrogen in the same way—lies at the very foundation of modern agriculture.

Naturally, I became deeply interested in the subject of heredity. I introduced the beginnings of herds of improved hogs, as well as using pedigreed Short-horns in my herds. I had an interesting experience with Berkshires and Poland Chinas. When at Morning Sun, in the course of my pastoral and other visitations, I became acquainted with a somewhat noted breeder of Berkshires, and the most noted breeder of Poland Chinas then in the state. I agreed that I would buy a few hogs from each of them, put them on different farms and try them out.

As a United Presbyterian minister, I had of course made a considerable study of "original sin." When I found red hairs cropping out on my Poland Chinas, both the sire and dam of which apparently were free from that "sin," I concluded that here was a fine example of the cropping out of original sin in hogs. Among my Berkshires, I found every now and then individuals which refused to grow big, but insisted on being small and quite black, refusing to get to be over 125 or 150 pounds in weight.

In this I thought I saw a harking back to the Siamese type. I discovered that the Berkshire breed of hogs was originally red, that the breed itself was the result of a cross with a Siamese hog, and that these small pigs appearing was simply an example of avatism or harking back to remote ancestry. I also found in the course of my studies that the Poland China hog was a composite breed, and that one of the elements was the Berkshire. Hence the appearance of red hairs in the progeny of spotless Poland China parentage, according to the herd books, was simply an outcropping of original sin.

The Poland Chinas did better for me than the Berkshires—whether because of better management or better breeding, I do not know. The first year, I remember, I put $105 into five pigs. One of my neighbors, a German before mentioned, looked them over with disgust and said:

"Vell, you've got more money than you know vat to do vith, and you are drowing it avay."

I had a demand for all the pigs I would sell at ten dollars apiece the first year, and thought I was making money. I was so foolish, however, as to allow one of my neighbors the use of the sire. He grew a fine lot of pigs, that looked almost as good as mine. A buyer came along one day and inquired the way to the

Wallace farm. My neighbor learned that he was going there to buy a pure-bred pig, and said to him:

"What's the use of you going over there? I have got his stock. I'll sell mine at about half the price he'll ask you, for he will charge you two prices."

That taught me to get rid of my unselfishness in lending sires to my neighbors.

My German friend moved to Creston, and some years afterward I met him, and he said:

"Vell, Mr. Vallace, I vant to make a confession. Ven you paid $105 for five liddle pigs, I said to mineself: He is a fool. But now I find that you vas a vise man, and I vas de fool."

In the course of two or three years I had some surplus stock. I put up the price and began to advertise. When my neighbors learned at the station that I was shipping hogs some distance and getting big prices, they concluded that they had better patronize home industry. There were times, however, when sales were very dull, the price of hogs being on the decline. Many of my neighbors would speak for males, but would allow me to keep them until about the first of the year, when they expected to use them. I put a stop to this by announcing that on and after a certain date the males would be incapacitated for further use on a breeding farm, and unless they paid their money and took their pigs away, they would not get any. Oh, I had lot of experience on these farms—more experience than profit in the running of them—but I enjoyed it all the same.

In Adair county they had a herd law, and a man was not compelled to put up fences unless he intended to use the fields as pasture. As I had adopted a system of rotation and expected to use all my fields for pasture, I was obliged to put up all the inside fences until my neighbors were ready to use theirs. Even when they did use the fences and paid me half the cost, they failed to keep up their half, and their stock would break over into my fields. It was a very great annoyance, and sometimes involved considerable loss. So I adopted the plan of taking up any neighbor's stock that came into my fields, putting them in a yard, sending for the owner to come and get them and pay the damage; that if he did not, the stock would be sold according to law, in ten days, to the highest bidder, the damage deducted, and the balance turned over to the owner.

One man was furious at this; but I gave directions to the tenant to hold him to a strict account and make him pay the money, and

afterwards to give it back to him on the promise that he would thereafter be a good neighbor. This settled that difficulty.

Altogether, I regard my early farming operations as extremely profitable, not always in the way of dollars and cents, but in acquiring a fund of practical experience which has been invaluable to me in my editorial work.

Into Politics and Journalism

UP TO this time I had made no study of either politics or journalism. I usually voted the Republican ticket, accepted its teachings, as the preachers say, "for substance and doctrine." I had written some articles for the church papers; had, I believe, one sermon published about fifteen years before—and this was the extent of my political and journalistic experience. A couple of weeks before the Fourth of July, 1878, a citizens' committee called on me and asked me to make the usual Fourth of July address in the courthouse yard. Nothing was said about the subject. Usually one feature of the day was an address by some well-known person, and the other a large picnic dinner, with good fellowship, and dancing and games of all sorts afterward.

I agreed to make the address, but my youngest son, Ross, was very ill at the time, with a disease of the spine known as "Potts' disease," and so I concluded to revamp an old address which I had delivered on a similar occasion at Morning Sun, two years before. It was entitled, "The Coming Man," and was intended to be humorous. How far it succeeded in the intention I can not say.

The evening before the Fourth, the doctor who was attending my son came to see him, and as we were talking together he asked me what I intended to talk about the next day. I told him that I intended to make a rather humorous talk.

"You had better not do that," he said. "There's a great deal of discontent with present conditions, and you are expected to say something worth while. The people are not in the mood for fun."

I therefore sat up till two or three o'clock in the morning, and wrote a speech entitled, "The Perils of the Republic." My recollection of it is not very distinct, except that I started out by roasting what we now know as "machine" politics, and insisted that if we were to be a real republic there must be a broader education than was then given in our schools, an education that would include some of the elements of agriculture; and that there must be less loyalty to political parties and factions. I wound up, as I remember distinctly, with an excoriation of some of the proposed remedies for the evils of the time. Among other things, I said that we had doctors—mostly politicians—who were doping the public

under the pretense of curing evils, old grannies with their paregoric and catnip tea in the shape of greenbacks and fiat money intended to soothe the present discontent and to cause the people to forget the incipient growing pains of the country, etc., etc.

Never was a man more astonished than I was at the result. I was not aware of the fact that at least half of the people of the county were Greenbackers, and believed fiat money to be the efficient means of salvation. They whom I had tried to score appeared quite insensible to my maledictions, but the Greenbackers were furious, and while the Republicans applauded, the Greenbackers expressed their disapproval in the most emphatic way. Of course the speech was published in The Madisonian, the Republican paper of the county. I had some trouble—or rather the printers had some trouble in reading my manuscript. To be honest about it, I could not always read it readily myself, and the speech appeared in rather poor shape; but it created the fiercest political discussion that had been carried on in that county for a long time.

There were three other papers in the town—one a Democratic paper published by a good old man whom we called Deacon Palmer. I have been told since that all the Democrats had turned over to the Greenback party except about thirty voters. The Greenbacker publication, called The Beacon Light, was published by a rather sharp, vitriolic young fellow named Koutzman. He was a master of slang, and the next week he roasted me to a finish. The deacon expressed his dissent, rather mildly at first, but with increasing earnestness as the weeks went on.

The next week I happened to be in the store, talking to a friend, when a farmer came in and said:

"Mr. Wallace, what is good for hog lice?"

"Take a barrel of rainwater, put in it a copy of The Beacon Light, let it stand over night, and sprinkle your hogs with it the next morning. That ought to kill all the lice and make the nits sick."

Koutzman got word of this, and the next week denounced me more fiercely than ever. He said that I was a discredited minister of the gospel who happened to have a little money, and was pretending to teach agriculture to the farmers, of which subject I was absolutely ignorant. Of course The Madisonian defended me, and betwixt them I got to be known to about every man, woman and child in the county, and in some of the adjoining counties.

One morning the following spring, 1879, as I was going to the station to mail a letter, I met the editor of The Madisonian, Colonel

J. B. Cummins, who had been in the business a good many years. He had been a member of congress, had been defeated for re-election, and was then about to take the train to visit different counties in the district and see what chance he had for another campaign. I said to him:

"It seems to me you ought to make a better paper than you are now making."

"What's the matter with the paper?" he asked.

"Why," I replied, "comparing it with other papers, it's good enough; but all of them are poor, and from the farmer's standpoint your paper is not of much account. I don't see anything to build up this town except agriculture. Your subscribers are mostly farmers, and all the advertising you get is for the purpose of reaching farmers. Therefore, if I were you, I would talk less politics and more farming."

He did not reecive the suggestion very cordially, and I supposed that was the end of it. A week or so later, however, I met him on the street, and he said:

"I've been thinking over what you said. I don't know of any man who can furnish agricultural matter as well as you can, and I'd like to know what you'd take to run a page in The Madisonian for a year."

"You want agricultural matter, and I want an organ," was my reply. "I will edit a page for a year, if you will keep me suppliled with stationery—but I must have absolute control of that page."

He agreed to that very cordially, because he had really expected to pay me something. The next paper came out with a glowing announcement of my ability, agricultural and otherwise.

I wrote articles on creameries, on dairying, on harrowing corn, about which I knew very little, and on seeding down to grass. I told them, in short, that their lands would run out eventually, unless they went to grass; that having gone to grass, the next important thing was to have something to eat it, at which the cow and her calf were most efficient; that to get the full benefit they must milk the cow, sell the cream and feed the skim-milk to the pigs.

Things went along very nicely for some months; but in one of my articles I took occasion to reflect on the unwillingness of politicians to forward the agricultural interests. The next time the publisher saw me, he said he could not permit that to go in.

"Cut that out and I am thru," I replied.

However, he did cut out that sentence, and I told him he would have to get another agricultural editor. He said:

"You won't leave us at once?"

"I will furnish you copy for one more week," I replied, "and then you must get somebody else."

I was really running a bluff, for I thought he would give in; but he did not, and in the next issue announced that Mr. Wallace's copy was not satisfactory, and hereafter, while the page would be continued, it would be edited by a practical farmer.

As it happened, that week—and before, as I supposed, the thing was definitely decided—I went to some kind of an agricultural meeting in Des Moines, and there for the first time met James Wilson—"Tama Jim"—who afterward became Secretary of Agriculture. He was then furnishing a county paper with an agricultural department. Others who were there were Mr. C. F. Clarkson, running a farm department in the Weekly Register; Mr. L. S. Coffin, who was editing a similar department in the Fort Dodge Chronicle; Doctor S. A. Knapp, who was running a similar department in the Gate City Gazette; Colonel John Scott, in the Davenport Gazette, and Mr. E. C. Bennett, in the Waverly Republican. These men had all seen some of my articles, and quoted them with approval. Wilson said to me:

"Isn't there some paper in your town with a small subscription list, that you could buy cheap?"

I told him I thought there was; for there was an additional Republican paper, called the Winterset Chronicle, which, as I found out when I bought it afterwards, had about four hundred subscribers.

So I went home and negotiated for a half-interest in the Chronicle, paying about twice as much as it was worth, of course, for I knew absolutely nothing about the business or the value of the property. I then started out, as an independent Republican or free lance, ready to meet all comers and goers in the journalistic field. In about ten months the subscription list increased from four hundred to fourteen hundred, and I began to see that while I knew nothing about journalism, my partner either knew nothing or would do nothing, and that the foreman was really doing all the work of the office. So I bought out my partner and had it all to myself. Wilson, Clarkson and the others quoted me frequently, fulfilling Wilson's promise that they would give me a state reputation inside of three months.

My competitors started out to ignore me. Koutzman left soon afterward, but Deacon Palmer's paper and The Madisonian observed a studied silence. I saw that it was necessary for me to

have some advertising. The Madisonian was a very high tariff paper. The News—Deacon Palmer's paper—being Democratic, was for free trade. Their offices fronted on the square, being nearly diagonally opposite; so that each one was in full sight of the other.

One day I described the esteemed editor of The Madisonian—Mr. Godell (a very nice man, by the way), as industriously chewing paper wads in the shape of high tariff articles, then going out on his front balcony and shooting them across at Brother Palmer, while the band played "Hail, Columbia." The next week I had Brother Palmer doing the same thing, while the band played "God Save the Queen." This was too much for them, and they both commenced to abuse me, which was exactly what I wanted them to do; and this had no little influence in boosting our circulation up to fourteen hundred in ten months. Nothing else is so harmful to the sale of a paper or a book as to have it absolutely ignored, and abuse is often much more effective than praise—so it was abuse I wanted.

The Democratic candidate for congressman was Judge William H. McHenry, of Des Moines. He was a gentleman of the old school, thoroly honest and upright, but rather given to gushing over real or imagined sufferings. We had been trying to put the saloons out of Winterset, and while the Republicans had a majority of one hundred and twenty, enough of them would vote for the saloons to give the saloon people a majority about every other year. There was a notorious saloon-keeper, who, when it was a prohibition year, ran a "joint" or "speak-easy," and one or two druggists who were selling liquor on the sly. There was also liquor sold in some of the smaller towns. The county would spend a great deal of money in convicting them, but when they were brought up for sentence and Judge McHenry had poured out upon their heads the vials of his denunciation, his mood would change and he would say: "I would have no mercy on you, were it not for your wife and children." And very often he would let them off with a nominal fine.

So just for fun I put an article in the paper, stating that Saint Paul, in writing his letters to the churches, laid great stress on "bowels of mercy," but that if he had lived in Winterset and attended Judge McHenry's court when a liquor seller was to be convicted, the judge could have supplied the apostle with "bowels" enough for Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth and the seven churches in Asia; in fact, more bowels than ever before went under one human vest.

The judge was furious, and told a friend that he would pay him a dollar a minute if his friend would hold him (the judge) while he talked with me. But he got even with me.

This was before he entered on his political campaign. Later, in making an address during the campaign, he espied me sitting in the gallery, where I had gone on purpose so that he would not see me. Pointing me out, he said:

"You have here a man named Wallace, who poses as the very essence of all righteousness. If you will look at him closely, as he sits in the gallery, you will see the wings sprouting from his shoulders. When he gets to heaven, if he ever does, he will ask the Almighty to tell the Lord Jesus to get off His throne and let him sit there."

His particular provocation for this was as follows: I went down to Des Moines one Saturday evening, to preach for a United Presbyterian pastor who was absent. On the way down, a saloonkeeper—whom I did not know—was telling some fellows in the car what a "bully fellow" Judge McHenry was, saying: "He convicted me, and I expected to be fined at least fifty dollars, and he let me off with a fine of twenty-five dollars. He's a bully fellow."

Monday morning, as I came back on the early train, Judge McHenry was aboard. I went into the smoking-car, engaged him in conversation, and finally said to him:

"Judge, as I came down the man whom you let off so easy Friday was, with suitable profanity, announcing you as a 'bully fellow.' I'd like to be judge in your district for about three months."

"What would you do, young man?" he asked.

"I would round up all these fellows that have been convicted at so much expense, and fine them to the limit of the law, and when I got around my district once there would be a great reform in morals."

He replied: "You may know something about the gospel, young man, but you don't know anything about law."

I came home, went to my office, and thought nothing more about it. About three o'clock one of the lawyers came in and said to me:

"Were you down at Des Moines yesterday?"

I replied that I was.

"Did you come back with Judge McHenry?"

I said I did.

"Did you have any talk with him?"

I told him what we had said, and he commenced to laugh.

"What are you laughing about?" I asked.

"Well," he said; "he fined one man, convicted of bootlegging, five hundred dollars; one of the druggists in town, two hundred and fifty dollars; his son, one hundred and fifty dollars, and sentenced a man convicted of rape to the penitentiary for seventeen years. I think we will have you go down to Des Moines and come back with the judge whenever there is a bunch of convicts to be sentenced."

The Farmers' Protective Association

ONE winter in the early 80's I attended the annual meeting of the State Agricultural Association. There was not much agriculture about it, but a good deal of politics, and, I suspect, not a little graft. It was the custom of the railroads to furnish passes to officers of the local county associations, who would represent the associations at the meeting of the state association. Sometimes they also furnished Pullmans, and allowed them to remain in the yards till after the meeting was over. It was a splendid reunion of the boys who were known to be "all right."

Meanwhile, the hold-over directors met in a room of the old Aborn House (that of John W. Schaeffer) and decided amongst themselves who would be suitable for election for the next year. When this was decided on, they came around to the delegates at the hotel, said they had been thinking over the thing, and had concluded that so-and-so would be fit candidates for election or reelection, and that while the delegates need not feel under any obligations for passes or sleeping-car privileges, it would be pleasant to have them vote for the names they had mentioned. It is said that at one of these meetings there was enough left over after settling up the accounts to buy a piano—for the truth of which I can not vouch. but it is not at all unlikely.

At this particular meeting, "Father" Clarkson invited the editors I have previously mentioned to an oyster supper at his house, and formed what was known as the Agricultural Editors' Association of Iowa. In addition to those I have mentioned there was Lieutenant-Governor Gue, who was editor of The Homestead, of Des Moines, nominally a state paper, but really of less importance than some others. The supper was a fine one, and was reported by J. S. Clarkson, then editor of the Register. I saw him there for the first time.

I remember the report very well, in which he stated that while the nominal representatives of agriculture were at the Aborn House engaged in the performance of electing officers, the real representatives of agriculture were taking supper with his father, Coker

Clarkson. It was an elegant report, and no doubt created a sensation over the state.

A short time before this the federal circuit court had decided that the bottom patents on barbed wire were those held by the Washburn-Moen Company, of Worcester, Massachusetts. Before this, smooth wire had been selling at seven cents and barbed wire at eight cents. They immediately jumped up six cents per pound as a result of this decision.

About the time we got down to the nuts, raisins and coffee, "Father" Clarkson proposed that we organize the Farmers' Protective Association, to be made up of farmers in the state who would agree to pay a dollar a year for membership, this fee to be a fighting fund. He proposed that we incorporate, with certain of those who were present as directors, and enter into a contract with W. L. Carpenter, of Des Moines, who was then manufacturing barbed wire, to furnish to the members of the association only, barbed wire at the rate of the cost of the smooth wire, plus barbs, plus barbing, plus a reasonable profit.

It seemed to me about the wildest scheme that I ever heard, but I made no objections. We organized, and in a short time a barbed wire factory was located directly opposite the old Rock Island station. Of course we employed an attorney. We were unfortunate in the choice of our first attorney, a man of reputation for eminent legal ability, and the first thing we knew our Washburn-Moen machinery was taken out of the factory on some kind of legal procedure—I don't recall just what. Mr. Carpenter changed his partner, and we secured a new patent on manufacturing barbed wire.

Several thousand farmers joined the association, as it involved a clear saving of at least five cents a pound. As we were just then fencing up the state, and there was no other material than barbed wire, they were buying it by the ton, and some of them by the carload. The Washburn-Moen combination met us by putting down the price of wire until there was no profit in it for the association, and even made it difficult for us to get smooth wire. I never knew until long after the association was dissolved where we got the smooth wire. It was bought at wholesale by a merchant who was friendly to us, put in his warehouse, and after night transferred to our factory, not far distant.

In this extremity we appealed to the state legislature, and had sufficient political influence to induce the legislature to make an appropriation of three thousand dollars for the relief of the Farm-

ers' Protective Association. The "combine," of course, enjoined the treasurer from paying it, but we appealed to the supreme court and secured a verdict in our favor. Mr. A. B. Cummins, then a young man, was now our attorney. The litigation went on for several years, but finally he located an old fence somewhere in eastern Iowa, that had been built by a farmer with smooth wire, staples and a pair of pincers, and that had in it the exact twist which the judge had declared to be the bottom patent, and the farmer had been using it for two years. This, of course, broke up the patent.

We saw some dark days. I remember once at a meeting of the board of directors someone proposed that we should charge the association with our railroad fare and hotel bills. Mr. James Wilson, who later became Secretary of Agriculture, rose to his feet and said that if we were to appeal to the farmers of Iowa, our hands must not only be clean, but there must be no ground for suspicion of anything else, and announced that he would resign if this motion passed. I made the same announcement.

Another very interesting thing occurred: After the litigation had gone on for some time, James Clarkson and the Register championing us openly, as well as "Father" Clarkson in the farm column, a clipping appeared in the Register from the Des Moines Capital, then published on the East Side, which was a very serious reflection on the character and integrity of the association. I happened to be in Des Moines the day it came out, as there was to be a meeting of the directors that day. Worst of all, this clipping appeared on "Father" Clarkson's page, but not in his columns. The ordinary reader, however, would regard it as his opinion.

I told Mr. James Clarkson that I was surprised to see anything of that kind in the Register, and he replied:

"That's an advertisement, and put in at our best advertising rates. I will give you all the space you want to reply to it."

I said to him: "Mr. Clarkson, I am not going to be put in the position of arguing whether your father, 'Tama Jim' and I are honest men; for to answer a thing of that kind implies that there is some doubt about it."

At the meeting, "Father" Clarkson had an elaborate reply. (The meeting was held at the office of The Homestead, of which I was then editor; hence it was in the fall of 1883 or later.) After he read his reply, I said:

"What do you propose doing with it?"

He said: "Give it to the Register."

"You had better give it to me," I said.

"What do you want to do with it?" he asked.

"Put it in the stove," I answered. "We are not going to be in the position of arguing that we are honest men."

A few days afterward, when I was in Des Moines—for I came here frequently at that time and preached in the United Presbyterian Church—I met "Father" Clarkson at the train. He said:

"I've done a foolish thing."

"That's not common with you," I answered.

"No," he said, "but I was very angry at the time."

"What have you done?" I asked.

"The Newton Journal has attacked me for that article that appeared on my page in the Register. I have written the editor that it was an advertisement, paid for at the highest rates. I rebuked my son for allowing it to go in, and he said: 'Father, that's an advertisement at our highest rates, and the Register is after the money.' "

The sequel to it all is rather interesting: While the Farmers' Protective Association was running what the "combine" called a "moonshine factory," John W. Gates was running a similar factory in East St. Louis, and Cummins was attorney for both. When we had accomplished our purpose, we dissolved, but Gates fell heir to the results and continued in the business, ultimately forming the "nail pool," and afterwards organizing the Steel and Wire Company, with the majority of the stock pure water, which was afterward sold and incorporated in the steel trust.

I mention all this to illustrate the fact that some of the most far-reaching consequences result from apparently trifling things; and not one of us for a moment dreamed of the results that would grow out of that oyster supper at "Father" Clarkson's.

How I Came to Be an Agricultural Editor

IN THE year 1883 I came to Des Moines one day, and met at the station Mr. J. H. Duffus, who was the editor of a county paper at Marengo, I believe, or at any rate it was some town on the Rock Island east of Des Moines. I had met him the year before on an excursion of agricultural editors to Denver and other points in the Rocky Mountains, but had forgotten all about it. He told me his name and where he had met me, and said he was particularly glad to thus meet me accidentally, as he was on a deal for a half-interest in the Iowa Homestead, then owned by Mr. Gue, afterward governor, and his son, Greeley. I asked him what he was paying for it, and he told me, I think, around fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars. I told him I did not think it was worth the money; that at one time James Wilson, Mr. Knapp and I had thought of buying it, but we did not think it was worth more than ten or twelve thousand.

He asked me home to dinner with him, and I learned that the deal was partly a trade. I still advised him not to take it, but he told me that the offer had been made, and he would know by four o'clock. The deal was closed.

I happened to be in the city some time afterward, when I again met him. He told me that he could not agree with his partners, and asked my advice as to what he should do. I told him that if they could not agree, the only thing to do was to buy them out. He then told me for the first time that there was a thousand dollars' worth of stock that neither of them owned, which was held by John P. Irish, of San Francisco. I advised him to buy that stock, and so get the controlling interest. He said to me:

"If I do it, what shall I do for an editor?" Mr. Gue was the editor.

I replied: "If you haven't brains enough to edit it yourself, buy brains," and suggested Mr. James Wilson and Mr. S. A. Knapp.

I was greatly surprised some time afterward to receive a letter

from him, saying: "I have bought all of the stock of the Homestead, and I have elected you editor. Send on your copy."

I could do so at that time without much difficulty, for we had consolidated the Madisonian and the Chronicle, and I had nothing to do except to furnish a page of agricultural copy each week and look after my tenants, of which I had three, farming about a thousand acres. I thought this was merely a temporary matter, furnished him with copy which I thought suitable for editorials, and thought little about it. It occurred to me two or three weeks afterward that I had better go down and look into it. I went to the office. Mr. Duffus told me everything was going along finely, and added:

"How much will you take to furnish for a year such matter as you have been furnishing?"

I said: "You have paid more for this paper than it is worth. I regard the paper you traded as worth more than this one; but I will furnish you the matter for a year for five hundred dollars."

He took me up so quickly that it made my head swim, saying: "Here's a check for two months in advance."

Some day, when I have nothing else to do, I will look over my first efforts at editing an agricultural paper, but I intend to put it off as long as I can safely do it, for I'm sure I shall be ashamed of it.

The Homestead flourished to such an extent that Mr. Duffus lost his head, concluded that there was plenty of money in the newspaper business, and bought the Des Moines Capital, and employed Mr. J. R. Sage as editor. He moved the Homestead to the East Side.

This was my second meeting with Mr. Sage, the first being on the editors' excursion aforesaid, and it laid the foundation for a lifelong friendship. Mr. Duffus' new venture was unsatisfactory, and he finally sold it. Mr. Sage became director of the Weather Bureau, which position he held with great satisfaction until about 1910, when he retired of his own accord.

While editing the paper, I became mixed up in two pretty severe contests. I was walking up street one evening when I met Mr. Anderson, of the Railroad Commission, still living in Winterset, and he asked me to go with him over to his room at the Kirkwood Hotel. He then told me of a case that was coming up, known as the Merryhill-Keeney case. It was a case over "car-lot or less than car-lot shipments". There was a Mr. Harbach in town, who had a wholesale and also a retail furniture store. I do not remember the details now, but at any rate it was a question of car-lot and

less than car-lot rates. Mr. Anderson was the progressive, as we would now call him, on the commission. The controversy was finally decided against Mr. Keeney. Its interest to me lay in the fact that it was my first introduction to the complexities of the transportation question.

The other difficulty was more serious. Buren R. Sherman was then governor, and John L. Brown was auditor of state. A difficulty arose betwixt Sherman and Brown, the details of which I do not now remember. I had known Brown personally, and having always been disposed to take what would be called the liberal or progressive side of conflicts, I rather warmly espoused his cause. I finally advised him that the only way for him to down Sherman was to conform to the full letter of all his requirements, where he had the legal right to enforce them, whether the case was just or unjust. Brown had a deputy named Samuel Stewart, who came with him to the office of auditor. One of the charges against Brown was that he permitted Stewart to make trips from the office and investigate savings banks, for which there was no fee provided, and that he collected whatever fees he could persuade them to give. Stewart insisted that Brown should resist all the claims of the government, and, at bottom, was really the source of the trouble.

Then there were counter-attacks on the governor. It was alleged that he was subject to apoplectic fits which rendered him unfit for the duties of his office. This was vehemently denied by all the political leaders. All this illustrates the disposition of the old-time politician to lie for the sake of the party; and would not be worth mentioning here, if it were not for what follows.

The Capital was losing money. Duffus came to me one day in great trouble, saying he had a note due that would go to protest the next day. He finally borrowed enough money from Brown to tide him over. Either then or afterward he turned over to Brown, or rather to Mrs. Brown, half of the stock of the Homestead. It became suspected after a while that Brown had an interest in the Homestead. I really did not know anything about it at the time, but I suspected it, and preferred not to know. Matters went on for some time in this way. Finally I received a letter from Duffus (still living at Winterset), stating that he had sold his entire interest in the Homestead to J. M. Pierce and a Mr. Lucas, stating at the same time that he knew only Lucas, and him but slightly, but that the new purchasers would want me to continue my services as editor.

On my first visit to the office after this, I met Mr. Pierce. We had a long conversation about the editorship of an agricultural

paper, of which he knew nothing, having been engaged for a good many years in publishing anywhere from one to three or four county papers, of which Mr. Lucas was the editor. After spending the day in comparing the different agricultural exchanges, he walked with me to the station, and said:

"How much will you ask me to do the editing?"

I said: "How much did you pay for it?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," he replied.

"That's eight or ten thousand too much. You can't afford to pay very much salary under those circumstances. So I will continue to do the editing for ten dollars a week, but in case you make it a success, I shall want the privilege of buying stock when the time comes, at what it is worth."

To all of which he agreed. This is how I came to be editor of the Iowa Homestead.

The Year 1885

IN 1885, the railroad situation in Iowa was simply intolerable. Railroads were competing with other lines at certain points, for example, Kansas City, Omaha, Council Bluffs, and others at St. Paul, St. Louis and Chicago. They had a "gentlemen's agreement," but the poorest road would eventually cut rates, and the result was proportionately very low rates from these points, which the railroads made up by higher rates at non-competing points.

Colonel W. P. Hepburn, who had been for many years congressman in the Eighth District, a long district on either side of the C., B. & Q. railway, and reaching more than half way across the state, had been urged by his constitutents to do something to relieve them from their burdens. He had failed to do so, and manifested a lack of frankness which caused him to lose their confidence. Mr. Pierce and Mr. Lucas were both from that district, as was also Mr. Camp, a man of very fine ability, who occasionally wrote for the paper. Among them they made up their minds to defeat Colonel Hepburn. I was consulted about it, of course, and said that while I would not go into it as a political movement, I would do whatever was necessary to educate the public as to the needs of the hour.

The first thing done was to frame a letter, as from a man who expected to go into the grain and lumber business, and send it to important stations on the line of the road, asking for freight rates on grain, flour, dry goods, lumber, etc., etc. I was astonished to find, for example, as I remember it, that flour was ten cents a hundred from Kansas City to Des Moines, and the same rate from St. Paul to Des Moines. The nearer it came to Des Moines, until over half way, the more the rate increased. For instance, there was an increase (I do not remember the exact rate) at Maryville, and a higher increase at Bedford. It reached its maximum at Creston, then gradually declined at Osceola, and was ten cents to Des Moines from Kansas City. The same was true on the line to St. Paul. The rate on flour was quoted to us at Dakota City at seventeen cents, while it was ten cents thru Dakota City from St. Paul to Des Moines. In fact, I remember that at one time hogs had to be shipped from Creston back to Council Bluffs or Omaha

in order to get the lowest rate from there to Chicago thru Creston. All that was needed to stir up the community was to publish these rates given us by the railroads.

The next step was to secure the names and addresses of the taxpayers who paid on more than four hundred dollars in all of these counties, and make a list of them. The next step was to get Mr. Anderson to run as a candidate against Colonel Hepburn, on a platform of his own, which became somewhat noted as the "Imogene" platform, because it was first made public at a gathering of a few farmers in the village of Imogene. This platform was written by Mr. Camp, and embodied the views of the office. The rest was comparatively easy.

At the beginning of the campaign, after the nomination of the candidates, Mr. Anderson running as independent, a large portion of one issue of our paper was given to a full statement of the facts revealed and the injustice suffered by the farmers thru this railroad discrimination, and the vanity of the hope that relief could be had thru litigation. It pictured the farmer waiting day after day at a high-priced hotel until his case could be heard by the federal court; the interminable delays and postponements, and expense of witnesses, until it was folly to think of any relief from that source. There was little more said about it in the paper until the week preceding the election, when Mr. Camp and I made the best appeal we knew how to make. The result was the defeat of Colonel Hepburn.

The results of this defeat were most fortunate. Colonel Hepburn was really a very strong man, a man of splendid ability, a fine politician. He had had the advantage of a number of years' experience in Washington, and was a man of great power. His defeat, tho there was little said about it outside the district and the state, created a tremendous sensation in Washington. The house had passed a bill creating an Interstate Commerce Commission, I believe several times, but it had always failed in the senate. Congress had scarcely convened when Senator James F. Wilson, then representing the state of Iowa, made a somewhat notable speech in favor of the passage of an interstate commerce law. In fact, the interstate commerce law was the direct result of this defeat of Colonel Hepburn.

The same fall Mr. Larrabee was elected governor. His election was generally regarded as a triumph for the railroads. For many years the political fortunes of men in Iowa had been in the hands of Judge Hubbard, of the Northwestern, and James Blythe, of the C., B. & Q. Judge Hubbard was a very smooth, adroit man, with a good deal of ability as a politician, and not overly

scrupulous as to his methods of securing success. He would talk freely about the men he had bought and paid for, but did it in such a way that people supposed he was joking. He was probably half in jest and half in earnest. It was reported that he had secured the repeal of the Granger law, which had given the state board power to fix rates and fares, by a cash contribution to the leading newspaper in Iowa. Whether this is true or not, I do not know, but I think it is at least highly probable.

Mr. Blythe was a very able man, and as the chief attorney for the "Q," with a local attorney in every county, he could very easily say who should be the candidate for any important office in that part of the state. He knew who would go to the conventions of either party. A man was a very green one in those days who paid fare to a political convention, passes being furnished by the railroads. Occasionally there was a man who refused to take a pass from principle, but as a rule they all went on passes, and of course were susceptible to the influence of the railroad in the convention.

Mr. Larrabee had been in the legislature for several terms, and had been regarded as a railroad senator. The fact is that he lived in a section of the country that was needing railroads very badly, and, like the people generally, he was willing to vote taxes and give right-of-way, station grounds, subsidies of various kinds, including a five per cent tax on real estate and farm property, in order to secure a railroad.

You will hardly credit the following fact. I was at that time the owner of several farms in Adair county, on which a tax of five per cent was levied, and wherever it was necessary to secure a railroad, the valuation on which the tax was levied was equal to the price of the land, in fact, to the value of the land. I had to pay taxes one year on land at $12 an acre, for which I was only asking $11, and subsequently sold part of it at $12.50 and the rest at $11. The legislature had enacted a law requiring the railroads to give stock to the amount of these taxes. This they easily avoided by organizing an independent line, getting control of it, allowing it to be foreclosed, and thus wiping out the stock. I remember that about this time I paid $660 in taxes to the road from Creston to Fontanelle, and received stock therefor which I was glad to sell at six cents on the dollar. This may give you some idea of the condition of things when Mr. Larrabee was elected governor.

He took his seat in 1886. His inaugural address startled the state by recommending an anti-pass law, two-cent fare, reasonable maximum freight rates, and that the Railroad Commissioners

should be paid by the state instead of by a tax levied on the railroads, as theretofore. This address created a profound sensation. I fell in very heartily with Governor Larrabee's program, and gave him cordial support in the Homestead, both thru his first and second administration. Bills were presented in the line of his recommendations, but met with very scant favor. We were so fortunate, however, as to have a friend from the Eighth District—George Finn, a man with great energy and vigor and supreme gall—who would demand a roll call and thus put the members on record. We secured the same thing in the house, and thus laid the foundation for a campaign two years afterward.

Naturally, Governor Larrabee's motives were impugned and his character assailed; but he was a brave man, a man of profound convictions, who, when railroads were secured, was bound that they should not be secured at a sacrifice of the rights of the people. The idea, however, of passing an anti-pass law when every fellow had a pass in his pocket, was regarded as utterly absurd and ridiculous in those days. The same might be said of his demand for reasonable maximum freight rates, and the payment of railroad commissioners by the state. The paper of which I was then the editor was not really so much of an agricultural paper as it was an anti-monopoly paper. The management soon found that anti-monopoly was the winning card.

Agricultural Organizations

IN THESE years there were three great organizations in the state of Iowa that had more or less direct connection with agriculture. The first in influence, tho the smallest in numbers and oldest in organization, was what was known as the Iowa Improved Stock Breeders' Association. The core of it was the old Agricultural Editors' Association, which was formed in 1880, of which I have told you in a previous letter. Among the members were "Father" Clarkson, Wilson, Coffin, Scott, Devon, Knapp, Gue, together with the leading stock breeders and the larger farmers of the state. It met once a year for the discussion of agricultural and economic subjects, many of which had more or less political bearing.

Some years afterward, when Mr. Wilson had become Secretary of Agriculture, he stated that there was more genuine and reliable information in the fifteen or twenty published proceedings of this Iowa Improved Stock Breeders' Association than could be found in all the rest of the agricultural literature put together. The association met at a different place each year. The reports of the proceedings were spread over the state. Even the Chicago papers sent their special reporters to these meetings. It usually wound up with a banquet given by the citizens of the town which was its host. I think I have never heard better after-dinner speaking than at these banquets.

The second association of importance was the Farmers' Alliance. This reached over a good many counties of the state. It was a protest against the high prices charged for agricultural implements and supplies. It affiliated with the Alliances of the different states, there being a national organization as well. It had a great deal to do with promoting co-operation in various forms, and particularly in insurance. It was the real originator of the state-wide mutual insurance companies, which have flourished so extensively ever since.

Its secretary for a number of years was August Post, who was its agent for the purchase of binding twine and farmers' supplies generally. For some reason the members generally lost confidence in him, and the Alliance soon afterward dissolved. Like Jonah's

gourd, it came up in a night—in this case a few years, however—and perished in a night.

The third association was the Dairymen's Association, particularly strong in the northern part of the state. Its main object was the promotion of the dairy interests, the suppression of frauds in the dairy business, stopping the promotion of creameries (which was rampant at that time), and the passage of an oleomargarine law.

The state was at that time in not only a political but an agricultural and economic ferment. Committees from these three associations occasionally met together for consultation on matters of public interest. The most important meeting was that of 1890, of which more later.

The Prohibitory Law

IN THE early settlement of Iowa a law was enacted prohibiting the sale of whisky and similar alcoholic beverages, but permitting the sale of beer, ale, etc. The result was that people got drunk just the same, other alcoholic liquors being sold under the name of beer, ale and wine. There was a long campaign for prohibition, which finally resulted in the adoption, by a majority of thirty thousand, of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of alcohol and alcoholic beverages in the state, and the manufacture of such for sale within the state.

At that time corn was very cheap, and railroad rates high. It was proposed by a New York party to erect a distillery in East Des Moines, costing $125,000 or over, for the manufacture of high wines, double-distilled alcohol, etc., for export. The State Register championed this movement; but the question at once arose: Would this be in conflict with the proposed constitutional amendment? The subject was thoroly investigated, and if I recollect rightly was submitted to the senate, then in session, and some sort of action taken which expressed the belief of the senate that manufacture for export would not be a violation of the law.

So a big distillery was erected, large quantities of corn were converted into alcohol, and large numbers of cattle fed from the refuse. There were at that time four or five other distilleries in the state, which were disabled by the prohibitory amendment. The distillers in the United States were then in a pool, the headquarters of which were at Peoria, Illinois. The arrangement of this pool was that only a sufficient number of distilleries should be operated to supply the demand, and that the rest should be paid a certain percentage of their capacity while they were closed. They could use their plants for feeding catle, but not for the manufacture of liquors.

The whisky trust was paying large sums—I believe something like $50,000 a year—to these Iowa distillers while they were closed down, that is, so far as the manufacture of liquors was concerned. The trust conceived the idea of closing this high wine distillery in East Des Moines.

Burrell, of the Washington Post, a brilliant writer, had been having a whole lot of fun about the big distillery in Des Moines that was manufacturing alcohol, or, using a Hebrew word, what he called "yayin" for the "haythen." He and others stirred up the prohibition element to bring suit to knock out the big distillery. They brought suit under the leadership of Mr. Todhunter, of Indianola, a very earnest prohibitionist. The big distillery finally became a cattle feeding station, and was afterwards abandoned or changed into some sort of a factory.

The Year 1887

GOVERNOR LARRABEE was re-elected in 1887. In order to secure his re-election and anti-monopoly support, we went into state politics in earnest. The first thing to do was to send a representative of the paper to every county in the state and secure the names and addresses of the tax-payers. This cost us a thousand dollars, in addition to railroad fare, which was paid for by advertising the railroads in exchange for mileage books —with which, it must be said, they were reasonably liberal.

The next thing was, early in the spring, to pick out thirteen members of the previous legislature whose records were bad, seven Republicans and six Democrats, and then to begin assailing their records at the beginning of the primaries, in May.

Without going into details, we managed to defeat six Republicans and six Democrats, carrying it thru to the close of the polls, and would have defeated the last one, had it not been that a mail sack intended for distribution in his county was carried to Chicago, and did not reach the people until after the election. However, he did just what we wanted him to do after that.

The General Assembly meeting in January, 1888, was one of the most influential assemblies that ever sat in the state house. The governor renewed and emphasized the recommendations made in his first session, demanded the election of railroad commissioners by the people, and demanded a law which would give the commission legal control over railroad rates. He had able supporters in both house and senate. The result was the enactment of what is known as the Iowa rate law, which has been the model for legislation in many other states. It aimed to protect the shipper at noncompeting points. It was put on a mileage basis. The details of this you can ascertain by looking up a history of Iowa. The result of this law has been to develop a large number of cities of from ten to twenty or thirty thousand, where manufacturing, wholesaling and jobbing can be carried on quite as profitably as in the cities which before had the advantage of greatly reduced rates. Much of the prosperity of Iowa cities is due to this law.

A number of us felt if what are now known as "progressive" principles—then known as "anti-monopoly" principles—were to

retain their influence, Governor Larrabee should be a candidate for the United States senate. With a couple of other men, I went to him at his office in the state house, told him that we had won a great victory, that we had largely wrested the control of the state from the railroads; but that we would surely lose all we had gained unless an anti-monopolist was sent to the United States senate. The term of Senator Allison was about to expire, and it was understood that he was a candidate for re-election. The governor heard all we had to say, but refused to allow us to present his name as a candidate. I did most of the talking, pointed out the situation clearly, stated that the whole ground now occupied would inevitably be lost unless there was a fight made for an anti-monopolist in the senate, and told him I felt sure he could be elected. He finally became somewhat annoyed, and said:

"Mr. Wallace, I have about concluded not to own a man my friend who insists upon my going to the United States senate."

Some time afterward I went to his house on Sunday afternoon, and took up the matter with him again. He gave as his reasons why he could not be a candidate that he had already given four years of his time to the state; that his family needed looking after; that he did not want to subject them to Washington influences, and that he must look after his private interests. While he did not want to go himself, he evidently did not want Allison to be re-elected.

There was such a strong anti-monopoly sentiment in the General Assembly that it was doubtful for a long time whether Allison could be re-elected. There was a fellow in one of the anti-monopoly counties, elected as an anti-monopolist, whose vote was necessary to the election of Allison. I was over in the governor's office one day, and he said to me:

"——— was over here the other day, and asked me a curious question."

I asked him what it was, and he replied:

"He said: 'Governor, do you think that Senator Allison's word is good, or had I better have it in writing?' I told him," said the governor, "that I regarded his word as good ordinarily, but perhaps he had better have it in writing.

" 'Well,' said the member, 'he has promised me that if I will vote for him, he will see that my son is appointed on the railway postal service.'

"I told him," continued the governor, "that he had better have it in writing. And I think if you will look in his vest pocket today, you will find the promise in writing."

As a matter of fact, as I afterwards ascertained, the fellow not only received the appointment for his son, but some other considerations which it would not be polite to mention at this late day.

During that campaign, the editor of the Leader, the Democratic paper in Iowa, called me into his office one day and said:

"Now, you can just as well be senator as not. The leading Democrats have asked me to go to you and pledge their entire support, and you can without difficulty get four or five independent Republicans to vote for you."

I told him I would not consider the matter for a second; that I was a Republican and not a Democrat; that if I had any senatorial ambitions, I could not count on the full support of the Democratic party; that there were a number of representatives who would vote for Allison in preference to me; that I never expected to go to the United States senate; but if I did, I would go as an anti-monopoly Republican. I believe the failure of Larrabee to become a candidate for United States senator put back the anti-monopoly movement in the state of Iowa at least ten years.

The Election of 1889

GOVERNOR LARRABEE having refused to be a candidate for re-election, there was a great deal of excitement and interest in the gubernatorial election of 1889. The Democrats nominated Horace Boies, of Waterloo, a thoroly honest, upright man, with large farming interests. The Republicans nominated Mr. Hutchinson, of Ottumwa. Each of the two parties nominated candidates for railroad commissioners, who by this time had been made elective instead of appointive, as theretofore.

I may say here that, looking back, I think my urgent advocacy of the election of railroad commissioners was one of the greatest mistakes I ever made. I had urged the legislature of 1888 to make these commissioners elective instead of appointive. I believed that so great was the interest in the enforcement of the new Iowa rate law that the people would see to it that just and upright men were put on the ticket. Experience has shown that the people will not maintain the interest they should in these offices.

We advocated the election of Frank Campbell and Spencer Smith, two of Larrabee's appointees. We took from the Democratic ticket Mr. Dye, of Iowa City, whom we believed to be a fair and just man—and so he was, according to his lights. He had, however, been a railroad engineer of large influence, an engineer on the Union Pacific railroad, and naturally he looked at all cases from the standpoint of his training and environment.

The Alliance met shortly after the Republicans had nominated Mr. Hutchinson. Some of them were afraid of him; they did not know who the Democrats would nominate, their convention not having been held. Some of the leading men of their association came to me, to ask me to draw up resolutions to be presented to Mr. Hutchinson, and also to the Democratic candidate when nominated. The points they wished covered were the two-cent fare, which was not included in the Iowa rate law; enforcement of the railroad law, and the advocacy of such amendments as experience might show to be necessary for its greater efficiency.

I drew up the resolutions just before the close of the convention, and they were passed about the last thing. The reporters

had left the building, and the resolutions were not reported as part of the proceedings.

A few days afterward, Mr. Hutchinson came to me and said he was very anxious to have the friendship of the agricultural people, and wished to know how he could make himself solid with the grangers. I asked him if he had heard from them, and he said he had not.

"Well," I said, "when you get home you will find a letter from the officers of the Farmers' Alliance, and I think your election will depend on the answer you give."

He asked me if I knew what was in the resolutions. I said that I did, and I told him.

"I have no hesitation in signing that with a great big 'yes'," he replied. Two or three Democrats from Madison and Guthrie coun-

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wallace on the Front Steps of Their Home in Des Moines.

ties happened to be standing near, overheard the conversation, and said:

"We are all Democrats, but if you say yes to that, you will be the next governor of Iowa."

Mr. Hutchinson went back to the evening session, met with Congressman Henderson (then or afterwards speaker of the house), John Y. Stone, and a number of other politicians, and told them what he had heard, without mentioning my name. Henderson and others told him that it was a trap set for him, and that he had

better dodge the question. Mr. Stone, as he afterwards told me, spoke up and said:

"That ought to be butter and honey for you. I think I know that crowd. They got after me once, and I found that standing with them was my salvation. If you don't do it, you will be in trouble."

Hutchinson, however, took the advice of the politicians, and on going home and reading the letter, replied to it in an evasive way, but incidentally gave the Alliance to understand that in making such requests it was going outside of its particular province. The same questions were sent to Boies, and he answered them with an unqualified "yes".

During that same summer there was a good deal of unrest on the matter of prohibition. The prohibitory amendment had been carried by about thirty thousand majority. It had been declared unconstitutional by the supreme court; but the Republican party had pledged itself to enact legislation that would carry out the ideas of the people of the state who had adopted it. It had been declared unconstitutional not in any discussion of the principles, but on a mere technicality, the exact nature of which I do not now remember.

The amendment forbade the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for use as a beverage inside the state. The law carrying out the principles of the amendment had been a dead letter in the larger cities, particularly on the Mississippi river, which were controlled largely by a foreign element who had been accustomed to the use of liquor from childhood up.

The prohibitionists, in their endeavor to enforce the law, had employed some men whose characters were by no means like that of Caesar's wife—above reproach—and hence there were a good many Republicans in Des Moines—and no doubt in the other cities—who felt that the cause of temperance would be better served by high license than by prohibition. Governor Boies, while a teetotaler himself, was an advocate of high license. Therefore, there were two prominent factors in this election—high license and anti-monopoly.

N. B. Ashby had been lecturer and organizer for the Alliance. He had traveled in almost every county in the state, organizing Alliances. As lecturer for the National Alliance, he had traveled in other states as well. Becoming dissatisfied and suspicious of the management of the Alliance, he had resigned. The Homestead office was in the same building as the Daily Leader, the Democratic

paper, but on the upper floor. One day, as I came down from my office, the editor of the Leader called me in and asked me what my son-in-law (Ashby) was doing.

"He has resigned from the Alliance, and is not doing anything just now," I replied.

"I would like to employ him to look up Hutchinson's record on anti-monopoly," he said, "and I wish you'd ask him to call and see me."

The result was an assignment to go over the senate journal and make a record of Hutchinson's votes on the various anti-monopoly bills that had been before the senate while he was senator. I knew nothing of the results, but while I was absent from the city, the report was published in full in the daily papers. The report was sent all over the state by the Democratic central committee. Coming home the next day, I received a copy, signed, "N. B. Ashby, Lecturer of the National Alliance." As he was boarding with us at the time, when I reached home I called his attention to it, and he immediately went to the office, secured the issues, insisted on them being destroyed (which they were), and stated that he had not made the investigation as an officer of the National Alliance, but as a private citizen, and had simply placed before the public the facts contained in the senate journal. This publication caused a tremendous sensation over the state.

A night or two afterward, I had a call from my friend, Mr. Wilson. He said: "Where's Ashby?"

"In his room."

"Ashby has ruined Hutchinson," he said; "and I am afraid it is going to ruin Allison, too; and I want to see him."

So I brought them together. Ashby said he had done nothing in an official capacity; that he had simply put in a month's work trying to make public the official records of the senate; that if he had made any mistake, he was open to conviction, and would give the Republican papers an opportunity to give the correction as wide publicity as had been given to the original statement. The charge was made that Mr. Ashby was bribed by the Democratic party. The fact is that the work he did was merely clerical, and he received only fifty dollars as payment for the month's work.

The result was the election of Horace Boies as Democratic governor of the state, due partly to the publication of Hutchinson's record, and partly to dissatisfaction with the enforcement of the prohibitory law. A. B. Cummins was elected to the legislature as Independent Republican, from Polk county, on a license platform.

Professor James Wilson

FOR SEVERAL years prior to 1890, there had been a great deal of dissatisfaction among farmers with reference to the Iowa Agricultural College. Mr. Chamberlain, of Ohio, was then president at Ames. The college was nominally an agricultural college, but very little agriculture was taught. There were few agricultural students. The great bulk of the teaching was on scientific lines. Horticulture, under Professor Budd, was quite strong. The engineering department was fairly strong. But the college as a whole was scientific rather than agricultural, and the science was not particularly well applied. The popular course was designed for school teachers and those who wanted a general education.

As an illustration: In 1880, I had a severe outbreak of hog cholera on my farm. Not knowing how to handle it, I went to Ames, first notifying Professor Stalker, head of the veterinary department, when I would be there. He met me at the train, and on the way out I asked him if there was any hog cholera about. He said there was some in the neighborhood. I asked him if there was any at the college farm, and he said there was not. My oldest son was a student there at the time. I was to take dinner with him, and as we went into the building he asked me how things were going at the farm.

I said: "We have a bad dose of hog cholera."

"We have it here, too," he replied.

"Stalker says you have not," I told him.

"Stalker doesn't know."

Yet Stalker was at the head of the department of veterinary science. After we came out, I asked Stalker to take a walk, and led the way to the hog barns—and there were hogs lying around in all stages of the disease—well, dying and dead.

I said to him: "I thought you told me you had no hog cholera on the farm?"

"Well, I didn't know it."

I went to Professor Knapp, and said: "It's a funny thing, that I come here to get help for hog cholera, and Stalker says you have none here, and yet you are rotten with it."

His reply was: "What's the use of telling Stalker anything about it?"

This will show you something of the condition of things at the college.

In my writings I had urged that more attention be given to agriculture at Ames. We had printed a cartoon—a barnyard scene. A dehorned Short-horn bull was crouching in one corner, while various other bulls with Texas horns, labeled "Ethics," "Economics," etc., were goring the life out of the Short-horn bull in his own barnyard.

The college was at that time governed by a board of trustees, who were selected on account of their political services rather than for anything they knew about agriculture. The protest against the general condition of things was so great that each of the three societies appointed what was called the Agricultural College Committee. The Improved Stock Breeders' Association met at Oskaloosa, where John B. Grinnell, who had been a member of the association from the beginning, bade us a pathetic farewell, saying that he would not live to see another meeting. James Wilson was appointed chairman of the committee on the Agricultural College. I was appointed next, and there was someone else whose name I have forgotten. The dairymen, at their convention that winter, appointed a committee, and so did the Farmers' Alliance.

Subsequent to these appointments, Professor Budd came down to see me. He said that there would be a change, and that if I wanted a professorship at the college, I could easily get it. I told him that I did not want it, that I would not like to remove my family to Ames, and that I liked my present job better.

The question occurred to me: Who can possibly fill this place? At once the name of James Wilson suggested itself. He had served three terms in congress, and earlier in the legislature, but his last term in congress was contested by Mr. Frederick, of Marshalltown. Mr. Wilson managed to stave off the contest till the last day, when a bill was introduced giving a pension of some sort to General Grant, who was then on his deathbed. There was some opposition to this. Mr. Wilson arose and said that he would withdraw in favor of Frederick if congress would pass this resolution, which was done. He then retired to his farm near Traer, Iowa.

I telegraphed him: "Come down on the first train; important!"

He came down in the evening, came to the office with his grip in his hand, and said: "Where do you want me to go?"

"Nowhere," I answered.

"Then why did you send me that dispatch?"

I replied: "I want you to be professor of agriculture at Ames."

"I am not fit for it," he said. "Do you think so?"

"In one sense, no," was my answer, "and in another sense you are. You have not had an agricultural college training, but you are educated on agricultural lines. You can teach general farming, heredity, stock breeding and feeding, at which you are an adept; and you can get money from the legislature as no other man can. If we can make the change at all, we can get two college-bred men to take up the scientific end of it."

He said: "I thought you wanted me to go out and straighten up somebody who was wrong."

After talking the thing over until midnight, he said: "Well, if you say so, and I don't have to bat an eye or crook a finger to get the place, I'll accept it."

"Don't let anybody know what you are here for," was my reply; "but wait until you hear from the board of trustees."

What to do with these committees when they got together was a thing that bothered me a good deal. The day before, two or three of them came into the meeting, and I discovered that some of the Dairy committee and some of the Alliance committee were ready to oppose anything that I wanted. I therefore wrote out on my own typewriter a memorandum of what I thought the committee should do, gave it to my assistant, and told him to slip it into the Alliance member's pocket and wink at him.

The meeting was called together. I said I did not think it necessary to have any formal organization; that this was a sort of heart-to-heart talk; and so we spent the afternoon talking over the necessity for a change in the presidency of the college, and also in the professor of agriculture. At the close of the meeting, I said that as we had been discussing merely general principles that afternoon, we would not take up the candidates; but that if we could get the change made, we no doubt could fill the places satisfactorily, and went on to say:

"Mr. Post is the secretary of the Alliance, which is the largest committee, and being used to that kind of business, he can doubtless prepare a statement tomorrow morning, which we will accept as the action of the joint committee."

The next morning he made a statement, which was accepted. It was simply an enlargement of the memoranda I had prepared, but written out in his own notebook at some length, leaving blank spaces for the names. Someone proposed the name of Mr. Beard-

shear for president of the college; and as he was the principal of the high school, within a block of my residence, I cheerfully assented, and it was unanimous. There was a good deal of maneuvering as to who should name the professor of agriculture. I declined to do so, but finally someone suggested James Wilson. I opposed him, on the ground that he did not have an agricultural college training, that his experience had been mainly political, and that while he was an excellent farmer, we ought to get some man of broader culture. Those who differed with me evidently figured that I was fishing for the place myself, and became quite vehement in their advocacy of Mr. Wilson. After making two or three talks on the subject, I said that I was not going to stand out against the opinion of the rest; that the committee seemed to be unanimous in the choice of Mr. Wilson, and I would offer no further resistance. Mr. Post was nominated as the man to present the resolution to the board, which he did the next morning. For prudential reasons, I stayed away.

Mr. Wilson was sent for, came down, and accepted the appointment; then came to the office and said: "You have gotten me into this business, and now you must stand by me."

We of course agreed unanimously to stand by him, and James Wilson became professor of agriculture in the college at Ames. Mr. C. F. Curtiss and Mr. David Kent were elected assistants. The real work of the College of Agriculture began with the election of Mr. Beardshear as president and James Wilson as professor of agriculture.

Beginning of Trouble With the Homestead

SOME time in the year 1889, Mr. Pierce came to my room one day, and asked me if I did not think it was time to drop anti-monopoly discussions in the paper. He said: "We have won our fight, and it might be well to let matters rest a while until the excitement quiets down."

Up to this time, ever since I first wrote for the paper, in 1883, it had been more of an anti-monopoly paper than an agricultural paper. It had had great political influence on such questions as taxation, railroad control, insurance, and all other classes of questions that more directly interest the farmer. It had never dealt with purely partisan politics.

I thought the matter over, and finally told him that it would probably be as well, and then turned my attention to purely agricultural matters. In fact, I felt that if the paper was to have permanent success, it must be devoted more largely to agriculture and live stock than it had been before. I was somewhat surprised a couple of years afterward to learn that the railroad folks had an intimation that there would be an editorial in the Homestead stating that the time for anti-monopoly agitation had passed, and that things would now settle down and take their normal course. How this information reached the railroad people I do not certainly know.

In the years immediately following there was a great boom in the creamery business in the west. It was the golden age of what is known as "promoted" creameries. A firm in Chicago was manufacturing centrifugal separators, and sending agents all over the west, organizing creameries, erecting buildings and furnishing the equipment under contract. They charged about six thousand dollars for a creamery which should have been built for from three thousand to thirty-five hundred dollars.

The method of procedure was to go into a town, interest the bankers and merchants, get them to take stock, and thru them persuade the farmers to take stock, and organize co-operative companies, so called, erect a creamery and have an opening, to which

the whole country was invited, and then pronounce the creamery a wonderful success. The men engaged in this business told half-truths. They gave records of milk yields in the main correct, leading the farmers to assume that they could duplicate these yields and make a hatful of money. Farmers soon discovered that their cows would not yield half as much as they had been led to suppose. They soon got tired of milking, and the supply of milk dropped off. The expenses were greater than people expected. The result was a mortgage and foreclosure, the wiping out of the creamery and putting back the legitimate dairy interests for a number of years. I have never known one of these promoted creameries to be a success.

Along in the early 90's, I received a letter from a farmer, I think in Mills county, asking me under what conditions a creamery could be made a success, and how much money farmers could afford to put into it. I wrote him that a successful creamery required three things: Educated cows, that is, cows educated to give milk; educated farmers, that is, farmers educated to breed, feed and care for cows, and an educated butter-maker and manager, who would be able to get the full value out of the milk in the shape of first-class butter, and who knew how to ship and sell. I told him that there ought to be at least four hundred cows, and six hundred would be better; and that under those conditions the farmers in a community would be justified in putting from three thousand to thirty-five hundred dollars in buildings and equipment.

As the matter was one of public interest, I answered this inquiry thru the columns of the paper. One day Mr. Pierce came into my room in a bad humor, and wanted to know why I was knocking the advertising end of the paper. I asked him what he meant. He said that a certain firm had been advertising with us to the extent of several hundred dollars a year; that a member of the firm had called on him that morning, and stated that unless the editorial tone of the paper was changed, they would have to discontinue their advertising.

I told him that I was running the editorial end, that its tone would not be changed, that I would tell the farmers of the west the truth about the creamery business, as I had had experience in it myself, with a loss of about five thousand dollars.

Nothing more was said that morning, but in the afternoon or the next day, the agent of the firm came in. He was about the smoothest proposition I had ever met. He gave me some very elegant bouquets, said that he did not know of any other man in the whole United States that seemed to have the confidence of the

farmers as I had it; that I could wind them around my finger; but that unless the teaching on the creamery business was different, they would have to discontinue their advertising.

He said that he was at Marshalltown a week or two before, where they were organizing a ten-thousand-dollar creamery; that a physician he had met on the train had subscribed a thousand dollars, and asked him to dinner with him. While at the dinner table, his son brought in the Homestead. In looking over it, his eye fell upon the answer to that man in Mills county, and he turned to the agent and said:

"Unless you can get Wallace's endorsement, I must cancel that subscription."

The agent then said to me: "Now we can work together to our mutual advantage."

I told him there would be no change in the editorial policy; that I would tell farmers the truth, no matter what the consequences might be. He went out, and I understood afterwards that he and Mr. Pierce went over to the hotel and spent a considerable part of the afternoon. The latter then came in and said to me:

"I have a proposition to make to you. This man says the firm has been organizing successful creameries in Iowa and Missouri; that they will take you around and show them to you, and pay you thirty cents a line for anything you may write in the way of a report."

I told him I would not do it; that I was no judge of the expense of building a creamery, altho I had built one; nor of the value of the equipment; that I could not trust my own judgment in this, and hence would not make the trip. I regarded it simply as a scheme for getting editorial endorsement for a firm of which I had the gravest suspicions.

Mr. Pierce became angry about it, and said he would send Mr. Lambing, one of the live stock solicitors. This was done, and a glowing report published, which must have deceived many farmers and led to the fooling away of a good many thousand dollars.

While I was the editor of the paper, I had only a minority interest in the stock, about thirty per cent of the whole. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Pierce, who owned thirty-five per cent each, having agreed upon the matter, the only thing that I could do was to insist that this should not appear as editorial but as correspondence. This was the first serious difference.

A year or two afterward I began to notice, in talking to dairymen, a lack of the confidence that the paper had enjoyed from this interest theretofore. Nothing was said nor charges directly made,

but I had an indefinable feeling that the dairymen had lost confidence in the paper and in me. I found on inquiry that the paper was also beginning to decline in circulation. The highest paying circulation it had reached was sixteen thousand, and I made the final payments on my purchase of stock on that basis. The number of paid-up subscriptions then began to decline, notwithstanding all our efforts to maintain it, and I began to wonder why.

Some time after this disagreement with the other stockholders on the creamery matter, serious differences arose between them. I don't remember the exact date, but it came to a head at Christmas time in 1891 or 1892. Mr. Pierce wrote a letter to Mrs. Stewart and showed it to me, and mailed it so as to reach her on Christmas morning.

At that time the feeling between them was so bitter that Mr. Pierce never opened the mail of Mr. Stewart, who was the advertising solicitor, until he had finished all the other mail. The reason he gave was that it made him so angry that he could not do anything the rest of the day.

Mrs. Stewart called at my house with the letter, and asked me if I had seen it. I told her I had. She said: "That's all I want to know." I asked her why, and she replied: "I am going to sue him for libel. He can write me what he pleases, but when he publishes it by showing it to anyone, it is libel."

She therefore had him returned to the grand jury, and I was summoned as a witness. They asked me if I had seen the letter. I said I had, and went out. No indictment was found, I think more thru the favor of the judge than anything else.

Mr. Stewart then proposed to me that we vote together and elect me president of the Homestead Company. This I declined to do. I foolishly told this to Mr. Pierce, and that made him boil more furiously than ever. The fact is that the condition at the Homestead office at that time was anything but pleasant. Mr. Pierce, while a man of some good qualities, had a most violent temper, and with Mr. Stewart one of the three directors, life in that office was anything but serene.

Mr. Pierce proposed to me that at the next election we leave Mr. Stewart out of our board; and here I made my first mistake. It was either that or live in an atmosphere in which it was an open question whether that or purgatory was the more comfortable; so I agreed to it. We elected in his place Mr. Dunning, of Bedford, who was Mr. Pierce's financial backer, tho I did not know the extent of it at the time. I was fully resolved, however, that Mr. Stewart's stock interests should not suffer any harm.

In the winter of 1892-1893, we bought ground for a building site for the plant, Mr. Pierce and I buying it ourselves and leasing it to the Homestead Company for a number of years. We put up a building which would absorb all the dividends for that year. The lease seemed to me to be a just one, as the price at which rent was figured was that which would actually pay an interest rate of six per cent, the valuation to be made every ten years.

Mr. Stewart, while resentful that he had been put off the board of directors, did not seriously object to this. We put up the building during the time of the panic, and paid for it in the next year or two, in the meantime discontinuing the dividends, which had for the two years previous been thirty per cent. When the building was paid for, Mr. Pierce proposed that we absorb dividends in the future by putting in a perfecting press. I saw then that he was determined to make Mr. Stewart's interest in the paper worthless to him for a time, and at this I drew the line. I said that so long as Mr. Stewart was connected with the paper, his interest in the stock must be guarded just as carefully as my own. I did not realize it at the time, but this made it certain that friction with Pierce would grow in the future.

A Trip to Europe

IN 1891 I took a trip to Europe. Mr. Pierce had been over in 1890, and I had given him letters of introduction to my friends on the other side. On his return he asked me why I did not go over.

Speaking to Professor Wilson about it, he said: "I think I can get you a recommendation to study agriculture over there, and thus pay part of your expenses." I thought that would be very nice. He accordingly wrote a letter to Secretary Rusk, and he asked me to investigate the growing of flax in Belgium, Holland and Ireland. I accepted the commission.

I had a very pleasant trip, Mrs. Wallace going with me. We went first to Ireland. When my cousin, Henry John Wallace, after I had been there some time, asked me what were my plans, I told him that I had a commission from the government to make some investigations in Belgium and Holland, as well as Ireland. He said he would like to go with me, as he had never been on the continent. Of course I was delighted to have him.

Passing thru Holland, we went to Belgium, where I presented my credentials to the secretary of agriculture, and was warmly received. I was advised to go to the experiment station at Gembleaux, where I had a very funny experience. When we stopped at the station I saw a gentleman rushing toward me, who said to me: "Parlez vous Francais?" I answered with the only French words I knew: "Oui, monsieur," pronouncing the first word "oo-ee,' which gave me away at once. He pointed to a carriage, and we all three got in and rode out to the station. On the way out, I presented him with my credentials, which he could not read. We rode on, he talking French, and my cousin and I talking English, and neither one understanding a word the other said. He took us to his reception room and showed us his pictures, he talking more French, my cousin talking English with a decided Irish accent, and I talking English with my American accent.

Altogether, we had a most uncomfortable time. I was disposed to see the humor of it, but our host was not. He kept bobbing out and in. Finally he took out his watch and pointed to ten minutes past two. Henry John said to me that something was

going to happen at that time. Presently he brought in a bottle of wine and some wafers, and we were obliged to regard this as one thing we could have in common. At about the time he had indicated on his watch, an Irishman came in, a student at the college, who could talk both French and English. With him acting as interpreter, we got along famously.

We went out to see the experiments in grass growing, flax and vine growing, talked about legumes and protein, etc. We finally got away, and I asked the Irishman to go back with us to the hotel. As soon as we got in, he closed the door and burst out in an immoderate fit of laughing. I asked him what he was laughing at, and he said:

Mrs. Henry Wallace.
Photo Taken About 1890.

"This is the funniest day we ever had at Gembleaux. I am the only person in the college who can speak English. As soon as you came, 'Prexy' sent for me, but I was out of town, taking a walk, and had not told anybody where I was going. As I came sauntering in leisurely, one of the students came running and said to me: 'Hurry up! The English minister has arrived, and Prexy can not understand a word he says.'"

The department of agriculture at Brussels, where we had an interpreter, and the minister also could speak some English, had telegraphed to Gembleaux that some distinguished visitors were coming, and they must be taken care of in good style, and the "prexy" was doing his best.

We were glad, however, to get to Courtrai. This is the center of the flax-growing industry in Belgium. It is in the southeastern part of the country, on the River Lis, and one of the most interesting countries I ever visited. I had been requested at Brussels to telegraph the time we would arrive at Courtrai, but had neglected to do so, and so they did not know when we were coming.

We went to the Hotel du Nord, and inquired as to the residence of a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction. I was told

that he boarded at the hotel, and the porter described him as the "man who says everything back-end foremost." I did not know what he meant, but presently he arrived and found Henry John and me sitting in the garden with our feet upon a chair. His first greeting was:

"Americans, I believe?"

I said: "How did you know it?"

"From the location of your feet."

He then undertook to show us the town. He wanted to take us to a cathedral which he said contained a painting that was valued at twenty-five thousand pounds sterling. I told him I did not care about paintings, but wanted to see people. So he took us around to the shops, or stores. We finally came to a monument in a small park, and I asked him whom it represented.

"That," he said, "is an illustration of my misfortune. I did not die at the right time. You see these monuments in every city in Europe. The people at Courtrai at one time wanted to put up a monument, and they concluded to put one up to me. Then, on second thought, they did not know what mischief I might still do, and so they selected an old physician who had brought many of them into the world; and there he stands, immortal in brass, with his obstetrical forceps in his hand, his cloak over his shoulder—where I might have been, if I had only died at the right time."

He was an Irishman, had been there for thirty years, buying the celebrated Courtrai flax for manufacture. I inquired of him about the flax business, and he said he had had a piece of very bad luck.

"The best flax in the world is grown here," he said, "and the best crop ever grown was in 1888, and the only large lot of it that is known to exist is owned by a farmer out in the country. I have been trying to buy it, but (mentioning another name, with an expression of hope that his life in the future would not be comfortable) has bought it very cheap, far below its value."

I asked him how much he paid for it, and he said: "Two hundred and twenty pounds sterling per ton."

"That seems to me to be high," I replied.

"No," said he, "it is worth four hundred pounds a ton. There is nothing else like it in the world."

We sympathized with his misfortune. He went with us to the hotel, and spent the evening looking over my letters of introduction.

The next morning I found a letter to the purchaser of the noted flax. We called on him. He received us kindly, asked us to breakfast, which we declined, as we had already breakfasted, but

we chatted with him in his breakfast room. Finally a thought occurred to him. He rang for a servant, and said: "Go over to the warehouse, and bring me a sample of that flax I bought yesterday." He took it in his hand, patted it and stroked it as lovingly as any of you boys would stroke the curls of the girl you expect to marry, and then said:

"This is the best flax that exists in the world today; and So-and-So (mentioning the man who had taken us around the previous day) is as mad as a March hare because he did not get it."

I asked him what he paid for it, and he said: "Two hundred and twenty pounds sterling, and it is worth four hundred. I will have telegrams from all over Europe for samples of this flax. It will be used only for robes of royalty."

I was interested in flax, both as to its methods of culture and methods of retting. In the United States we sow about two-fifths of a bushel per acre; in Belgium three bushels, growing it only once in eight or ten years, and if they want a very fine sample, once in twelve. It is sown broadcast on sod ground thoroly prepared—as carefully as we would prepare ground for a garden. Then it is weeded by women wearing wooden shoes, eight or ten women abreast, going in the direction from which the wind is blowing. The wooden shoe is the common shoe of the country, and injures the flax less than any other. The women go in the direction from which the wind is blowing, so that the wind will blow it up. They dig up every little weed, using something like a spoon, put the weeds in their aprons and carry them to the fence, at the same time thinning out the flax where it happens to be sown too thick. The object is to secure an even stand of flax that will grow from thirty-six to thirty-eight inches high, and have seed only at the tip, for flax is grown there both for seed and lint, but mainly for the latter. It has a second weeding some time later, to get any weeds that may have been missed.

When the heads are turning brown, but before it is dead ripe, it is pulled and put in even lengths as far as possible. It is then bound up with three bands in very small sheaves, about what the hands can grasp, and put up in very small shocks to cure. When it is properly cured, these small bunches are tied up in a bunch about the size of our sheaf of wheat. It is then stacked.

After it has gone thru the sweat, as we would say, it is threshed by using a piece of two-by-four or less, about six inches long, with a handle put into it at an angle. The large band is taken off, and these small sheaves are placed on a block and pounded with this

wooden hammer, turning the flax as it is pounded, and thus getting rid of the seed.

It is tied up with three bands again, and either put in a stack to be retted after a while, or taken immediately to the River Lis to be retted. For some reason, which at that time no one knew, the River Lis gives a quality to flax known in no other part of the world; and the singular thing about it is that there is only about ten or twelve miles of the river valuable for retting.

The experiment station had a specialist boring along the river to find out the reason for this. They discovered that the river lies on a bed of blue clay. This at once interested my cousin, who was the owner of a flax mill, and he said he could tell at once when a sample of flax was brought to him whether it was retted in Ireland in a pit that had blue clay under it, or whether it was on a sandy foundation. The blue clay furnished the best flax, even when the land on which it was grown was apparently the same.

The method of retting is very peculiar. The flax is put in boxes much like the old-fashioned piano box, with a sloping top, put in with heads up, and it is deep enough to let the heads come up near the top of the box. These boxes are then anchored out in the stream, the amount of weight put on depending on the character of the water—and, they told us, on the age of the moon! The river has a very slight current. Sail-boats come in from the sea; but during the flax-retting season they are not allowed to use their sails nor any kind of motive power, because they make too much current. While we were investigating it, a boat came in, propelled by a man, who walked along the tow-path, walking backward and sticking his heels in the ground. His wife (or at least some woman) remained on the boat and handled the tiller.

After the flax is retted for a certain time, which experts know, it is taken out. The small bundles are untied and the flax is stood up. By a peculiar twist of the wrist, each bundle is made to look like a little Indian tepee. After it has dried for a certain length of time, it is tied up again and put back in the box, where the retting is completed. It is then scutched, the scutching blade being a kind of wood grown only in that country. It is harder than white pine and softer than ash. By this retting the woody part is taken out, and only the lint remains. It is then ready for the market.

We then went to Holland, where the retting is done in pits. A hole is dug in the ground, a couple of feet deep, and five or six feet long and wide. This is filled with water. The flax is put in this until the woody fiber is decayed. It is then taken out and spread

on the grass to dry, and afterwards is tied up in bundles and scutched. I was in Ireland during the flax-retting season, and watched this process, which is more disagreeable to those who perform the work than any job any farmer undertook, unless possibly it is treating sheep for foot-rot.

In Belgium, they practice retting in slightly moving water. It furnishes less lint, but of a higher quality. In Ireland flax is grown only for fiber, the seed being wasted. In Belgium and Holland it is grown for both seed and fiber, the seed being procured from Riga, Russia, and the Belgian and Holland seed being sent over to Ireland, where it was said to do better than the Riga seed. Altogether it was most interesting.

I had a controversy with my cousin as to hotel rates. When we came to Amsterdam, I said to him: "Now you manage this hotel business, and see how near you come to the American rates." When you go to a hotel in the Old Country—at least it was so in those days—the scene is quite different from what it is in America. Instead of a genial clerk, with his hair parted in the middle and some jewelry about his person, and a broad corridor in which the guests can congregate, you find a book at one side of a desk, and a girl presiding. She takes you to your room, and names the price. It seems wonderfully cheap, two shillings (fifty cents) for one, I believe, and three shillings for two. Then you pay for your meals *a la carte*, or what is now known as the "European plan." In addition you pay for service.

When we came to settle up for our room rent, we found we were charged a shilling apiece for two candles. When we came to leave we had to tip the chambermaid, the steward, the "boots" and the porter. While there was no one to welcome us but the girl at the desk, we found apparently everybody about the hotel waiting with a hand out, ready to "speed the parting guest."

If I had been doing it, I probably would have given twice as much as Henry John did. When we came to figure up our expenses, they amounted to three dollars a day apiece, which was about what we would have paid at a first-class hotel on the American plan in the United States at that time.

I mention this at this time because when I came back to Washington they asked me for my expense account. I told them I had not kept any. They finally concluded that the trip was worth about four hundred dollars, which they paid me. On arriving home, I found that Mr. Pierce and Mr. Stewart, after a great deal

of consultation, had concluded that this expense money belonged to the Homestead Company. This added something to the friction that was arising between these two themselves, and myself; but was before the serious friction which had arisen between them, of which I have spoken in a previous letter.

Trouble Ahead

GROVER CLEVELAND was nominated, or rather elected, president of the United States in 1892, for a second time. It has been claimed by Republicans ever since that the panic of '93 was due to the election of a Democratic president the year before. I have never believed there were any grounds for this statement, for in 1892, before the conventions were held, and when it was impossible to know who would be elected, or even nominated, my banker told me that he had been advised by bankers in New York to prepare for trouble.

Cleveland was obliged to issue bonds to maintain the gold basis, but it is well known that the Republican administration, before going out, anticipated all this, and even had the plates prepared for the printing of the bonds. It is not safe to put too much credence on what politicians say on these matters.

The real cause of the panic, in my judgment, was fear on the part of business men for the maintenance of the gold standard, due to congressional action in favor of the largest possible use of silver. Up to 1890 and 1891, the output of gold mines had shrunk until all the mines in the world turned out not much more than one-fifth of what we are turning out now (1913). The amount evidently was unequal to the task of maintaining prices all over the world, and hence there was a constant tendency of prices to shrink and create disaster among men who had debts or other obligations to meet.

The panic caught me in the very worst kind of shape financially. I had seven or eight hundred acres of land, but it was mortgaged. The dividends from the Homestead were cut off in order to pay for the new building. We had bought the Wisconsin Farmer and the Live Stock Indicator on borrowed money. My salary was scarcely sufficient to pay living expenses. Altogether my name was on about thirty thousand dollars' worth of paper, apart from a mortgage on the farm. Those were dark days. I remember going into the office of my banker when a note was due, and saying to him:

"I can't possibly pay off that note."

He said: "Who asked you to?"

"You had a right to ask it."

"Can you pay the interest?"

"Yes. Tell me honestly what that note is worth now," I said, and he replied:

"It's not worth ten cents on the dollar; but it's worth just as much as any other man's note. Mr. Callanan has been trying to borrow $30,000, and offering 10 per cent, and can't borrow a dollar." Mr. Callanan was regarded as altogether the richest man in Des Moines.

"What's going to happen?" I asked.

He said: "I don't know. We may get thru. We will probably know in the next twenty-four hours, and we may not."

"If not?" I asked.

"Then universal smash, a wiping out of all debts, and beginning anew."

Fortunately, this did not happen, and the country pulled thru, but with fearful losses for men who were heavily in debt, and great fortunes for men who had plenty of cash and credit. This is always the case in times of panic; the rich become richer; the fairly well-to-do lose, and the poor become poorer.

This, however, was not the only trouble. Life in the Homestead office was becoming more and more unsatisfactory and unpleasant. The subscription season in the winter of 1893-94 was very poor. It was utterly impossible to maintain the pay-in-advance policy in securing subscriptions, and Mr. Pierce insisted that we make the excuse of hard times and carry the delinquents over. We therefore, in the month of February, kept on some three thousand subscriptions out of the fourteen or fifteen thousand on the list, altho they had not renewed. I was in favor of maintaining the policy of pay in advance, no matter what happened, as I believe that is the only way in which a legitimate list can be built up. That I was right is evident from the fact that the Homestead was not able to get back to that policy.

I began to see that I had tied my hands in allowing Mr. Dunning to be elected as a director. I was induced to do so by the assurance that he was a Christian man, a regular attendant at prayer-meeting, an earnest Sunday school worker, and that he would hold the balance true between us and Mr. Stewart without bias or favor. In this I was grossly deceived. He voted always with Pierce. The fact that my hands were tied and I could no longer control the editorial policy of the Homestead gave me grief which I can not very well describe. By the public I was held responsible for all its utterances, and for every position it took on

public matters; and yet I felt that my hands could be absolutely tied, and would be if considered advisable.

In the spring of 1894, my doctor insisted that I should take a vacation, going abroad, and he forbade my thinking or talking in public while I was gone. I had been having serious troubles in the back of my head, caused by rush of blood; and the doctor told me it might be fatal if not looked after in time. I therefore went abroad again in June, 1894, and spent nearly three months in Ireland, mostly in Dublin. Of course, your great-grandmother went with me. Our daughter, Harriet (your great-aunt), as I told you, had married Mr. Ashby. He had been appointed consul to Dublin by the Cleveland administration, and so I spent much of my time with them.

I took a trip to London, and learned that Mr. Ruby, an old acquaintance of mine, who had been consul at Belfast under Harrison, but had been removed under the Cleveland administration, was residing in London, and not very far from the residence of my cousins, Professor and Mrs. Robert McKee. (Professor McKee died in 1912.) I therefore walked over to the Swiss cottage where Mr. Ruby resided, to make him a visit.

He was very glad to see me, and remarked that he had seen Nat Hubbard in town but a short time before; that he told him that he understood there was trouble between Wallace and the Homestead; that Hubbard had said: "I'm sorry; Wallace is a first-class editor, and Pierce knows how to take in the money."

I asked Mr. Ruby when he would see Hubbard again, and he said: "He is going to take dinner here tomorrow." I then said: "I wish you would find out just what the railroads think of the Homestead." Nat Hubbard, being a son of Judge Hubbard, who was one of the general counsel for the Northwestern railroad, and who had been one of the dictators of the politics of the state, would be in a position to know.

A day or two afterward I called again on Mr. Ruby, and asked him what he had found out. He said:

"I took Hubbard up into my smoking room after dinner. We smoked some good cigars, and had other refreshments, and I said to him:

" 'Nat, tell me about the Homestead. Is it commercial?'

"Nat said: 'Yes, as I know to my sorrow.'

" 'In what way?' I said.

" 'Well,' said he, 'its active support is not worth anything any more, but its silence is valuable and worth buying.' "

When I returned to Dublin, I made a careful study of the Des

Moines Register, the Cedar Rapids Gazette and the Homestead, all of which came to the consulate. The question under discussion was the propriety of the proposed advance of 26 per cent in freight rates, that is, an advance of 26 per cent over the rates prescribed by the Iowa Railroad Commission, in conformance with the Iowa railroad law. I found that the Register and the Gazette were discussing it with the greatest freedom, but there was not a line on the subject to be seen in the Homestead. Then Nat Hubbard's statement that the silence of the Homestead was valuable and worth buying occurred to me, and the question arose in my mind: Has it been purchased? If so, the people of Iowa will hold me responsible.

We came home about the first of October. After looking matters over, I wrote a paragraph stating that the question of the advance of freight rates was now before the public; that the railroads and business men had been fully heard, and that it was time the commission heard from the farmers; and therefore suggested that each of our subscribers write a postal card to the Railroad Commission, letting their wishes be known. I said nothing to Mr. Pierce about this, but handed it to Mr. Carlin, the foreman, and waited for the paper to appear. The paragraph did not appear. I then wrote an article of greater length, handed it to the foreman, and said: "This must go in."

I went to Wisconsin that week, and on my return the article had not appeared. I then took the matter up with Mr. Pierce, told him that the question would have to be decided as to who was editor of the paper, and asked him to call a meeting of the board, consisting of Mr. Pierce, Mr. Dunning and myself. He promised to do so, but in the course of two or three weeks Mr. Dunning did not appear and we could have no meeting.

As secretary of the board, I then called a meeting myself. I prepared an article of considerable length, keeping a copy of it, insisting that an advance of 26 per cent on freight rates would be a damage to the agricultural interests. As soon as the meeting was called to order, I moved that this be published as the position of the Homestead on the question. This was promptly voted down —and then the battle was on.

I saw clearly that I would have to get out, but that it was to my interest to be "fired." I expected for weeks to be fired every day, but along in February I received a tip from Mr. Carlin that Mr. Dunning was in town, that there was to be a meeting, and that my head likely would be found in the basket. I received no notice of

the meeting until a few mintues beforehand. I was promptly removed, the removal to take place immediately and the salary to cease the last day of February, which was only two or three days off.

Knowing all this was coming, I had taken counsel with lawyers. A month or two previous I went to the attorney for the firm, told him that I thought there was trouble ahead, and would like to know just what position he would take in the matter. He told me he knew there was trouble coming, that he would not take sides with either party, that he would be peace-maker between the two sides, that he had never had two clients whom he held in higher esteem, and that anything he would say would be for the purpose of avoiding trouble.

I believed him, and talked with him confidentially. While I was on a trip to Wisconsin, however, I received from a man who was looking after the business of the Wisconsin Farmer in that state a bit of information that could be known to but two persons, the attorney and myself. I had never breathed it. As soon as I came home I made a call on the attorney. I said to him:

"Did I understand you the other day that in this coming troubel between Mr. Pierce and myself, you would be absolutely impartial?"

"Certainly."

"Then why are you giving Mr. Pierce counsel that is strictly contrary to my interests?"

He said he had never done so; and I went on to say:

"I told you the other day (mentioning what it was—I have forgotten what now), and our manager in Wisconsin could tell me all about it. He naturally got it from Mr. Pierce, and you must have revealed to him confidential communications."

His excuse was that he was Mr. Pierce's attorney in other matters, and unintentionally had said things he ought not to have said.

I saw I would need another attorney, and went to Mr. A. B. Cummins (now United States senator) and asked him to take my case. He told me he was very sorry he could not do it, as Mr. Pierce had retained him. As Mr. Cummins never appeared in the subsequent litigation, I wondered at it, and one day asked him about it. He replied that he had unfortunately accepted a retainer from Mr. Pierce, but had only a few days before written him a letter, stating that he accepted retainers not to be kept out of business, but to get business, and therefore was no longer his attorney. In other words, knowing Mr. Cummins to be one of the best

lawyers in the state, and assuming that I would employ him as my attorney when I needed one, he simply paid him a retainer in advance to keep me from employing him.

I was then an editor without a paper; under obligations to pay the debts of the Homestead Company and of the Pierce-Wallace Company, which was a corporation in the nature of a trust, holding the majority of the stock of the Homestead Company except two or three shares, all the stock of the Wisconsin Farmer except enough to enable outsiders to qualify as directors in that state, and all the stock of the Live Stock Indicator. Mr. Pierce intimated thru a mutual friend that if I would "be good" and allow him to dictate the entire editorial policy of the paper, he would pay me three thousand dollars a year for the rest of my life. I rejected this offer at once, feeling that it was not in the power of mortal man to draw up a contract that would hold him, or that he would not break with impunity if he thought it to his advantage.

That there was some good reason in this was evident some years afterward, when Mr. Stewart and Mr. Pierce combined against me. Mr. Stewart's attorney, Judge Connor, told me that he had spent a good deal of time drawing up a contract between Pierce and Stewart that would bind Pierce. "But," said he, "I have concluded that that is beyond human power." Not a few other men have had a like experience since.

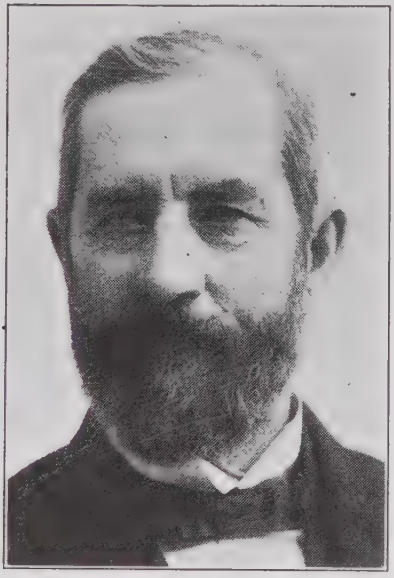
The Origin of Wallaces' Farmer

DURING the course of a rather long life I have found many times that apparent misfortunes are very often blessings in disguise. My experience with Mr. Pierce, which I have told very briefly in previous letters, at the time seemed to be a very great misfortune. I was thrown out of a position, and was compelled to leave all of my available capital tied up in the hands of my business antagonists, who had shown every evidence of a desire to use my money to my own disadvantage. Hard as this situation seemed to be at the time, it was really the best thing that could have happened to me, and led to the building up of a family business enterprise which up to this time has been far more successful than we had any possible reason to hope for, and which seems to be on a firm foundation.

In one of my previous letters, I spoke of my son-in-law, Mr. Ashby, as having been appointed consul to Dublin. For several years prior to the time of this appointment, Ashby had been the editor, manager and chief owner of a paper known as The Farmer and Breeder. This paper had struggled for existence for a great many years. It was a weak agricultural paper, which finally had been purchased by Fred Faulkes, of the Cedar Rapids Gazette. Faulkes had sold a two-thirds interest in it to Ashby, and Ashby had moved to Cedar Rapids and was running it, the printing being done by Faulkes. The latter had helped Ashby in securing the appointment as consul to Dublin, but had insisted that if Ashby accepted it, he must first dispose of the paper and pay Faulkes for his third interest in it. Papers of this sort were not very easy to dispose of.

At that time, my oldest son, Henry C. (your great-uncle Harry), was teaching in the Agricultural College at Ames, and my second son, John P., was a student there. Mr. Ashby went down to talk to the boys about the matter. We were all anxious that he should be able to accept the consulship. As a result of this visit to Ames, he arranged to sell the paper to Henry C. and Professor C. F. Curtiss. They moved it to Ames, and changed its name to The Farm and Dairy, making it mostly a dairy paper, as that was the work in which Henry C. was engaged at the college. They put

in a small press and ran the paper as a side issue, using it to help promote the interests of the Agricultural College. It was necessary, however, that they should have someone to look after the business, and especially the advertising. About this time, John was having trouble with his eyes, and it became evident that they would not stand the close application necessary to finish his studies. The upshot of the matter was that John dropped out of college and took hold of the advertising end of The Farm and Dairy.



Henry Wallace, When He Established Wallaces' Farmer in 1895.

The paper was running along, just about paying expenses, at the time my trouble with Mr. Pierce reached its climax. The week after I was forced out of the Homestead by Mr. Pierce and his associates, I went up to Ames to talk the matter over with the boys. They said: "Why not become editor of The Farm and Dairy and thus have a medium thru which to talk to the farmers of Iowa, and tell them what has happened?"

I at once agreed to this. We arranged to buy from Professor Curtiss his interest, giving him our notes for it; and when the issue of February 15th was put out, it carried the name, "Wallaces' Farm and Dairy," with my name as editor. It also carried an article by me, under the heading, "A Word Personal," in which I told the story of why I was no longer connected with the Homestead.

In this article, I asked that all readers of the Homestead who might happen to see it, send me the names and addresses of Homestead subscribers. The response was immediate. I had always great faith in the Iowa farmer and his sense of justice, but I confess that my highest expectations had not allowed me to hope that they would so quickly and so vigorously rally to my support. We got names by the thousand. Old Homestead subscribers wrote to Mr. Pierce to stop their papers at once, and turned in to raise clubs for Wallace's Farm and Dairy.

The paper was published semi-monthly at that time, and the subscription price was fifty cents a year. We made a club rate of twenty-five cents to get started. Clubs and single subscriptions came in in ever-increasing numbers. The daily papers of the state, and the county papers also, gave us much helpful publicity, and within three months it was evident that our new venture would very probably be successful.

We worked hard. I did not move to Ames, but rented an office in Des Moines, where I did my writing, and sent the manuscript to the boys at Ames. By staying in Des Moines, I kept in touch with many friends, both those who lived in Des Moines and friends over the state who would come to see me when in town. Henry C. spent his entire time in the office at Ames. His past training as a printer stood us in good stead. We did not have much money, and could not afford to employ highly-skilled help. John gave most of his time to looking after the advertising. He rode all over the state on his bicycle, visiting the stockmen, soliciting their advertisting, and incidentally soliciting subscriptions at every opportunity.

One of the things that encouraged us most was a visit during our first three months from a representative of one of the large advertising agencies. This representative, a very able man of long experience in the advertising business, came out from Chicago and spent a day in the office. In the afternoon he said:

"No doubt you need ready money, and I am going to make you a proposition. We will buy so many inches (I don't remember how many) of space in your paper, to be used as we may see fit to use it during the next two years, and pay for it at the rate of (I think it was five cents an inch) and give you a check in advance for the full amount."

The rate per inch which he offered us was a little less than half of our regular rate. I think the check he offered was for three or four thousand dollars, but I don't remember accurately now.

That looked like a lot of money to us; but as the boys talked it over it came to them that this shrewd advertising firm had been watching developments, and had made up their mind that we were going to be a real success, and, therefore, they would do a nice stroke of business for themselves if they bought a lot of space in advance; that they figured our circulation would grow, and the space would become increasingly valuable to them. Of course they proposed to sell this space to their different advertising clients, and charge them our regular rate for it; therefore, they would make a nice profit.

The thing that impressed the boys was the confidence that this man evinced in our new enterprise. After talking it over, they told him that they were immensely grateful to him for his offer, and that they would like to have the money, but that we were starting a new business which we hoped would grow into a paying business after a while, and, as they saw it, it would not be right to sell advertising space at one price to one man and at another price to another man. They told him they would like to sell him the space, and would pay interest on the money if he felt like advancing it, but could not make any such reduction in the price.

It took a lot of nerve for us to turn down the offer of this firm,

Original Wallaces' Farmer Building, Erected in 1903.

but we did it, and struggled along. Really, the turning down of this offer was a very shrewd thing from a business standpoint, altho we did not fully realize it at the time. It made that firm understand that we had confidence in ourselves, and that we would treat everybody alike. They sent us a nice lot of business right along, at the same rate we got from other advertising firms.

The way the farmers of the state rallied to the support of Wallace's Farmer and Dairyman (we made this slight change in the name not long after I became editor), and the large numbers of them who stopped their subscriptions to the Homestead, evi-

dently aroused a good deal of concern in the Homestead office. It was not long until Mr. Pierce began to attack me personally thru the columns of the paper, in which I still owned a large interest. These bitter personal attacks had the opposite effect from what he intended. They simply stimulated our friends thruout the state. Farmers generally, and business men as well who knew the situation, many of whom had not taken sides up to this time, were very quick to see the injustice of his attacks, and as a result our new paper made an increasing number of friends, and the bitter personal opposition to which we were subjected was one of the very best things that could have happened to us. It advertised our new venture.

I shall not dwell here upon the many efforts which were made to prevent us from getting Wallaces' Farmer established—the stealing of the subscription list, by bribing one of the printers in the office; the campaign of vituperation and falsehood that was carried on both thru the Homestead and by word of mouth thru some of its advertising solicitors. If you great-grandchildren are interested, you will find the story in all its details in the records preserved by the family. It is a most interesting story; but I don't know whether you will gain much by reading it. I doubt whether anyone gets very far ahead by studying or dwelling upon the mean and discreditable side of human nature.

So far as I am concerned, I harbor no bitterness. The men who worked night and day to do me injury not only failed, but found their efforts recoiling on their own heads, and were obliged to witness Wallaces' Farmer steadily growing in both influence and financial strength, until after a time it came to be looked upon by the people of the state as their most influential and dependable agricultural paper.

At that time the Farmers' Institutes were held in a large number of Iowa counties. Men who could talk intelligently on agricultural matters were not nearly so plentiful then as now. The result was that I was flooded with requests to attend farmers' institutes, and I spent most of my time during the spring of 1895 and the following winter in attending institutes in various parts of Iowa. This helped greatly in building up our new paper.

In January, 1896, we moved the plant from Ames to Des Moines, and began publishing the paper every week instead of every two weeks. By that time it seemed quite clear that we were going to make a success of it. It was not always easy to get as much money as we needed to extend the business, but we were grow-

ing right along. We all worked very hard, but one can work hard when he can see things coming his way.

When we began, in February, 1895, a great many of the old Homestead readers thruout the state turned in and raised clubs for us, but spring work soon came on, and farmers had little time then for anything else. Some of them, however, kept up the work of raising clubs until after corn planting time. I remember, for example, that Thomas Cahill, of Lamotte, sent in a club of thirty names along toward the latter part of May. He wrote me a letter, and said he had raised this club with the help of his wife; that they hitched up to the buggy and drove along, and whenever they saw a farmer in the field, he went over and got his subscription, and then cut across the fields to the next farmer he saw, while she drove the horse along the road.

That year, 1895, is one of the most memorable of my life. It brought me what seemed to be one of my greatest troubles, and witnessed the beginning of my greatest success. Above all, it made me understand more completely than ever before that people generally will stand by a man when they see that he is serving them faithfully.

Once in a while, in the years since then, I have talked with friends who seemed to have lost their faith in human nature, and it has done me good, and them also, to tell them the story of my experience and the splendid way in which the farmers of Iowa rallied to my support when they came to clearly understand that I had been fighting their battles and that I could be trusted to continue to fight for them.

The Fight in the Courts

IN MY previous letters I have told of being forced out of the Homestead and of the beginning of Wallaces' Farmer. I exhausted every effort to sell my interest in the Homestead to Messrs. Pierce and Stewart, but without success. There were two reasons why they had no desire at all to buy me out. One was that inasmuch as they controlled the property, they could do as they pleased with it and I could not help myself; and the other was that they did not want me to have the use of my money in building up Wallaces' Farmer.

While we were getting along nicely with our paper, I did not have quite enough resignation to rest comfortably while my money was tied up in the other property. It seemed that the only thing to do was to bring law-suits against them and try to compel a settlement.

The litigation over this matter became noted because of the legal questions involved; and, incidentally, it demonstrated one thing very clearly, and that is that a minority stockholder has no right which the majority stockholders are bound to respect. You should think of this before investing in the stock of any corporation. Once your money is in, it is exceedingly difficult to get it out, unless the corporation is large enough to have its shares regularly listed on the financial exchanges. The majority can run the business to suit themselves, can pay themselves large salaries, can incur almost any other sort of expense which they may think it wise to incur, and the minority is helpless.

This litigation extended over several years. It made a lot of trouble for Messrs. Pierce and Stewart; but the only good it did me was that finally they came to the point where they were willing to buy me out. The price paid was $13,000, which was about one-third of what my interest had cost me in the first place, in cash and improvements earned by dividends, and not nearly one-third of what the stock was worth at the time I went out of the Homestead. After Mr. Pierce and Mr. Stewart had been running together for a while, they fell into disagreements, which resulted in litigation between them, and finally in the public sale by order of the court of the entire Homestead plant and business. Mr. Pierce

bid it in at a price in the neighborhood of $160,000, if I remember rightly.

I could not have carried on the litigation but for the financial help of some splendid friends who loaned me money to pay the lawyers' fees. I learned a good deal about laws before we got thru court. The postponements, the delays, the arguments after each hearing, are almost enough to make a sane man crazy. I came to the conclusion that in our courts in the larger cities, a man without means should avoid a legal contest with a man who has means, at almost any sacrifice. Even if you win, you usually lose. Ever since that experience, I have felt that a reform in the methods of court procedure is imperative if we are to secure justice between man and man.

Some time during that year, Mr. Pierce published a paragraph in the Homestead which was distinctly libelous. While I was willing to stand the heavy loss of property, I was not willing to be libeled, have my good name besmirched, and leave the impression with the people of the state of Iowa that I was destitute of moral character. I therefore brought suit against him for libel.

I did not ask any financial damage, but asked for punitive damages on account of defamation of character. A. B. Cummins was my attorney, and George Carr his assistant. In due course of time the case came to trial, and the jury rendered a verdict in my favor, and awarded me $1,500 and costs. The case was appealed to the supreme court, and was there confirmed.

It was regarded as a very unusual thing, in fact, almost unheard of, for one publisher to secure judgment against another publisher for libel. I would not have brought the suit, but for the evident maliciousness of Mr. Pierce's article, and I thought it was time to put a stop to this sort of thing.

While this litigation was being carried on vigorously, we were working very hard to build up our own paper. I have said that the only good this litigation did me was in bringing my antagonists to the point where they were willing to buy me out. That is not an entirely correct statement. It was indirectly quite helpful to us in another way. The newspapers were reporting it from time to time, and more and more people resented the course that was being followed by Pierce and Stewart in refusing to buy me out, and at the same time using the paper, of which I was almost one-third owner, in abusing me. I think this aroused public sentiment had a good deal to do with finally bringing them to the point where they were willing to buy my interest.

During the first three or four years, none of us got any regular salary from Wallaces' Farmer. Money was too scarce for us to use it except where it absolutely must be used. Everything all of us had went into one "pot." Each one of us drew out what he had to have for his family living expenses. At the end of three or four years, however, we had gotten over the hill, had paid up most of our debts, and were making money. Then we had a settlement. I had been getting three thousand dollars a year as editor of the Homestead. So the boys credited me up with that amount each year from the time we started Wallaces' Farmer, and it was paid to me as fast as we had the money to spare. Each one of them was also credited up with a smaller salary. I don't remember just when we began to pay our salaries regularly, but I think it was before 1900.

There is a lesson for the young people of our family in these early struggles. Our experience shows that where a family sticks together, and every one works for the common good, and is willing to take his chance in whatever may come, success is reasonably sure if they are engaged in a legitimate enterprise. It is just like the old story of the bundle of sticks which the wise father used to impress a lesson upon his sons. When the sticks were all tied together into a bundle, none of them could be broken; but taken separately they were easily broken one at a time.

I hope our family spirit will always be strong enough so that every member will stand by the others in time of need. As the family grows, of course some of the members will become interested in independent enterprises, and that is all right; but each one of them should hold himself ready to work with the others when that seems necessary for the good of the family.

The First Dairy Train

IN JANUARY or February, 1897, Mr. E. F. Farmer, then assistant freight agent of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad, came to my office. In the course of our conversation, he told me that the price of corn and live stock was so exceedingly low that there was little profit to either the railroad or the people in hauling it to market, but that if creameries could be erected along its lines, and the "sick sisters," as he called the promoted creameries, revived, freight could be so condensed that it would furnish a profit both to the railroad and the farmer. He proposed that if I would go with him and make addresses at various points on his line in Iowa, he would furnish the transportation, pay all the expenses of rent, advertising, etc., and make an effort to organize a line of creameries.

One of my first papers, read before the Improved Live Stock Breeders' Association years before, was on the subject of condensing freights. It seemed to me foolish for Iowa farmers to ship grain and hay to market instead of putting it into live stock. I figured that at least five carloads of corn could be put into a carload of hogs, some six or seven into a carload of cattle, and about twenty into a carload of butter or cheese.

I therefore fell in with Mr. Farmer's idea. When he asked me if I would do the speaking on the train, I told him that was more than a one-man job; that I would help if he would secure Professor Wilson as an assistant.

He said: "Who's Professor Wilson?"

"The professor of agriculture at Ames."

"But I don't know him."

"Well, I'll give you a letter of introduction."

He accordingly went to Ames to see Professor Wilson, who at once agreed to help. Each one of us was to hold a meeting a day, one following the other, and in a two days' meeting try to interest the people of each locality in creameries.

Before we started out on this trip, I had had occasion to go to Mr. Cummins' office, and he had said to me:

"You are the very man I want to see. I have been down to Canton to consult with Major McKinley about the formation of

his cabinet. He has it all selected with the exception of the Secretary of Agriculture. He said he was thinking of appointing Professor Wilson, whom he had known in Washington when they were both members of the house some years before. He asked me three things," said Mr. Cummins; "how it would please the politicians, how it would please the farmers, and whether Professor Wilson would accept. I told him it would be entirely satisfactory to the politicians, that I thought it would be satisfactory to the farmers, but that I did not know whether Professor Wilson would accept or not. Then the Major asked me to go to some intimate friend of Wilson's, who has knowledge of his standing with farmers, and find out whether it would be satisfactory to the farmers, and whether he would accept or not."

This was on Thursday. I wrote to Professor Wilson, and he came down to the office Monday morning. He objected to the appointment, and said:

"You put me in the college at Ames six years ago. I have been laying plans, and they are just beginning to work out. I have a rather large family, some of them in college there, and I don't want to take them to Washington. Besides, it will be only four years, and by the time I get things started, there may be a change of administration, and some Democrat may be put in my place."

I told him he ought to chance that, that he owed it to the Republican party to accept the appointment, and that he owed it to the agricultural interests. Finally, at about half-past eleven that night he consented in this way:

"If this appointment comes to me without my lifting a finger or batting an eye, I will accept it, and if I fail, I will blame it all on you."

I replied: "*Mea culpa*," which, you know, means, "Mine the blame."

Therefore, when our train started out, I confidently expected that Professor Wilson would have a call to go to Canton during the week. My expectations were verified, and I learned on Thursday that he would have to go. I told Mr. Farmer to send for Joe Trigg, who was then editing a county paper with strong agricultural leanings, up in the northern part of the state, and was but little known outside of his own and adjoining counties. I knew him, and had full confidence in his ability. He could not fill Professor Wilson's place, but could take it with credit. He accepted, and we stopped at some half-dozen places, succeeded in organizing as many creameries, and reviving the "sick sisters."

So far as I know, this was the first train in which the railroads

aided in promoting agriculture. It was not really a dairy train. We simply had free transportation on such trains as would enable us to reach different points on the line.

A week or two afterward I had a call from the superintendent of the Des Moines and Fort Dodge branch of the Rock Island, and Mr. Phillips, now vice-president of the Lackawanna, I believe, but then the freight agent of the line. They asked me if I would conduct a similar train on their line.

I told them it was not possible for one man to conduct a train of that kind, and that he needed an assistant. When they asked me who I could get as an assistant, I mentioned Mr. Boardman, of Nevada, the dairy commissioner. Your great-uncle Harry, Mr. Boardman and I did the talking on this train. They proposed to furnish us with a special coach, passage for a stenographer and all that; but I said that would not do, that the people were justly prejudiced against railroads, and I did not want to appear to have any special privileges or favors; but that if they would put an additional coach on the train, in which we could hold meetings, I would undertake it. This train was run for the same purpose as the first train, and with like success.

I mention this because it was the very beginning of the scheme of running agricultural trains for all sorts of purposes, not only in this state, but over the entire United States. I have therefore been glad ever since that I was connected with it, altho the idea did not come from me originally, but from Mr. Farmer, a railroad official.

In July of that year prices reached their lowest point, following the panic. Prices then began to advance. Nothing more was said on the subject of special trains until about 1903.

My Third Trip Abroad

IN 1902, I made a third trip abroad, going by way of Montreal, and taking your great-grandmother with me. The ship on which we expected to sail had met with an accident on its previous voyage, and we sailed in a substitute, a steamer which had been in the frozen-mutton trade with Australia. It was therefore built more with a thought to ventilation than to comfort. It was, in fact, the best ventilated ship I ever sailed in. The season being early and the ice not yet out of the straits, we had to go by way of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and I shall never forget my sensations passing thru days of fog and sailing by the log and by soundings.

The water was shallow, the fog was thick, and the fog horn blew incessantly, giving one a sort of creepy feeling. Once when it gave a more than usually dismal howl and long continued, I ran on deck, and there before us was a large ship at right-angles to our boat and apparently standing still. I was pretty well acquainted with the captain by this time, and when the other boat got upstream and started, he said to me:

"That fellow is lost; doesn't know where he is. He is congratulating himself on having had a very narrow escape." Then he added: "Don't you ever come this way again. It's a dangerous route."

I had good times with the surgeon of the ship. The acting-surgeon was taking the place of his son for this particular voyage, for the purpose of having a vacation and seeing something of Canada. He was a physician and a landlord in a small way, having perhaps two hundred acres of land; and was very much interested in farm machinery. I had a copy of our paper with me, and in looking over the advertisements he saw one with a picture of a low-down wagon, made at Davenport, I think. He said he was very greatly interested in the advertisements in American papers, that he had tried to introduce American machinery, but unsuccessfully; that the forks would always break, and his hands complained that they were made of poor material; and so with everything else. He wondered if they could break this low-down wagon. I found the acquaintance very pleasant. One day he said to me:

"I don't see how you people are able to raise hogs and cattle and ship them to us cheaper than we can possibly grow them. I

would take it as a great favor if you would go into details and put in the forenoon telling all about your different methods of growing hogs and cattle."

I therefore made him quite a long speech, describing the way we grew beef steers, by letting the calves run with the cows, which he thought was very extravagant; how we handled the dual-purpose cattle, raising the calves on skim-milk, and finally, when I got them into the feed yard, I said:

"We give them half a bushel a day."

He said: "What is half a bushel?"

"Two stone; twenty-eight pounds."

He said: "They can't eat it."

"Yes, they will, if you give them a chance, that is, when they are two years or over."

"I know they can't digest it," he replied.

I said: "Of course not fully; but we have hogs to follow."

"What's 'hogs to follow'?" he asked.

"To eat the droppings."

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that hogs will eat the droppings of cattle fed on corn?"

"Most certainly," I answered, and then went on and put some frills on it. When I got thru my discourse, he said he was very much obliged; that I had given him some valuable information. I noticed in the course of two or three days, however, that there was something unusual going on at the tables, that many looks were directed toward the doctor's table, at which your great-grandmother and I sat, but did not know what it meant until the evening before we landed in Ireland. The captain came along and said to me:

"Mr. Wallace, won't you go up to my room a while (the chart room)?"

I went with him, and he threw himself down on his lounge and commenced laughing immoderately—a very unusual thing for an English captain to do in the presence of a passenger. I asked him what he was laughing at, and he said:

"The surgeon told me that story of yours about 'hogs to follow.' It was so very good that I told it to the second officer, and he to the third. It got around to all the tables, and the women got hold of it. So when the steward comes around and says: 'Will you have some ham and eggs, or some bacon?' they turn around and say: 'Steward, is this American bacon? If it is, I don't want any of it.'"

So you see I had thoughtlessly depreciated the value of American pork on the English market.

I never was on a voyage when we had more storms or fog. There was a preacher on board without his wife, and one of his elders and his wife. There were also on board five widows, fairly young and good-looking. Two of them, at the beginning of the voyage, were at our table, but things were not lively enough for them there, and they went to the table at which sat the Presbyterian preacher, the elder and his wife. The preacher was a fine,

Mrs. Henry Wallace and a Group of Grandchildren. Photo Taken About December, 1902.

clean fellow, but fond of company, and on Sabbath evening, after the services were over, he and the widows had a rather jolly time on deck.

The next night was the concert—which is always an excuse on trans-Atlantic steamers for taking up a collection for sailors' widows and orphans. I was asked to make the main speech. It was a fearfully stormy night, and the old ship, which was built high and lightly loaded, rocked as I have never felt a ship rock since. The preacher was the presiding officer, and in introducing me told them that I was a preacher. I began by saying that while I had

been a preacher, and was yet, I was not in the active ministry; that I had all respect for the profession, but did not believe that the sole duty of the preacher was to visit the widows in their affliction. I said this while holding onto a rod or something else on each side of me. I don't think the widows had much liking for me afterwards, or for the preacher either; but I felt it was a proper thing to rebuke undue levity, especially on Sabbath evening.

That last night, as we neared the coast of Ireland, was a night never to be forgotten. Your great-grandmother, who was a poor sailor, was awfully sick. We had an outside room, in which there was a lounge, and on this a mattress, which absolutely refused to stay on. Our things slid from one side to the other as the ship rolled. I was fascinated with the scene. I had no sense of danger, and got myself in a kneeling position on that lounge and held on as best I could, and looked out on the scene. The boat apparently rushed down into a gully, and a big wave coming after it seemed to overwhelm it, but it manage somehow or other to keep out of reach of the waves. As a matter of fact, waves do not roll, the motion being up and down, not forward.

I asked your great-grandmother to come to me on the lounge and enjoy the scene. After much persuasion she did so, and seemed to be more comfortable. Then I got her out into an alleyway adjoining our room, got her up in an embrasure, and tied her there, so that she could watch things. Toward morning, as we were skirting along the coast of Ireland and watching the waves dashing up against the rocks and breaking back in beautiful foam and spray, showing the most beautiful colors, I entreated her to go up on the hurricane deck. The captain was there, taking a cup of coffee, and invited us to join him. I told him of your great-grandmother's experience, and he said: "I will fix you up all right." So he tied her up in the sailors' log, so that she could not fall off, and she stayed there until the regular breakfast was served and we were ready to land in Loch Foyle. I never saw her enjoy anything more than she did this experience.

I mention this to show that, after all, seasickness, so much dreaded, is very largely a matter of mind, but not altogether. If there is something that will rivet your attention and absorb your entire interest, you are not so likely to be seasick. In my various voyages I have had a great deal of amusement with seasick passengers. On this trip there was a captain who was dreadfully afraid his wife would be seasick. She suffered very little, and he did not have much trouble either. He roomed with a big Dane, over six feet tall, who apparently was immune. One evening, as

he came in, the Dane said to him: "Are you sick?" He replied: "Not a bit of it." Then the Dane commenced prancing along the floor, singing a song:

"Billy had a Willum-goat,
Whose stomach was made of tin."

I forget the rest of it, but it wound up with, "Whoop-de-doodle-do," and every time the Dane came to the chorus he made a motion as if seasick. The result was that the captain became so sick that he never got over it the rest of the trip. We had to take him up to the music-room and lay him on the lounge in the middle of that, where the motion would be least.

As illustrating the same point: On our voyage over, your great-grandmother was very sick; in fact, did not come on deck until the fourth day out, a Thursday. She happened to sit in a deck chair alongside of Doctor Frank Gunsaulus, of Chicago, the famous preacher and lecturer. This was his first day on deck, and the two were commiserating each other on their misfortunes. Two years afterward, Doctor Gunsaulus came to Des Moines to lecture in the Christian Church, I believe. I took her down to hear him. The sound of his voice and the sight of the man brought back all the misery of that voyage, and she became so sick that I was obliged to take her home.

On this same trip, we went from Belfast to Liverpool by water. Knowing your great-grandmother's peculiarities, I arranged with the captain to let us have his room, which was amidships, but which, unfortunately, was just above the screw. In our trip across the Atlantic, she had begged of me to go to the captain and get him to stop the ship and stop that screw, which was directly under our room. Of course this was impossible. Going from Belfast to Liverpool, the sea was perfectly calm, not enough sea during the whole night to upset an ordinary skiff; and yet I never saw her more sick, and it all came from the recollections that were brought about by the sound of that screw.

I had a very amusing experience on the return trip that year. We had on board a number of Canadians, and, among the rest, a member of the imperial parliament from Ireland, a representative in the Australian assembly, and one of that of Nova Scotia, and three or four members of the Canadian cabinet. They were all very pleasant people.

When it came to the evening of the concert, the surgeon asked me to preside. I declined to do so, on the ground that it was a

British vessel, that there were various members of the deliberative bodies of the empire on board, and therefore it would be in poor taste for an American to preside. He reported this to the captain, and the captain insisted that I should preside, which I agreed to do only after he had asked the various dignitaries aboard. They all declined, and it was left to me to preside.

In accepting the chair, I made a speech, reciting the names of all these various dignitaries, regretting that they had all declined to preside, and said that I would accept the chair not as a personal compliment but as a compliment to my country, one other gentleman and I being the only Americans on board. I thought I did this very nicely, and still think so; but the funny part of it was that the ladies of the cabinet for the most part looked askance at your great-grandmother, regarding the Yankee presiding as in some way or other a sort of slight to the British nation. Women are peculiar. If any of you boys have not found that out, you will sooner or later.

I made a mistake on that trip which I have never been able to account for satisfactorily. I had arranged to go back on one of the best vessels of the line, paid my passage, but got mixed up on the date of sailing. The International Tuberculosis Congress was in session at St. James' Hall, London, and I had an opportunity to hear the great veterinary authorities of both continents. The main subject of discussion was the identity of human and bovine tuberculosis, and the extent to which the disease was infectious. It created quite a sensation. I can account for my strange lapse of memory only by the fact that I was so interested in this that everything else passed out of my mind for the time.

I had arranged with my cousins, who were going to Ireland, to go with me on the trip as far as Moville, and had arranged for their passage on the steamer from Liverpool. I took the train, and when I got to Liverpool I said, in rather a lordly way, that I wished my passage presented at once, as I wanted to go to the dock immediately, to take the steamer for America. Said the man:

"Why, mon, you have mistaken the day. That steamer is already off the coast of Ireland."

The only thing I could do was to arrange for passage on the next boat, and pay extra for the room of one of the officers. The unfortunate thing was that our trunk had gone on the steamer on which we expected to sail, and we were rather sadly put out about that.

We had the satisfaction, however, of seeing icebergs, for the ice was now out of the straits. We were in no real danger, however, until the last night. The officers could not—to use their phrase—"pick up" the islands at the straits. They were afraid to go forward, because, if there is any desert shore on the whole continent, it is at the mouth of the straits. There is no town, no railroad, and no accommodations except a few fishermen's huts. And so the whole night long, until it was clear enough to "pick up" the islands, the ship just kept going around and around, with just enough motion to steer properly. It was amusing to see passengers with field glasses at the bow of the boat, watching for land, when we were going just the other way.

The Sabbath School Lessons

ONE day I was looking over some of the literature furnished to our Sunday schools, and particularly the notes on the lesson, in a magazine, I think it was the Sunday School Teacher. The lessons at that time were in the Old Testament, and, as I remember it, were dealing with Elijah, Elisha, Ahab and Jezebel. They were carelessly prepared, and reminded me of chips from some preacher's work-bench or of scraps from yesterday's dinner warmed over. They gave no real conception of the life either of the times or of the men. After reading them carefully, I could not see how pupils would get much good out of these notes.

It occurred to me then: Why not supplement these lessons by such a description of the times and characters as would put some human interest in them? I had no thought then of making them a permanent feature of the paper. I wrote one, which sounded pretty good to me, and put a note in the paper that they would be continued for three months, then discontinued if they were not acceptable to our readers. They at once sprang into popularity, and I have continued them ever since.

So far as I know, ours was the first agricultural paper to publish notes on the Sabbath school lessons. Some of the other papers have tried it for a short time and then discontinued them. Naturally they secured what are called "syndicate" notes, and so far as I have read such notes the attempt seems to have been to write something interesting rather than instructive.

In writing my notes I have used the expository method, and have tried to put instruction first, depending on the instruction for interest. There is no book that should be as instructive as the Bible. I hope you folks read it every day of your lives, not as a matter of duty merely, but because it deals with things that are of the most vital concern to you, things which lie at the very foundation of character, to say nothing of the future life.

I was able to make these lessons interesting because, as you know, I had been a minister for twenty-five years, and had adopted what is known as the expository method of preaching, a method in vogue when I was a boy, but which has gone out. It seems likely, however, that it will come in again.

My aim in writing these lessons was to tell the readers what I fully believed the Bible taught on the subject under discussion, and then by picturing the life of the characters in the light of their times, to put some human interest in them, so as to make the children feel that in some way they were related to them, not by blood but by nature. I do not know anything else that I ever did that contributed so much to the success of Wallaces' Farmer as the writing of these lessons. When farmers all over the country send in their subscriptions year by year, and add remarks showing their estimate of the paper, there is no one feature that is spoken of so generally as the Sabbath school lessons.

Some of their comments were amusing. At about the end of

Henry Wallace Celebrating July 4th With His Grandchildren at the Ashby Farm, About 1902.

the three months a farmer came into the office and said to me:

"I don't want you to stop those Sunday school lessons."

"Are you interested in them?"

"Yes; but I'll tell you something. My wife is a very religious woman, and does not allow me to read anything but the Bible on the Sabbath Day, but when she sees me reading Wallaces' Farmer, I am always reading the Sabbath school lesson."

Another man came into the office, and when asked where he was from, said he was working down in Missouri.

"What are you doing down there?"

"Working as a hired hand. I was working for a church member, who had family worship once a week, and that on Sunday morning. The first Sunday morning I was there, he said: 'Come in, Sam. Bring the Bible and Wallaces' Farmer.' (This was

before we began printing the lesson text with the notes.) So he took the Bible to read the lesson, and read the notes from Wallaces' Farmer, then prayed, and was ready for church."

Not long ago, a Sabbath school teacher in my own church, when traveling, had to wait at a hotel a couple of hours to see a man. He thought he would study his lesson for the next Sabbath, and asked the landlady to give him a Bible.

"Indeed, sir," she said, "there is not a Bible about the hotel, but I'll go up to one of the neighbors and get you one if you want it." She started, but turned back and said: "We've got Wallaces' Farmer. Will that do you?"

Your great-uncle, Henry C., was in Denver some years ago, to attend a meeting of stockmen. He was walking thru the Brown Palace Hotel with the president of the Texas Stock Breeders' Association. They met a man from New Mexico, and when Henry C. was introduced to him as from Des Moines, the man turned to him and said:

"Are you one of the Wallaces connected with Wallaces' Farmer?"

"Yes."

"What position have you on it?"

"I am associate editor."

Then speaking to both, he said:

"I'll wager that neither of you can tell why I take that paper."

Henry C. said, in his dry way, that it was on account of the general excellence of the paper.

The New Mexican replied: "Not a bit of it; I take it for the weekly notes on the Sabbath school lesson. I live fifteen miles from the postoffice, and as many miles from a neighbor. I have two daughters, and I don't want them to grow up heathens. One of my neighbor stockmen came to see me on Sunday, picked up the paper, read the Sunday school lesson, and took it home with him, thus robbing me of my property. To protect that property, I sent a dollar to the office and told them to send him a paper of his own."

Really, there is no other book of such profound and lasting influence as the Bible. It tells us where we came from, where we are going, how we should live, how we should conduct business, how we should deal with our fellowmen in society, in the home, and in all our relations. Observance of its precepts lies at the bottom of good business, good family relations, good government. It is to every man "a lamp to his feet," to show him where to take the next step, and "a light to his path," showing him the way some little

distance ahead. It is a practical guide, not a philosophy, not a science, but simply a handbook to guide men from childhood to the grave. I hope you read some of it every day, to help you in your daily life.

While I am talking about this, let me caution you against reading every book you can get hold of. We have entirely too many books—books made to sell, not to instruct or help; books many of which weaken the moral standard and the intellect. If you take your great-grandfather's advice, you will read few books, but read them thoroly; master them so that they are as iron in the blood.

There is an old maxim, hoary with age, but none the less true: "Beware of the man of one book." It holds a great truth. If you will get a thoro knowledge of the Bible, a working knowledge, and of The Pilgrim's Progress and Shakespeare, you will get into the habit of clear thinking, and will have a good style, provided you know anything worth telling.

But the best of these by far is the Bible. Therefore, as helping people to understand the Bible, I think these Sabbath school lesson notes are about the best work I have ever done.

Corn Growing and the First Corn Train

YOU may have noticed already—and if not, you will notice it before you get far along in life—that often the little things, things apparently trivial, sometimes mere accidents, lead to very large results, and in fact often change the whole course of life and destiny—just as a switch on a railroad track may shunt the traveler off onto a track going into a different and by and by opposite direction—sometimes to his death.

I have noticed this all thru life. In fact, my career has more than once been changed by things that seemed trivial, as, for example, my first meeting with your grandmother. You want to know the details of that; but I won't tell you.

In the year 1902, I was delivering some lectures at a farmers' institute at Winchester, Illinois. Some progressive farmer had furnished the boys in that county with samples of improved seed corn, and had offered a prize for the best corn, and samples were being shown. The institute management had also offered prizes for the best samples of corn grown by the farmers generally. The superiority of the samples shown by the boys over those of the fathers was to me somewhat surprising. In fact, the older men "were not in it."

The samples of corn were sold, apparently to pay the expenses of the institute, and the farmers were trying to buy the boys' samples at perhaps twice the price of corn on the market. I finally rose and told them I would not stand for that, and that if they did not pay the boys a decent price for their corn, I would buy the whole lot of it and send it to Iowa, where I knew there were men who would appreciate that kind of corn. This forced them to pay the boys a fair price. I really did not want to take the corn to Iowa, because it was too large a variety for our latitude.

On the way home, it occurred to me that Wallaces' Farmer might run a corn contest, offering prizes. My sons took favorably to the idea, and we divided the country into three sections—south, middle and north. The southern division, as I recollect it, was that section south of the line of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy

railway in Iowa; the northern, north of the line of the Illinois Central, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The middle division was between the lines of these two railroads.

We decided that we would furnish a pint of the very best seed corn of the variety adapted to the division in which he lived, to any farm boy under nineteen, who would hustle around and send us new subscribers in clubs of three to five, and that we would give to the winners in each division prizes ranging from one hundred dollars down. We had clubs sent in from as far as New Hampshire on the east and Colorado on the west, as far south as Arkansas, and as far north as Minnesota and southern Wisconsin.

In the southern division we gave them their choice of Boone County White (a large white variety) and Nim's Legal Tender, which was a very popular variety of yellow corn at that time, requiring about the same number of heat units for maturing as the Boone County White. For the middle division we offered Reid's Yellow Dent and Leaming, both requiring about the same number of heat units. There was not any improved corn at that time in the northern part of our territory except Minnesota No. 13, a yellow corn and at that time not very greatly improved. We used this and Longfellow's Yellow Dent and Pride of the North. The experiment stations were merely making a start in getting varieties of improved corn.

We had just put up our new building at the corner of Eleventh and Walnut streets. We had an upstairs room about 44x70 feet, and placed the exhibits of corn sent in according to latitude, the south end of the room being given over to corn from the south; the middle to that from the middle division, and the north to that from the northern section.

It made a very pretty corn show, and in walking thru the room from north to south, one could get a good estimate of the capacity of the different sections of the country for growing corn, and the types of corn they could grow best. A good many visitors came to the building. It was really the first attempt in a large way to improve corn in the Mississippi valley by giving an exhibit, and particularly of the different types of corn adapted to the different sections.

Our boys' corn contest did an immense amount of good. It resulted in introducing better varieties of corn, especially in the northern district. But, best of all, it got a lot of boys really interested in the farm. Many of these boys later went to the agricultural colleges, and have become men of note as farmers, breeders, agricultural teachers, or newspaper men. Some of the letters

I prize most highly are from boys who have written to thank us for these corn contests, saying that they marked the beginning of real life for them.

About this time there was quite a contest going on between the railroads and the cattle shippers over the question of railroad schedules. The railroads had lengthened their schedules, which involved a longer time for the trip, a larger shrink, and materially changing the hours of loading in some sections, necessitating loading very early in the morning or late at night.

I had crossed the ocean several times, and had learned from the officers that the amount of coal consumed in crossing was greatly increased with increasing speed; that apparently it increased in geometrical proportion as the distance increased arithmetically. It occurred to me, therefore, that one of the main reasons for lengthening the schedule was economy of coal. So I went down to the office of Mr. Givens, who had been with us on the dairy train I wrote to you about, and asked him to give me the rule governing speed—that is, how many more tons of coal would be used in taking a trainload of given weight to Chicago at thirty miles an hour than at fifteen.

While I was there, we got to talking about the trains we had run. I think I had hardly gotten back to my office when he called me up and said:

"I have an idea; and I only get one about once in six months."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Is it practical to run a corn train on the same lines that we ran the dairy train?"

"Certainly."

"Will you run it?"

"I'll help; but one man can't run it alone."

"Who can you get to help?"

"Mr. Holden."

"Who's Holden?"

"He's the corn expert up at Ames."

So it was agreed by Mr. Givens, at that time superintendent of a branch of the Rock Island, that his road should furnish the train and bear all expenses, and fit up a car for the purpose of carrying corn exhibits. Professor Holden, Henry C. and I, and possibly some men from Ames, conducted this train.

When crossing the Northwestern line, some official of the road, seeing the train, asked:

"What kind of a train is that?"

Some man replied: "It's one of Givens' fool notions. He thinks he can run a corn train."

The official said: "By the time he gets to the next crossing of the Rock Island, he'll hear something drop from Chicago."

At the next crossing, Givens got a telegram from Chicago, saying: "You have struck the biggest idea yet; go ahead."

Up to that time he had been nervous and fearful, but still confident that the scheme would win out. After that he was buoyant.

I want to call your attention to the fact that in the corn train, as in the dairy train, the first suggestion came from a railroad official, Mr. Farmer being interested in getting the stuff in such shape that the railroads could haul it out, and Mr. Givens being interested in getting more stuff to haul out. Such trains are now common all over the United States, and I am glad to say, as a matter of history, that I had a share in starting them. Had I said to these men: "That's impracticable," it would have been the end of it for some time. Eventually, however, someone would have made the suggestion and somebody else adopted it.

And all this, you will observe, grew out of that little boys' corn contest down in Winchester, Illinois, first getting better seed corn for that locality; then, thru our paper, getting seed corn that was adapted to the different sections of the country; then the railroads caught the idea and had faith in it, and have spent vast sums to help the farmers to help themselves by encouraging them to grow better corn, take better care of it, and thus put money in their pockets.

The First Good Roads Train

WE RAN our Boys' Corn Show for two years, and it attracted a good deal of attention—more the second year than the first, because more people knew about it. Among others who came up one day to see the corn was Mr. R. H. Aishton, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Mr. Aishton was brought up in Iowa, and had an understanding of Iowa agricultural conditions and problems. He was much pleased with the corn which had been sent in by the boys, and after he looked it over, he came into my office for a little visit.

I happened to have on my desk a letter which came in a day or two before, from D. Ward King, of Missouri, the man who popularized the road drag. Mr. King had written me, asking whether some of the railroads in Iowa might not be interested in spreading along their lines information concerning the road drag. His theory was that bad roads interfered a great deal with farmers hauling their crops to the railroad stations, and that the railroads ought to be interested in anything which would make good wagon roads and thus distribute the marketing of farm products more evenly thruout the year.

While talking with Mr. Aishton, I happened to notice this letter on my desk, and I proceeded to show it to him. He was interested at once, and wanted to know more about Mr. King. I told him about him, and said that he had a first-class idea in his road drag, and that I believed it would do a lot of good to bring it to the attention of the farmers along the Northwestern line. Mr. King did not feel that he could afford to spend his time without pay, and asked a price of ten dollars a day for lecturing. We talked the matter over at some length, but reached no conclusion.

About ten days afterward, however, Mr. Aishton came to my office again, and said that he had been thinking the matter over and that he was willing to try it out, provided I would go along with Mr. King. Mr. Aishton's proposition was to furnish a special car, which would be attached to regular trains and be taken to different points along the Northwestern line in Iowa. He offered to pay all expenses and employ Mr. King at the price he asked. So the matter was settled.

This was in the early spring of 1905. The first meeting was held at Onawa, on April 10th, and the last meeting at De Witt, on April 28th.

Among those who went on the trip were Mr. King, Thomas McDonald (a young man then at the Agricultural College, who has later become the engineer of the State Highway Commission), myself, and my oldest son, Henry C.—and I think one or two others off and on.

The roads were bad that spring, giving us a very good opportunity to demonstrate the use of the drag. Mr. King always stuck for the split-log drag, but we used a drag made of heavy planks as well. The demonstrations were held for the most part in the small towns where we stopped, because the roads in these towns were mostly dirt, and they were in sufficiently bad condition to give Mr. King an opportunity to show what the drag could do. The demonstrations were very successful. People in the towns were interested, and farmers also who came in. Mr. Aishton had advertised the meetings well in advance, and at practically every stop we had good crowds.

Mr. King was a very able man, and the best talker on the road drag and its use that I ever heard. He had worked at it for many years, and he had some very set notions about it. His idea was that if the farmer used the drag as he instructed him to, he could after a while make a good road, no matter what the conditions might be.

Before we had been out two days, he and I had an argument. At one of the first meetings, someone brought up the question of drainage, and Mr. King said not to bother about drainage, to use the drag and keep on using it; that no matter if there was a mudhole below the level of the grade, and in the middle of the road, persistent and continuous use of the drag would make a good road. Of course there was a large measure of truth in what he said. He failed to say, however, that if the water was taken out by drainage, a good road could be made quicker than if there was no drainage.

I had a heart-to-heart talk with him and tried to make him understand that soil conditions in Iowa were very different from soil conditions in Missouri; and that if he was going to make the work count for much, he must recognize this. Both of us were rather stubborn, but we reached a compromise by which I opened the meeting with a short talk and laid what I thought was a good foundation. Mr. King would then follow me with his talk on the road drag, and after that he would go out and demonstrate it.

I have taken considerable pride in having been instrumental in

bringing the use of the road drag to the attention of Iowa farmers. It has made a wonderful improvement in our dirt roads. By intelligent and persistent use of the plow and the drag, any farmer can make a good dirt road for nine or ten months of the year; but he must use it regularly and intelligently.

Mr. King is entitled to credit for devising a simple, cheap drag which any man can make for himself; and he is entitled to very great credit for having popularized the use of the drag. The idea, however, was not original with him. I found in an issue of the Genesee (New York) Farmer, back in 1837, which a subscriber was kind enough to send me, a description of the same sort of a device as that used by Mr. King. But Mr. King is the man who made the practical application.

In many of the towns where we made these road-drag demonstrations, the bankers and merchants became greatly interested. They called meetings of the farmers and made up a considerable purse of money among the town people, which was used as prizes for the best single mile of road. At some points, of course, the interest died out after the first year; but the use of the drag extended very rapidly thruout Iowa, and has done more to maintain our dirt roads in good condition than any other device ever used.

The Country Life Commission

IN AUGUST, 1908, I was called up over the telephone at midnight by a reporter, who stated that the New York Herald wanted to know what I thought about the new position to which I had been appointed by President Roosevelt. I told him that if I had been appointed to any office, I was densely ignorant of it, and therefore could not express any opinion—and went back to bed. A day or two afterward, I received a letter from the President, appointing me on what was afterward known as the Country Life Commission. The history of the origin of the commission may interest you:

Sir Horace Plunkett, of Ireland, spent Christmas Eve, 1905, with Theodore Roosevelt. He described the work he had been doing in Ireland, with the purpose of developing a new country life, a new rural civilization, in Ireland, following the gradual transfer of lands from landlords to tenants, by forming co-operative organizations among them for the purpose of enabling them to compete with America and other nations. President Roosevelt became greatly interested, and asked Sir Horace to write him a letter describing the situation there and giving his plans in full. Sir Horace laid this down to politeness, and paid no attention to it. The next year he received a letter from the President, saying, "Why don't you write me that letter?" Sir Horace then wrote the letter —almost a pamphlet—had it printed for private distribution, and afterward gave me a copy.

The Country Life Commission as originally appointed, was composed of Doctor Liberty H. Bailey as chairman, Doctor Kenyon L. Butterfield, Doctor Walter H. Page, Gifford Pinchot and myself.

Doctor Bailey was dean of agriculture in Cornell College—a man who has given large attention to the country life problem, has written a number of books on the subject, which have been widely read, and who has a reputation all over the United States as authority on country life problems.

Doctor Kenyon L. Butterfield is president of the Agricultural College at Amherst, Massachusetts: also an author of note on agri-

cultural problems, who has perhaps done more to develop the rural church than any other man on the commission.

Doctor Page is a member of the firm of Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, publishers of "Country Life in America," and himself editor of The World's Work, who at this time is ambassador to Great Britain under President Wilson. Like Doctors Bailey and Butterfield, he is country-born, but a southerner, and had always manifested a profound interest in country life problems both north and south. [Doctor Page died in 1918.]

Gifford Pinchot, at that time was chief forester of the United States and chairman of the Conservation Commission, which had been appointed by President Roosevelt some time before this.

The President subsequently appointed Mr. Charles Barrett, of Georgia, president of the Farmers' Union, which at that time had nearly two million members in good standing, with state organizations in the southern states; and Mr. W. A. Beard, of Sacramento, California, to represent the Pacific slope. He also had taken great interest in agricultural problems, particularly those connected with irrigation.

In calling the commission together at the White House, in August, the President told us he expected us to work without remuneration and to look out for our own expenses. He said it had been his experience that the best work was done by men and women who did the work for the love of it and not for pay. He asked us to make a preliminary survey of country life.

The first work of the commission was to draw up a circular asking questions to bring out information on such subjects as transportation, sanitation, education, roads, and such like. We distributed a half million of these circulars, of which twenty-five per cent were returned with answers, five times the number which the Census Office, which printed and distributed them, anticipated. Many were sent in with copious notes attached.

The commission next made a tour of about twenty-nine states. The method followed was to have invitations sent out beforehand by those best qualified to do it, asking leading doctors, ministers, educators and others to appear before us at a certain date and be prepared to answer questions. The commission was not giving out information, but receiving information on certain matters. This covered the months of November and December. Including the preliminary meetings and meeting for preparing the report, this occupied practically four months' time of the original members of the commission. Mr. Beard fell in with us on the Pacific coast, and Mr. Barrett at Springfield, Illinois.

We held meetings in Washington with the Grange and other associations connected with agriculture. We took ample time to prepare our report, which was presented to the President in January, and at once sent to congress. The report was published as a senate document, and a limited number of copies distributed. The President asked that twenty-five thousand dollars be appropriated for the purpose of compiling and editing and interpreting the circulars that had been returned to the commission, the notes taken at the different hearings, and publishing the report. At that time, President Roosevelt was "at war" with both houses, and particularly the house of representatives. The senate passed the bill, acceding to the request of the President, but Mr. Tawney, of Minnesota, appended a rider to the appropriation bill, providing that none of the appropriation should be used for the publication of the report of any committee appointed by the President without the sanction of congress. This rider was aimed mainly at the report of the Conservation Commission, and also at what was known as the Homes Commission, the commission appointed to inquire into the prevalence of tuberculosis and venereal diseases.

The data collected by the commission was finally left with Secretary Wilson, who was ready at any time to tabulate the matter and thus put it in such shape that it would be available to students of sociology and rural life.

There was nearly a month after the appointment of the commission when we were really in doubt as to whether we were to be laughed out of court or not. The political papers raised the cry that the President was trying to "uplift" the farmer. And I am ashamed to say that a number of the agricultural papers joined in this, and one or two have continued it ever since, taking every opportunity to sneer at anything which would really give definite, reliable information as to the conditions of country life in the United States.

I am very glad that I was appointed on this commission. It brought me into close contact with a number of the very best men in the United States. Notwithstanding the effort to blanket the commission, it has been a most potent force in stimulating inquiry into agricultural conditions, and particularly so in the south and on the Pacific coast. The Chamber of Commerce of Spokane, Washington, published the report of the commission at its own expense, and sent it broadcast over the United States. Walton & Sturgis, of New York, subsequently published the complete report, which has had steady sale, under the stipulation of the commission

that a certain per cent of the profits should go into a fund for the promotion of country life work.

The cartoonists, of course, had their fun with us. After the first meeting, we were pictured as wearing plug hats and spike-tail coats, going out in an automobile to milk the farmers' cows, which, of course, were alarmed at our strange appearance. However, before the report was completed, the country began to understand that we were really engaged in serious business.

To show you how hard it is to make people believe that any movement may be altruistic, I might state that at a Grangers' meeting in Michigan—a state in which the Grange is particularly strong—an orator denounced the President for appointing the commission, spoke of the iniquity of men going junketing around at public expense, etc. It happened that Mrs. Page was in the audience, and, turning to the gentleman sitting beside her, she said: "Why, that man is telling a falsehood. The commission does not get any pay, not even their expenses being paid." The gentleman at once arose and said that the speaker was mistaken. The orator replied that that made no difference; that if they were not getting it now, they would after a while. And this was from a prominent Granger.

None of us saw clearly how the work could be carried on. None of us felt that we could continue on the commission. Some of us had given practically four months of our time without any compensation, and paid part of our own expenses, altho the greater portion of them were paid by the Sage Foundation. President Roosevelt had asked us to suggest some plan by which the work could be carried on in the future. Not being clear in our own minds as to how it should or could be done, we could make no answer to his request.

I might mention here that one of the most important results of the commission was the appropriation by Mr. Rockefeller of a million dollars to wipe out the hook-worm disease in the southern states. The commission did not discover the hook-worm disease. It had been discovered by Doctor Stiles, but he was sent as medical attache to the commission on its tour, and in the south he asked the prominent physicians to attend our hearings. He put to them tentative questions which resulted in discovering beyond all doubt the wide extent of the disease, and also resulted in the easy and simple cure which he discovered. If the commission did nothing more this, they were amply repaid for their work.

In short, the commission stimulated inquiry into country life conditions on all lines, the effect of which has been continuous. It

was really the first step in awakening interest in the problem of developing a rural civilization worthy of the people in the country, upon which the permanent prosperity of the nation so largely depends.

Another Trip to Great Britain

DURING the summer of 1913, I made my fifth trip to Europe. I had been working very hard for a couple of years, and needed a rest. For years I had been trying to persuade Secretary James Wilson to go abroad with me whenever he should retire from his work in Washington; and this spring he agreed to do so. My son John and his wife sailed on the same boat with us. The Secretary had just retired from sixteen years of continuous service as Secretary of Agriculture. He was an exceedingly tired man, and needed a rest more than I did. We sailed on the steamship California, a nine-day boat, slow, steady and quite comfortable.

The Secretary and I started out with the idea that for once in our lives we would lay everything else aside, and be boys again. My ostensible object in going was to attend the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Aberdeen, Scotland. This council meets once in four years. On board the California were twenty-seven preachers—"Jonahs" the sailors call them, for they have a superstition that something is likely to happen to a ship if it has too many preachers aboard. And yet the ship did not go down; nor was there enough sea to justify them in putting one of us overboard, not enough, in fact, to give anyone an excuse for seasickness.

Most of these preachers were to attend the council. Among them were some eight or ten from the Southern Presbyterian Church, and, horrible to state, one of them was a black man, the pastor of a large negro church in South Carolina. The officers evidently did not know that he was black, and assigned him a stateroom with another Southern Presbyterian, and a seat at the captain's table, which usually is regarded as the aristocratic table on board ship.

The first horror that seized our southern brethren was when he was put into a room with one of the white southern delegates, from which the unfortunate southerner was extricated by finding a room with two other white brethren. The real trouble came the first dinner after sailing, when the wife of one of the southern preachers got up suddenly and left the table. Her husband, fearing something was wrong, followed her, and she exclaimed: "Oh,

there's a nigger at the table!" Neither of them went back to the table. The next morning, the chief steward came to me and asked me if we would not give up our private table for four to the black man, and take seats at the captain's table. Before I had time to speak, the Secretary declined, saying we preferred to keep that table.

For the reason that negotiations were then going on for a union of the Southern Presbyterian Church and the United Presbyterian

Visiting the Highland Agricultural Show, Paisley, Scotland, in 1913.
Left to Right: Secretary James Wilson; Mr. Henry Wallace; Lord Lucas, who was British Secretary of Agriculture; Professor Robert McKim of Edinburgh University; Mr. J. F. McLaren, Director of the Highland Show.

Church, to which I belonged, I wanted to know whether we would run up against the colored brother in the course of these negotiations. I went to some of the southern brethren and asked a few questions:

"Do these men belong to the same church that you do?"

"Yes, when necessary; but they prefer one of their own."

"Do you all meet in the same presbytery?"

"Certainly."

"Have they the same rank in the ministry?"

"Most certainly."

"Then why can't you sit at the same table with them? If you

can sit at the Lord's table with them, why can't you eat with them?"

The answer set me to thinking: "We must draw the line somewhere. Our women will not tolerate for a moment any mixing of the blood of the two races. They point to Cuba, San Domingo and our own southern states, holding that there can not even be prosperity among a mixed race. Therefore a line must be drawn, and the table is a good place to draw it."

The Pan-Presbyterian Council was a treat; I think the most distinguished, ablest, most polished and most thoroly educated set of men I have ever met. Neither the Secretary nor I gave very much time to the council, however. Before we started, the governor of Iowa (George W. Clarke) had asked us to make a study of agricultural conditions in Great Britain, and to report to him anything that we discovered that would have practical application in this country. The members of the council were entertained by the people of Aberdeen, but we preferred not to report to them, but to go to a good hotel, pay our own bills, and thus be free to come and go as we liked.

We got in touch with the professor of agriculture in the University of Aberdeen, invited him to lunch, and asked him to invite for us a number of prominent tenant farmers, in order that we might discuss the problem of landlord and tenant while lunching together. We thought it would be easier and better to pay the bills of our guests for the time than to visit them all at their homes. (Of course, we later visited some of the farms of both tenant farmers and those who farmed their own lands.) We followed this plan thruout our trip. I need not enter into details, because we made our report to the governor, which is available to any who may be interested enough to look it up.

After leaving the council and Aberdeen, and holding similar discussions with the professors of agriculture in the University of Glasgow, we took a trip thru Ayrshire. This was the birthplace of Secretary Wilson, and the county from which my ancestors came in the latter part of the seventeenth century, going to the north of Ireland. The Secretary had left Ayrshire when seven or eight, and had left Scotland (Galloway) when fifteen, and this was his first return, while I had never before been there, that is in Ayrshire.

We spent two or three days, visiting the home of Burns, the

monuments, the Highlands, and the statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, his boon companion. We studied the statue of Tam's wife, with a curious look on her face, as tho she suspected where Tam was, with whom he was, and what was going on. The Secretary recited "Tam O'Shanter" before the statues. We then went to the Brig o' Doon, to the top of which we climbed, and there the Secretary sang, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon."

We spent a day or two calling upon his relatives on his mother's side, and went to the house and room in which he was born. We went past the "martyr stones," for this is the country of "Claverhouse" and "Old Mortality," as well as the country of "The Master of Ballantrae" and "The Men of the Moss Hags," a section made famous by the writings of Scott and Stevenson and Burns.

The Secretary was to be given a membership in the Royal; and so we went to Bristol. The Royal Show, as you know, was at this time and possibly always will be, on wheels, being moved, buildings and all, from one part of the country to another, the agreement as to the place of meeting being made three years ahead. This show gave us an opportunity of meeting with all sorts and conditions of folks—ladies, lords, dukes, earls, counts, members of the royal family, tenants, etc., etc. It gave us an opportunity of seeing the best of the live stock in England. We spent two days at this show.

We had to leave Bristol and go to Edinburgh, where the Secretary was due to receive the honorary degree of LL. D. from the famous University of Edinburgh. It was a great day. We were officially invited to be present without fail at a certain chamber at 9:40 in the morning. We were then marched to the robing room, a large room with tables the whole length of it, and on these boxes about twenty-four inches square, in which were kept the robes of office or position. After the lord mayor had donned his robes, the president of the college his, the doctors of divinity theirs, the LL. D.'s theirs, the Ph. D.'s theirs, and the ordinary professors theirs, we were called out by name in order of majesty.

I walked with the president of the Agricultural Society, and we were the only two men who did not have robes of office, but wore Prince Albert coats and silk hats. Thus we marched with imposing dignity to the hall. The candidates for LL. D. and other degrees sat in the body of the room with the students. After an official had read out of a manuscript the things that each fellow had done to entitle him to this distinguished honor, he was called to the platform and capped, and then took his seat with the rest of the elect.

After this imposing ceremony, we were marched to the church of Saint Giles, which someone has described as the religious sanctuary of the Scotch people. Here John Knox preached at Mary, Queen of Scots, as to her duties as sovereign and in regard to her own family relations. Here Jennie Geddes threw the stool at the Bishop of Edinburgh, who said: "We will read the collect," saying, "Collect? Will ye say mass at my lug (ear)?" This is in fact a very noted cathedral, one of the two which the Covenanters did not, in their anger at everything Popish, pull down. Here we had a very imposing service.

We then marched back to the large dining-hall on the University grounds, where each professor gave his invited guests a banquet composed of about everything eatable, and many things drinkable as well. After this came addresses from the newly-made LL. D.s; one from one of the foremost judges of London, a chief justice and a man of fine culture and elegant mode of speech; another from some high dignitary from Germany, and a third from Secretary Wilson, who had just received his ninth LL. D. All of this took till four o'clock in the afternoon.

We continued our investigations of agricultural conditions about Edinburgh for a few days, and then went to the show of the Highland Agricultural Society, at Paisley, Scotland, where we met a crowd of about the same kind of men and of as many kinds as we did at the Royal Show, at Bristol. This over, the Secretary went to Galloway, to visit his father's people, and I went to England to visit my friends in London and to spend a day or two with Ambassador Page, whom I learned to know and to love when we worked together on the Roosevelt Country Life Commission.

By appointment, the Secretary and I met in Dublin, where, after spending two or three days with Sir Horace Plunkett, we began a tour of investigations in Ireland. We visited the congested districts in County Mayo, zigzagged back and forth thru Ireland for a couple of weeks, and wound up with a week spent with my relatives at the old ancestral home.

We sailed for home on the ninth of August, on the steamship Cameronia. We celebrated the Secretary's birthday on board ship the day we landed. There was a banquet, speeches and a big birthday cake, which was afterwards expressed to him at his home. It was a rather hard trip in some ways, for, with the exception of the last week, we were pursuing our investigations, in which we both became too interested to rest very much. Altogether, however, it was a pleasant and profitable trip, and we came home feeling fine.

The Closing Letter

(Dictated November 3, 1915.)

I HAVE been taking, in my eightieth year, quite a number of trips, making addresses at different places on widely different subjects, an account of which you may see in the editorial correspondence of Wallaces' Farmer for 1915, if you are interested in knowing about the life of your great-grandfather. There are things, however, in which I am deeply interested, that it would not be just proper for me to put in an editorial. So I will give you, so to speak, inside information about some of them.

The last week in October, 1915, I took a trip to New York City, to attend a meeting of the trustees of the proposed Christian University, of Cairo, Egypt, of which I am a member. A detailed account of this trip may interest you:

I stopped a day in Chicago to talk over matters connected with the advertising department of Wallaces' Farmer. I went east on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, breaking my journey at the sanitorium at Markleton, Pennsylvania, in the county adjoining the one in which I was born. My object in visiting it had nothing to do with my health; for I am well and in no need of either doctors, medicine or sanitoriums. But in a previous visit there (of which you can read in the editorial correspondence before mentioned) I made the acquaintance of a very interesting man, at one time wealthy, but not so now. While at a bridge party one evening, a blood-clot formed on one eye, which destroyed its sight, probably forever. It seems that some religious people regarded this as a judgment of God. But a few weeks afterward, while attending prayer-meeting, he lost the sight of the other eye in the same way. He has lived at that sanitorium the six years since—blind, lonesome beyond conception.

I became very much interested in him on my visit to Markleton last summer with my daughter (your Great-Aunt Josephine). I am deeply attached to him. He is a man of very wide intelligence. I did not think I could spare the time to do so, but he wrote me such urgent letters, asking me to stop for even a day, that I did so, glad that I could relieve the monotony of life for him for even that short time.

My next objective point was Washington, D. C. The day before I started, Leigh Hunt, a most remarkable man in many ways, called on me. In the course of our conversation, I suggested to him that there could never be world peace so long as any one nation or group of nations controlled the great seas. I suggested to him that when the Lord made this world, He made about three-fourths of its surface water, which no man nor nation had the moral right to control; that the present war, which is killing off the best people on the other side, bankrupting the nations and imposing on posterity for a hundred years a most crushing burden of taxation, was mainly a war for the control of trade and traffic—Germany feeling that she could have no certain outlet for her manufactures and commerce as long as England controlled the seas, and England realizing that she must control the seas in order to keep open her trade with her widely scattered colonies.

Mr. Hunt was so much interested in my views that he suggested that I talk it over with President Wilson. The President was at that time busily engaged in courting, spending part of every afternoon with his lady-love; and I suggested that it would be impossible to secure an interview. He said: "I will see to that."

So the morning after I reached Washington, Chief Justice McReynolds, of the supreme court, called me up on the telephone, stating that he had received a long telegram from our friend, Mr. Hunt, and that he had arranged for an interview with the President at six o'clock that evening.

At six, I called on the President in the Blue Room of the White House, and he received me most cordially. I told him that this war must end some time; that he was the one man who could attract the attention of all the world; that probably the time might come when he would be able to suggest as the basis of lasting peace the freedom of the seas and their policing by an international fleet, so that for all time to come the nations of the world, wherever they might be located, could freely trade with each other without fear of molestation. I said to him that this was only a vision of mine, a dream; that I made it to him merely as a suggestion, saying that it was utterly impracticable now and probably would not be practicable until every woman's heart in the warring nations was broken, until the nations themselves were bankrupt. I said to him that when that time came, surely the common people of these nations would not permit themselves to be crushed under an added burden of taxation, if the ends for which navies were built and maintained could be subserved without it; and that if the people once clearly came to see this, they would overturn the government

that insisted on breeding men for the shambles, to carry out the ambitions of their leaders.

The President said to me: "Of course you do not expect me to give you a definite answer on this point." I said, "Certainly not. It is not a plan, simply a vision, which may mature in time, and if it does mature will give us world peace for all time." He followed me out into the hall when I was leaving, talking to me on agricultural matters. He listened to me most attentively thruout.

Among the pleasures of my stay in Washington was a dinner

Henry Wallace Reading in His Reference Library at Wallaces' Farmer Building.

I gave to Wallace Ashby (the oldest son of your Great Aunt Hattie), now in the Department of Agriculture, and to Mary Wallace (the second daughter of Henry C., your Great-Uncle Harry), who is now attending a girls' private school preparatory to entering college. In the evening before I left, I entertained Flora Wilson (the daughter of my old friend, Secretary Wilson) and Wallace Ashby at dinner.

The main object of my visit, however, was to attend the meet-

ing of the trustees of the University of Cairo. I may say to you what your parents no doubt have told you, that the United Presbyterian Church has been carrying on missionary operations in Egypt for some sixty years; that they have developed a type of character which is efficient not merely in ministry but in the development of Egypt, making men engineers, and scientists, and teachers, and, above all, giving them a dependable character, which after all can be based only on an understanding of the fundamental principles of Christianity.

I was glad to know that the English government took this view of it; that Lord Kitchener had done so when he was the real ruler of Egypt; that Sir Henry MacMahon, who succeeded him, and Lord Cecil, the son of Lord Salisbury (the former premier), were committed to it to such an extent that they were proposing to sell us three hundred and forty-seven acres of land within a mile of the Pyramids, a beautiful hill of pure sand a hundred feet deep, on which nothing would grow without irrigation, but which probably would be as lovely a site as anywhere in the world, and for the merely nominal price of two shillings and sixpence (about sixty cents) per acre. We learned also that there was an opportunity to buy irrigated land which would do for an agricultural experiment station, at from four to five hundred dollars an acre, which before the war would have brought a thousand dollars.

When I went to the meeting, I felt that it would be unwise to make any investment in land, owing to the danger of the country becoming a German possession, and this due to the fact that I then believed that the Germans would succeed in ruling Constantinople. After getting all the facts in the case, as chairman of the committee on purchase of land, I said that we had better buy it, for the hill land would cost us only about two hundred dollars—less than it would cost to go and see it—and the agricultural land, which rented for fifty dollars an acre, would be valuable no matter who owned Egypt. The rest approved.

I had an opportunity also of meeting with men who knew Egypt and the Sinai peninsula, thru which the Germans and Turks would have to march to get into Egypt. I was familiar with that myself, and said that I believed it would be impossible to take any more men thru than they could furnish with camels, and that camels for one of these great armies did not exist. My friend who had been thru the Sinai peninsula, said that it would take more than one camel for a man; that they would have to take a camel also to carry for every person that they took thru. The conclusion of those who seemed to be best informed was that however this wicked,

cruel war ended, Egypt would remain a British possession; and that even if it came into the possession of the Germans, the agricultural land would retain its value. It may interest you to know that during the war prices in Egypt fell from one-third to one-half, but rent remained the same, fifty dollars an acre.

It was very interesting indeed to listen for two days to men who had been on the ground, one of them born there, another living there for fifteen years as president of a college, and in touch with every phase of Egypt's national life.

You may wonder what I have to do with an enterprise of this kind. It may seem at first thought foolish. But Cairo is the intellectual center of Islam, of the Mohammedan world, and it numbers two hundred million people. In Egypt the wealthy Mohammedans have been sending their sons to Germany and France for education; and they come back, having lost faith in Mohammedanism but without having acquired faith in Christianity—agnostics, than whom I know of no more miserable people in the world. For if we lose our faith in God, in His overruling Providence, in His compassion for us, in His guidance of us day by day, we are at sea, lost in this world of His, and we can never achieve the high purpose for which we were intended. With the favor and encouragement of the British government, we are to establish a university which will apply science to machinery, to transportation, to irrigation, to live stock breeding, and thus render men efficient for service in the world. If we accomplish this, we certainly have done a great thing, and reached not only Egypt but the whole Mohammedan world. This university is to be Christian, but not sectarian, teaching the things which the Master taught, and not emphasizing those on which He said little or nothing, and on which the opinions of His followers were divided.

I think you will agree with me that it is worth my while to have some small part in a work of this kind, of which I am quite sure I shall never see anything but the beginning. But it is worth something to help to start a movement which will affect millions of people for ages to come and for all eternity.

(The End)